McCLURE'S

Edited by Herbert Kaufman

FEBRUARY
1921

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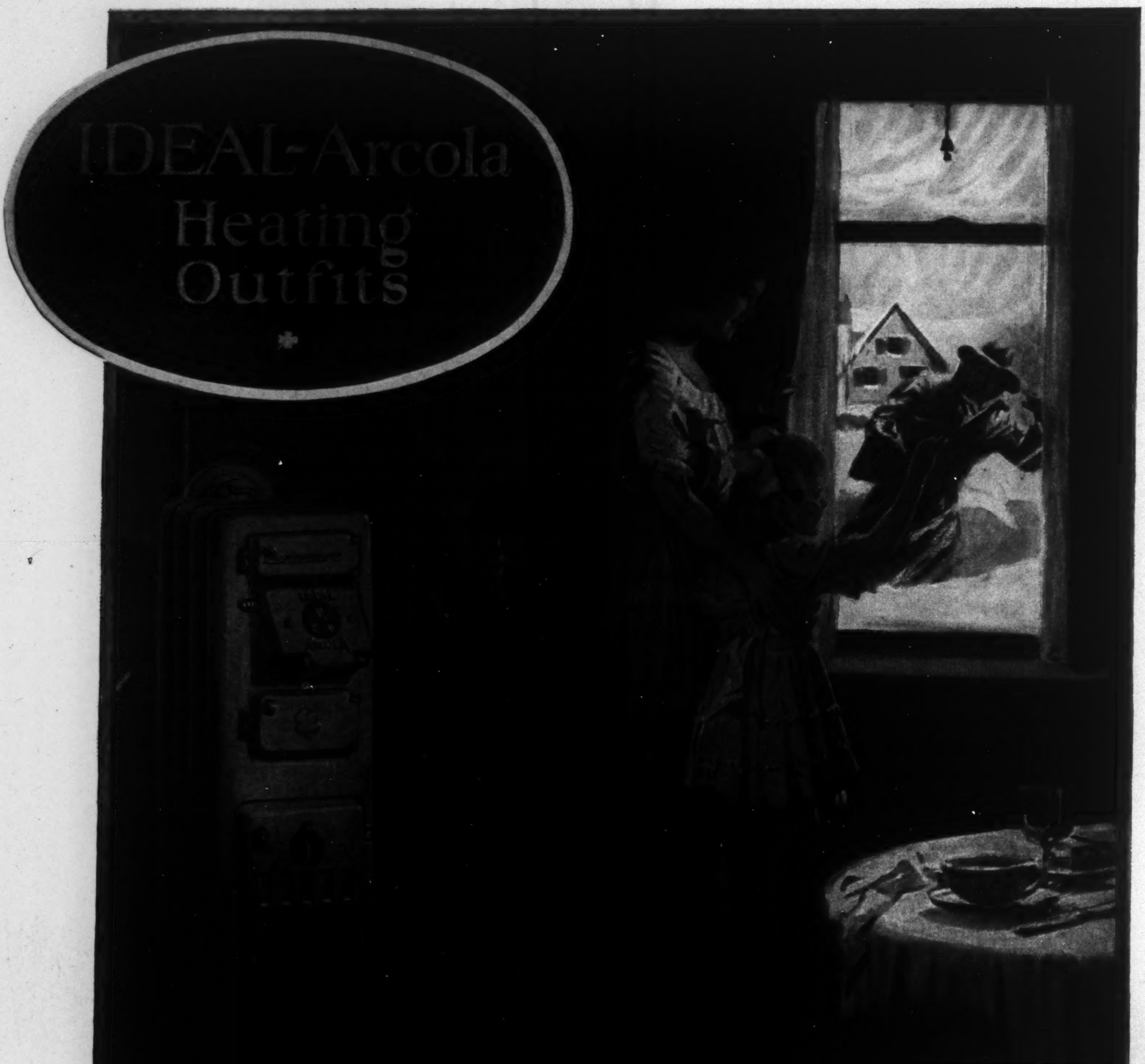
*In
This
Issue*

Owen Johnson,
Samuel Merwin,
Holworthy Hall,
Arthur Stringer, Zane Grey,
Garet Garrett, Fannie Heaslip Lea, Charles G.D. Roberts *and* Others



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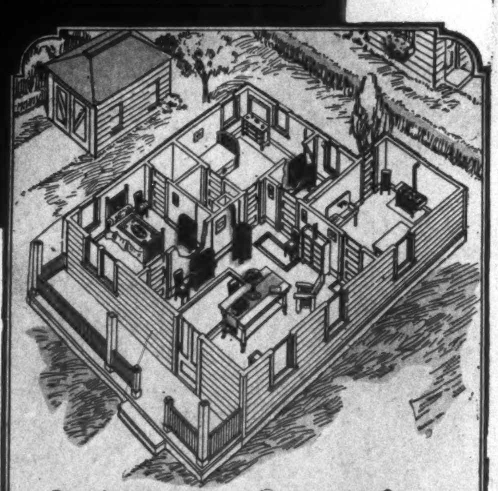

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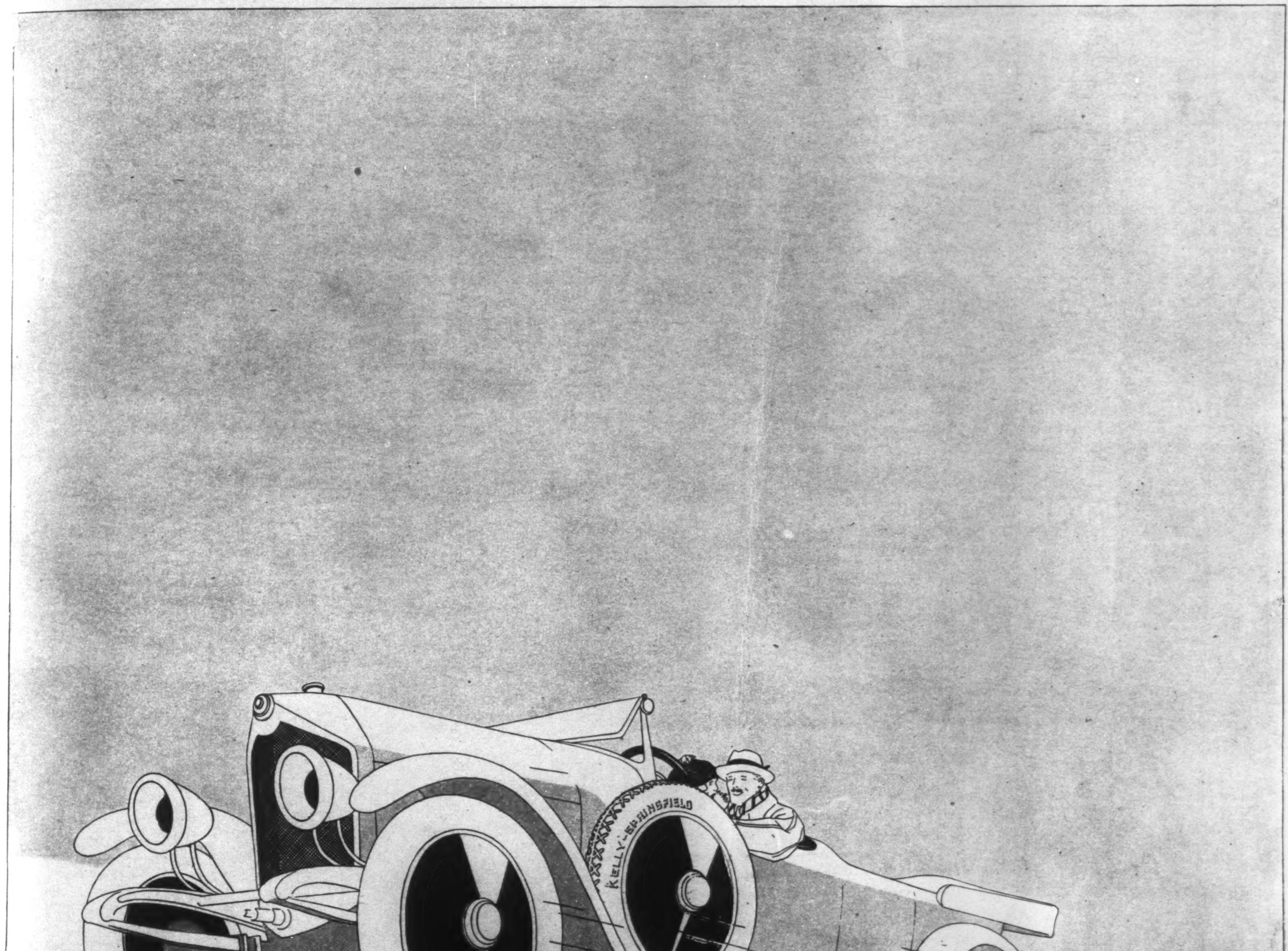
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Volume 53
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McCLURE'S

Number 2
GEORGE L. STORM
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THE American Mind is conceded to be at once the most idealistic and the most practical of minds. Why?

Why do we produce inventors, but not scientists?

Why do we pursue amusement with such energy and apparently get so little enjoyment out of it?

Why do we pursue success so hard and, having attained it, seem unable to be happy over it?

Why are we so sensitive to foreign criticism?

Why are we so prone to practise "American Bluff"?

Why is the quality of our intellect in business so generally praised and the quality of much of our art and literature so equally criticized?

Where and How, considering it as an entity, did the American Mind originate?

And is there something wrong with it?

In a series of articles beginning next month in McClure's, Harvey O'Higgins and Dr. Edward M. Reede will answer these questions.

It is a series of articles that will challenge discussion.

Harvey O'Higgins

Some folks will be angry, some will be pleased, but all will be interested.

Nothing like this series of articles has ever been attempted by a magazine.

They will be universally discussed.

If you want to be up with the times you must read them.

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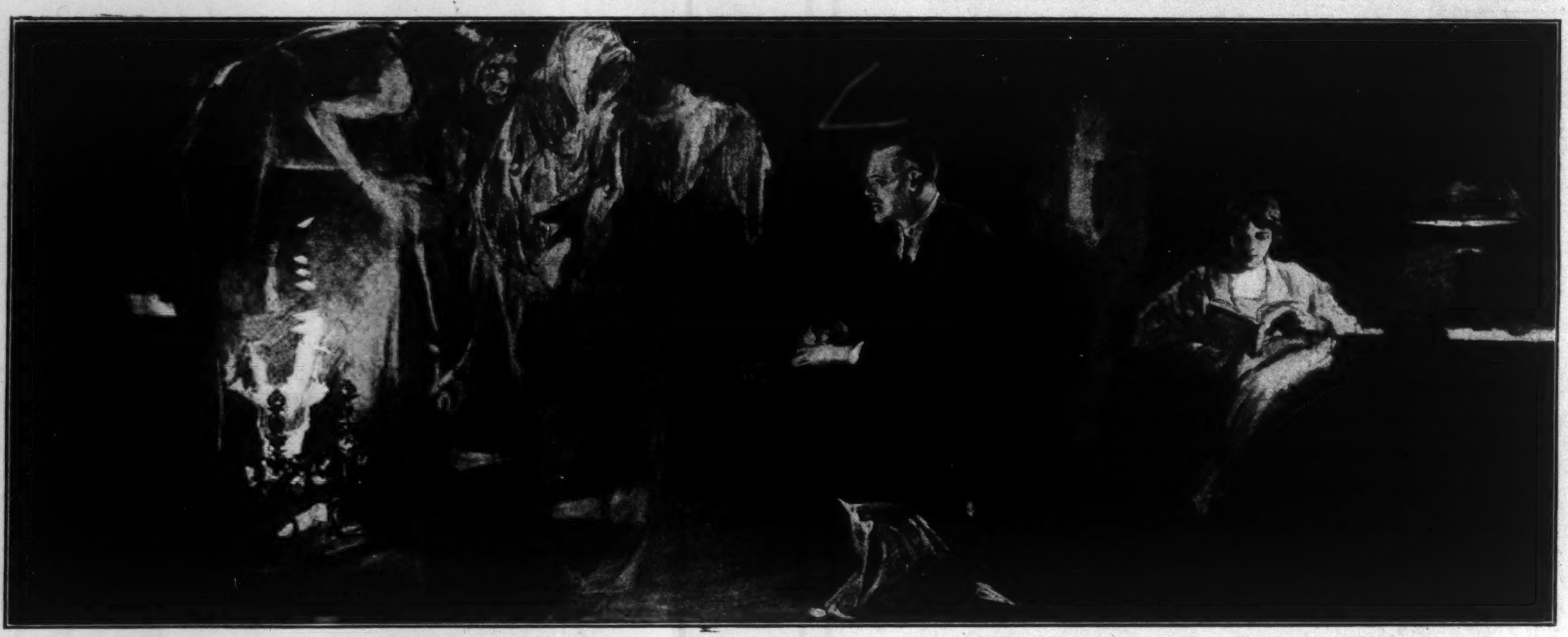
Published monthly. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 19, 1917, at the Post Office at New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Canada. Entered at Stationer's Hall, London. Copyright, 1921, by McClure's Magazine, New York, 25 West 44th Street, New York. All dramatic, moving picture, and other reproduction rights reserved. Subscription terms: In the United States, Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions, $1.65 per year. In Canada, $2.00 per year. In all other countries in the Postal Union, $2.65 per year. An order blank with the magazine is notice that your subscription has expired. The Editor assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, but he will use all due care while they are in his hands.

McClure's Magazine, Inc., 25 West 44th St., New York



Three great fears that haunt the fireside

THREE great fears walk with men from their offices to their homes, and sit with them by their firesides at night.

They are as old as the race; and yet new in the experience of every individual member of it.

They break rudely into conversations of husbands and wives, causing sudden silences. They thrust themselves between the faces of men and their little ones with quick stabs of apprehension.

Three gnawing fears:

—the fear of the loss of health
—the fear of the loss of the job
—the fear of a dependent old age.

Youth laughs at all three fears. Health seems boundless then; the job a mere game; and old age lost in the far, dim future.

The fear that seems foolish at 21 is very real at 35

BUT many a man comes to himself with a start in his early thirties or forties.

"I am not progressing as fast as I ought," he says to himself. "Other men are passing me." And he begins to ask very earnestly: "Where am I going to be ten years from now?"

In such a mental attitude men turn in large numbers to the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

For this is a distinguishing characteristic of the Institute—a fact which makes it unique among the forces of business training.

The men who turn to it are not boys; their average age is a little over thirty; and eighty-five per cent. of them are married.

They are attracted to the Institute because it enables them thru the teaching of all the fundamentals of business to safeguard themselves against two of the Three Great Fears—loss of a job and dependent old age.

For years the Institute has devoted itself exclusively to the single work of training men for higher executive positions in business—the positions that demand a knowledge of the fundamentals that underlie all business—the positions which banish the fear of the loss of a job or dependent old age. The Institute offers no training for specialized tasks of narrow opportunity. It has only one course of executive training.

Advisory Council

On its Advisory Council are: Frank A. Vanderlip, the financier; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist; General Coleman duPont, the well-known business executive; and Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce.

The kind of men enrolled

THE proof of the Institute's power is found in the men who are now moving forward to larger success with the help of its training. Among its thousands of subscribers are such men as Stephen B. Mambert, Vice-President Thomas A. Edison Industries; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Manufacturing Co.; John G. Wood, President Midwest Engine Company, and scores of others who gladly testify as to the value of the Institute Course and Service.

At least you owe it to yourself to investigate

IF you are in your twenties, or thirties, or forties, it lies within your power to give yourself the kind of training that will banish fear.

The fear of the breakdown that so often comes from the futile struggle in a monotonous position need never trouble you. You may lift yourself forever out of the class of men of whom there are too many into the class for whom the demand always exceeds the supply.

An institute that can help you do this—that has proved its help in thousands of other lives—is worth your investigation at least.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

TO make investigation very easy the Alexander Hamilton Institute has published a 116-page book, "Forging Ahead in Business." To thousands of men it has proved the great turning point; it contains valuable information, and is worth an evening of any man's time. It is free; and will be sent entirely without obligation. It is the first step in the banishment of fear; send for your copy now.

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Volume 53
Number 2

McCLURE'S

FEBRUARY 1921

The "Glorious" Past

by Herbert Kaufman

THOSE with a hankering for castles in Spain may lease from a notable assortment, furnished with all the discomforts of the romantic ages, for considerably less than the rent of a bungalow in Flatbush.

Historically speaking, distance lends inaccuracy as well as enchantment to the view. The acid of investigation protests that the golden glamour of the past was very thinly plated. The Renaissance produced its Michelangelo, Cellini and da Vinci, but not a plumber or a food inspector.

The greatest medieval kings lived at the mercy of any tramp disease with a taste for royal blood. The prettiest mouth in Europe was no better than its unkempt teeth.

Elegance was a veneer scantily surfacing universal grossness. A self-respecting ditch digger would resent the table manners and personal habits of a Court fop.

The equivalent facilities of a modern laborer's home once entailed the employment of a domestic army. Where we have telephones, gas-ranges, dumb-waiters, mail-boxes, refrigerators and furnaces, nobles were depending upon the substitute service of endless scullions, lackeys and pages.

All the wealth of Queen Anne's treasuries couldn't bribe the March chill and August heat out of Windsor. Elizabeth had no protection from the gutter sights and stenches as she bounced over the ruts of London in a gilded but springless chariot.

The purchasing power of a living worker's dime is, in a hundred ways, greater than a dead monarch's ducats. Inherent rights and general opportunities in this year of our Lord, 1921, outweigh yesterday's whole caboodle of regal privileges.

Progress is a community estate and its every benefice heals and enlightens for all—as witness: antiseptic surgery and democracy, faucets and justice, education and sewers, anesthesia and pins, vaccines and newspapers, fly screens and railroads, pure water and dentistry, phonographs and soap—for the half of which the Louis's and Charles's and Ferdinands would severally have traded half their domains.

'Most everybody now is better off than anybody then. Society is swiftly and symmetrically advancing the common interest. If the processes of progress occasionally inflict a harsh experience—what of it —we can't build without some economic chips and sawdust. Measure how far the many have come as well as how far we must still go, and be patient.

Year by year we know more, and in the knowledge grow understanding. And so year by year inequalities and the human rubbish heap keep disappearing.

Copyright by Herbert Kaufman, February, 1921

A Story of the World's Awakening

The Wasted Generation

DAVID LITTLEDALE had written in his own diary that he was an excellent example of the signal failure of American education—a system of education that "had made us (his family) wasters, *dilettanti*, in a word, parasites." There was one rebel in the family, his brother Alan. "We believed he would disgrace us," David wrote, "and as we did not conceal our convictions he did his best to justify them." There was another brother, Ben, who was traditional and to whom he had to give thanks for being saved from an unworthy girl.

And afterward there was Anne Brinsmade, but they were too young to understand life's values and they parted in anger over a trifle. David went to Paris. There he met Mme. de Tinquerville, "Letty", with whom he played at love which is more dangerous than love itself. He got rid of her at last but not without scars.

Then came the war, David's enlistment in the Foreign Legion, and his period of convalescence from wounds which gave him opportunity to take stock of himself, his family and his country. His conclusion? "We are a generation wasted."

As he was preparing to return home there came a letter announcing the marriage of his brother Ben to "Letty" who had gone to America soon after the parting between her and David.

On the boat coming over there came to David the "greatest exaltation and the greatest emptiness, so inextricably interwoven that I know not what to name it — pleasure or pain — this emotion which has imprisoned all my faculties with the sudden awakening of a great love." He had given his promise never to see her again, never to seek her. Still he hoped "that somehow, somewhere, without being false to my promise, I shall see her again."

THE gang-plank swung out as I stepped on the deck, the air shrilling with the chirp of whistles and the creak of pulleys. I shouldered through the motley crowd and joined Mr. Brinsmade on the upper deck. I remember how solemnly I looked down on the France I knew and loved, and with what reluctant apprehension of the future I watched the grey hawser stiffen.

"Strange, to be going?"

"Yes — incredibly strange," I said, slowly. "I can't quite believe it — for one whole month to be a free agent — no longer a part of a great orderly machine, without eyes or ears or will. I think I have forgotten what the other world is like. . . ."

"Do you regret this?"

"Regret it? Yes — it's hard to leave a thing unfinished — when you've gone so far. And, though I've hated it — and cursed it, well — it is a different conception of humanity, after all, this doing a thing as a mass. I've accepted it, readjusted myself to it. I think it's not the question of liking it or not liking it — it's the feeling of the inevitable — and the wanting to measure up to other men. I stopped debating with myself the day I saw a man go to his death. He was a scullion out of the kitchen of a New York hotel — Carlo Roger — a deserter and rascal. He could have remained, and no one would have cared. He did his duty unnoticed. I couldn't do less."

I looked up, and then down, and added: "Better hold on tight to me, Mr. Brinsmade. I feel like making a jump for it."

He passed his arm, laughing, through mine, and pretended not to notice the dimness in my eyes.

"You've known humanity at its best, my boy," he said. "And I, thank God, have had a glimpse of it. And when you're like myself, a weather-worn old lawyer, who walks behind the scenes, that's something to be thankful for. Well — if they're not of our race — they're the same human beings: we can share that."

"I feel that way."

A group of ambulance drivers descended upon us, with their fragmentary chatter.

"Boat in had a close shave."

"Missed a torpedo by twenty feet."

"Come off! Everyone is seeing submarines!"

"Hope we pick one up."

"Say — what's the matter with this boat?"

"Off for the good old U. S. A.!"

A great blast of steam shook the air above us, sending its wet vapors against our cheeks. The gangway swung clear and rolled back on the dock. Another moment, and the big ship trembled beneath our feet and slowly and definitely veered out against the straining hawsers.

We left the noisy exuberance of the crowd and went down the deck, in search of quieter moods.

"Here's our spot."

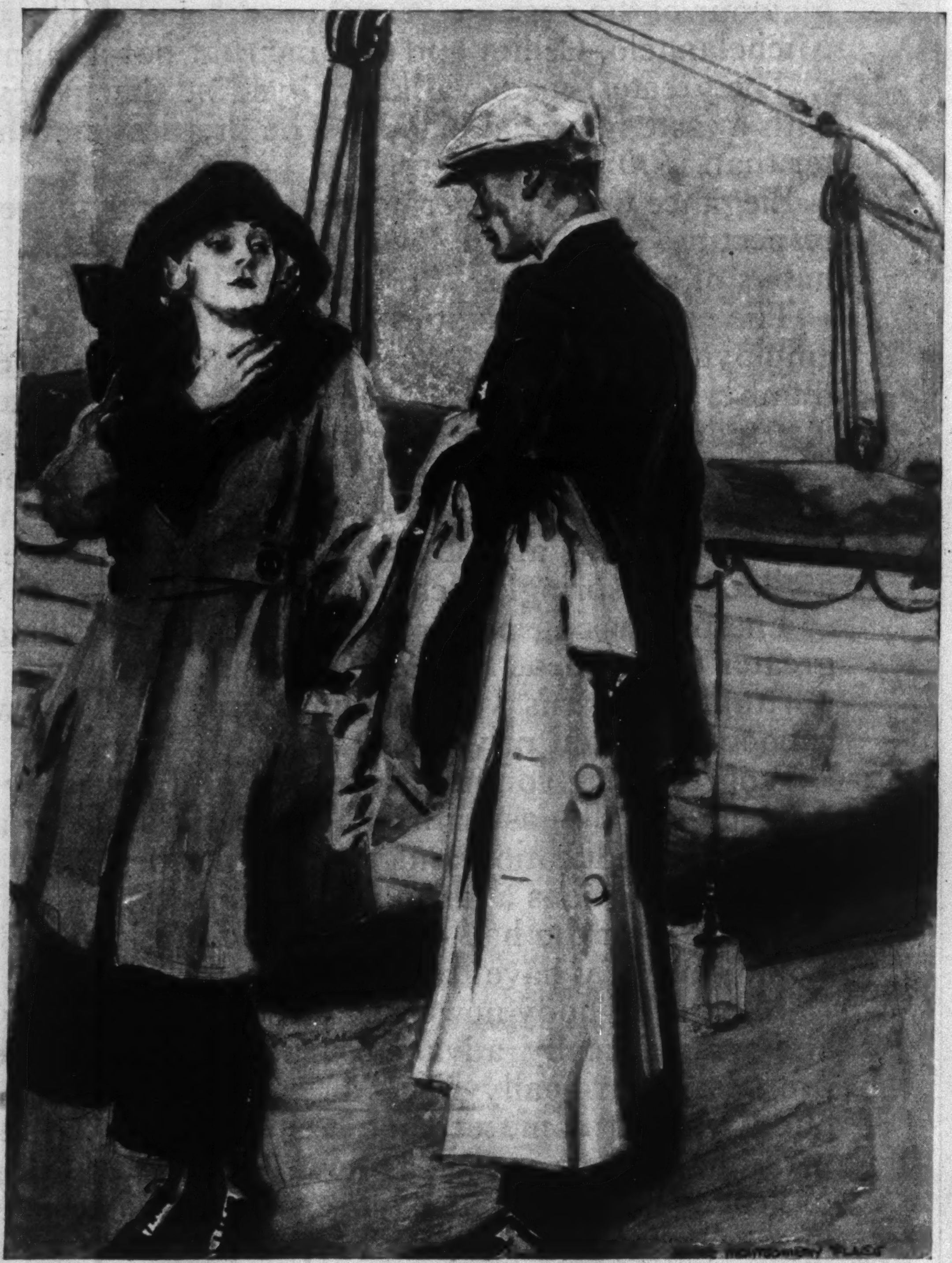
I followed Mr. Brinsmade and slipped between two lifeboats. Then, abruptly, we stopped. The railing was already tenanted by a young woman.

If she heard our exclamation, she did not change from the rigidity of her pose. We hesitated, moving to one side, and lifted our hats in a sobered deference, and, I knew, through our minds flashed the same thought: she was French and — France was receding from her eyes.

One hawser still held us to the land, like a faint memory stretching back into the past. Then a sudden hissing contortion whipped over the widening waters. And so, with the parting of that link, one chapter had ended for me and another, that, in the wildest flight of my imagination, I could never have divined, had begun.

Instinctively I raised my eyes and recognized my chance acquaintance of the dock.

She had fallen back against the life-boat, arms rigidly extended — holding the railing from her. A grey film hid her features, wound about her neck and stood out in a long flutter, a ripple of light against the dark unanimity of her costume. Youth and sorrow are two great emotions which cannot be disguised. I felt, despite the rigidity of the body which told of the stricken soul, a young grace and dignity which the modeling wind revealed. I hoped that she would notice me but she remained standing, staring, oblivious of



"Mademoiselle, — I, too, am a soldier of France; I have fought with your people; must I turn from one of my own kind who is in distress, just because of conventionality! Please let me judge for you at this moment. You must not stay up here alone. I mean it"

by Owen Johnson

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

human things. Yet, though I had spoken but a half-dozen words to her, I can remember how keen was the sense of her presence at my side and how, on the instant, I forgot my personal emotions and seemed to be entering into the moods of the woman whose first glance had brought me a sense of intimacy and sure sympathy.

I looked, and then I looked away, with a guilty consciousness of trespassing on a grief which should be sacred. Yet, though my eyes were averted, I seemed to be looking back with her eyes, and sharing her thoughts. Brinsmade spoke to me: — I did not hear.

I was thinking only of the wrench of old affections for her — the venture into the uncharted new — the fading of the homeland that was in her heart by a thousand memories.

Below, the swift currents of the *Garonne* ran from us, swift as the currents of Time. Faces of blue-shirted dock-hands grew blurred. Flashes of red trousers, grey-blue uniforms, brown and black of women's dresses, merged into a momentary tapestry. The ungainly lumbering motor-boat, with a hulking Colossus balanced at the tiller, dropped behind. Blue-tiled roofs slipped away. Cathedral spires came out against the horizon, like the spoutings of huge sea-monsters. The shores flowed back with the current; wharves, factories, lean shipyards with naked arms extended, tilted ships discharging cargoes, round vineyards combing the aged slopes, tramp steamers in dusty garments, Swedish and Greek, under the imperial banner of Britain, the Tri-color, the Stars and Stripes; tubs, derelicts, old men of the sea, reclaimed and pressed into service — all the multiple, incongruous aspects of war crowded about our passing, and always that revelation of the human note, the swarming sea-adventurers, undaunted, incredulous of the odds, contemptuous of man's malignant genius for slaying man.

I hazarded another glance at the girl, and perceiving her still oblivious of my presence, my glance remained, my sympathies quickened by a hundred remembered scenes of parting. I could not see her eyes for the veil that hid them but, instinctively, I divined the yearning of their backward look.

Heavens — how I knew that last look! How many times, in crowded depot or passing train, I, who had neither kin nor friend, had seen that look on the faces of women, dry-eyed and staring — look of the soul's rebellion, look of the last renunciation, the last groping for a final memory to bear down the lonely years. France — land of her childhood and girlish dreams; France, of precious sorrows and what affections; France, of her long race and living prayers — was receding before the weakening vision that rebelled.

"I SAY, Davy."

I came to myself at the touch of Mr. Brinsmade's hand.

"I don't think we've a right here — do you?"

Then, and then only, I realized how profound had been my absorption.

"No — no — guess you're right."

As we started to withdraw, a couple of sailors, preparing to swing the life-boats for the night's perilous dash into haunted seas, came shuffling up.

"*Pardon, messieurs.*"

"All right — moving out."

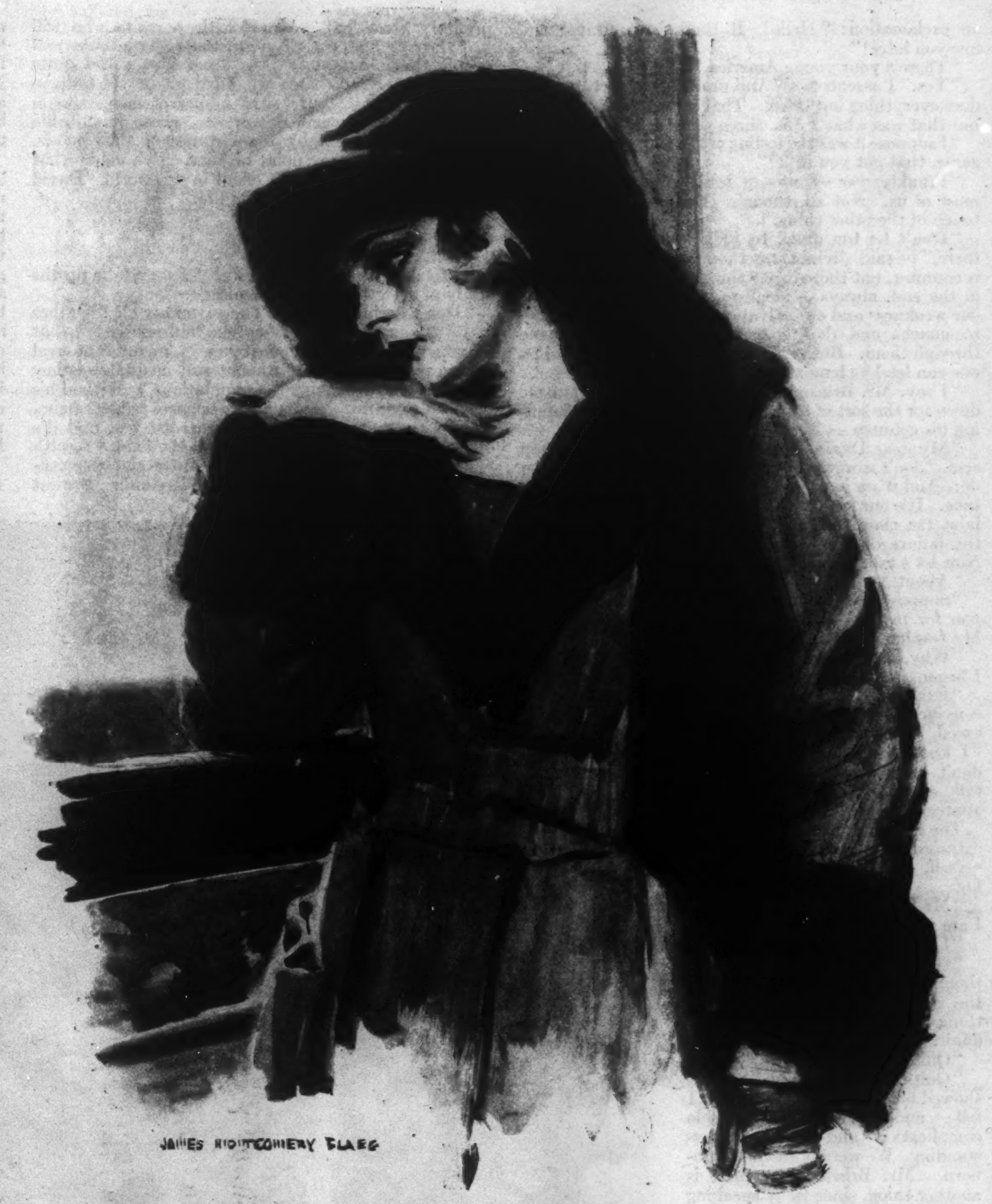
"*Pardon, mamzelle.*"

The sailor hesitated, shuffled and, clutching his cap, repeated his request, unnoticed. As he stood there, awkwardly, undecided, I stepped to her side, raising my hat.

"*Pardon, mademoiselle. Les matelots.*"

She turned and I felt her staring blankly at us, as though in the long blur of faces recorded she were unable to separate friends, acquaintances and enemies. But, immediately perceiving the situation, she thanked me with a little nod and turning, said:

"*Je vous derange — mille pardons.*"



"I felt so keenly her utter loneliness — but convention dictated that I should pass on and leave her there in the melancholy of the damp night, eating out her heart"

There was a tired note in the modulated voice that I remember to this day — the weariness of too much struggling.

From the sailors a chorus went up.

"*Pas de quoi, mamzelle!*"

"*Ne vous donnez pas la peine.*"

They made way for her deferentially, fingers to their caps, simple-hearted men, quick to feel and sure to recognize the finer metal.

"*Merci, messieurs.*"

A slight inclination of her head, and she had passed down the deck to the farther rail.

"I didn't realize I was staring," I blurted out.

"Yes — a little too openly."

"Perhaps. It rather got me — took me back to the mobilization, and the depots — the look on the faces of the women — when you've seen it you can't forget it."

We moved to the rear and talked of desultory things, as we hung on the rail and watched the steerage. Below, a returning *permissionaire*, perched on a capstan, was playing on a harmonica the defiant strains of *Sambre et Meuse*, a group of cattlemen — from a torpedoed ship — stretched about him basking in the sun. The air quickened the blood in my veins. I saw a regiment growing out of the mists of the morning, gaunt, grim and proud, bandaged and limping, returning with their memories from the trenches. I have seen many a dress-parade after battle and been thrilled — but I still can remember that first knowledge of the living returning from the dead and the rolling drums of the *Sambre et Meuse*.

"I want to love my country like that," I said, suddenly. "I want to get the same thrill when the regiment swings up the street — " I broke off. "I don't know just how I'll fit in. I'm afraid they won't understand my way of looking at things. I'm rather dreading the test."

"You'll get that thrill."

"I wonder. We all seem to be pulling for ourselves. Liberty, individualism — yes, but real nationalism — the thing that's a religion — the thing you get over here — that makes it worth while to die."

"Wait until we understand."

Some one hailed me in the khaki of a volunteer ambulance driver.

"David Littledale, '08. Remember me? Joe Hungerford. Heard you were on board. What luck!"

I turned to shake hands. It was the same Joe Hungerford of school and college days, lively and irrepressible, a pink and white complexion, a mischief-loving eye, a quick smile and a clear visage, incapable of wrong, deceit, subtleties or an unnecessary mental operation — a boy, as his nation was, young.

"Who'd thought to run in on you, Big Dale? Glad to meet you, Mr. Brinsmade. You know my father — Sam Hungerford, of the Illinois Central? Quite a crowd on board. Say, do you think there is any chance of our sighting a submarine?"

"Same old Joe," I said, laughing. "You wouldn't feel anything if you were being led out to be shot."

"The devil I wouldn't." But, in the midst of a retort, perceiving a familiar face below, he was off, with an exclamation: "Hello! If there isn't Frangipani! See you later!"

"There's your young America."

"Yes," I assented. "And pretty good sort, too. It does everything but think. That sounds rather hard — but that was what I was, three years ago."

"I suppose it was the feeling of the game — the bigger game, that got you in it?"

"Frankly, yes — more or less. And that's true of most of us. Not all, though. But once in, we got a touch of the other thing."

"Don't be too quick to judge when you get over there," he said, divining my thoughts. "Public opinion is complex, but there is one thing that decides America in the end, always — idealism. It's a quality that is our weakness and our salvation. It makes us the prey to quacks and demagogues, until we learn to see through them. But it is the breath we breathe and no one can lead us long away from it."

"I say, Mr. Brinsmade," I broke in, "don't put me down for the sort of expatriate who goes around damning his country — "

"My dear David," he said, laying his hand on my arm, "don't worry. I feel even more strongly than you do. And it's a big test that's coming — make no mistake. It's our kind that's failing, not America. Somehow, the class that ought to lead, doesn't lead. It's the failure of our education. Well, enough of that. Now let's talk about Anne."

"About Anne!" I exclaimed, taken off my guard.

"Suppose I should tell you, pointblank — I want you for my son-in-law! Well, what astonishes you? My frankness?"

"Why, sir, it's very kind of you," I began, lamely, "but — Anne?"

"Exactly. As to Anne — I'm convinced she cares — always has cared," he said, leaning forward. "I know something happened. I don't know whether you want to talk about it. Really, I should appreciate it — "

The interview had taken such an extraordinary turn that I found myself, without surprise, answering:

"Mr. Brinsmade — quite frankly, I am not in love with Anne."

"I know that now, but — "

"Once, for a time — yes, I thought so. But neither of us had the right to be thinking of such things, then. It was a boy and girl affair."

"Quite sure that was all?"

"Quite. The trouble was I showed her what I felt or thought I felt — and from that, the inevitable complication and — a misunderstanding. We were both very stubborn. Mr. Brinsmade — there is another thing, since we're speaking plainly," I added, suddenly impelled to frankness, "Do you realize that in these years many things have come into my life? I wonder if you would feel as you do — "

"David — you have been tried; that shows in your face," he said, looking at me keenly. "I have been a young man, myself, and I don't pretend to misunderstand you. Perhaps, this is unfair to you. . . ."

"Mr. Brinsmade, there was a woman — I almost went to the rocks two years ago," I said, abruptly, and immediately regretted it.

"Are you your own master, to-day?"

"Yes, thank God."

"Absolutely certain?"

"Absolutely."

"That's all I want to know," he said, as though satisfied by the estimate of his own eyes. "I appreciate your confidence, and — like you for it. I'm not partisan for the wild oats theory but, sometimes, when you've been through the mill, it does leave you with a sense of values."

Our eyes met, and each nodded in silent comprehension.

"Now, let's go on. Was there ever a question of pride in it — on your side?"

"Frankly and naturally, yes. I have no intention of going through life on my wife's pocketbook."

"Good. Now the decks are cleared. As I thought. You've been frank. So'll I. Take up this question of money. What is money? Opportunity. If men like yourself, who have ideas, energy, and ambition, refuse to take the opportunity money offers you — who profits? Some well-groomed little parasite who will loaf through life genteelly until the day when the real people rise and take it away from him. And quite right, I say. And that is what I don't intend to have for my daughter." He cited names of men, men in public life and of our acquaintance, whose start in life had been facilitated by the fortunes of their wives. "Look at it from my point of view. I've made what I've made, and I want it to count in this world. David — what do you intend to do in life?"

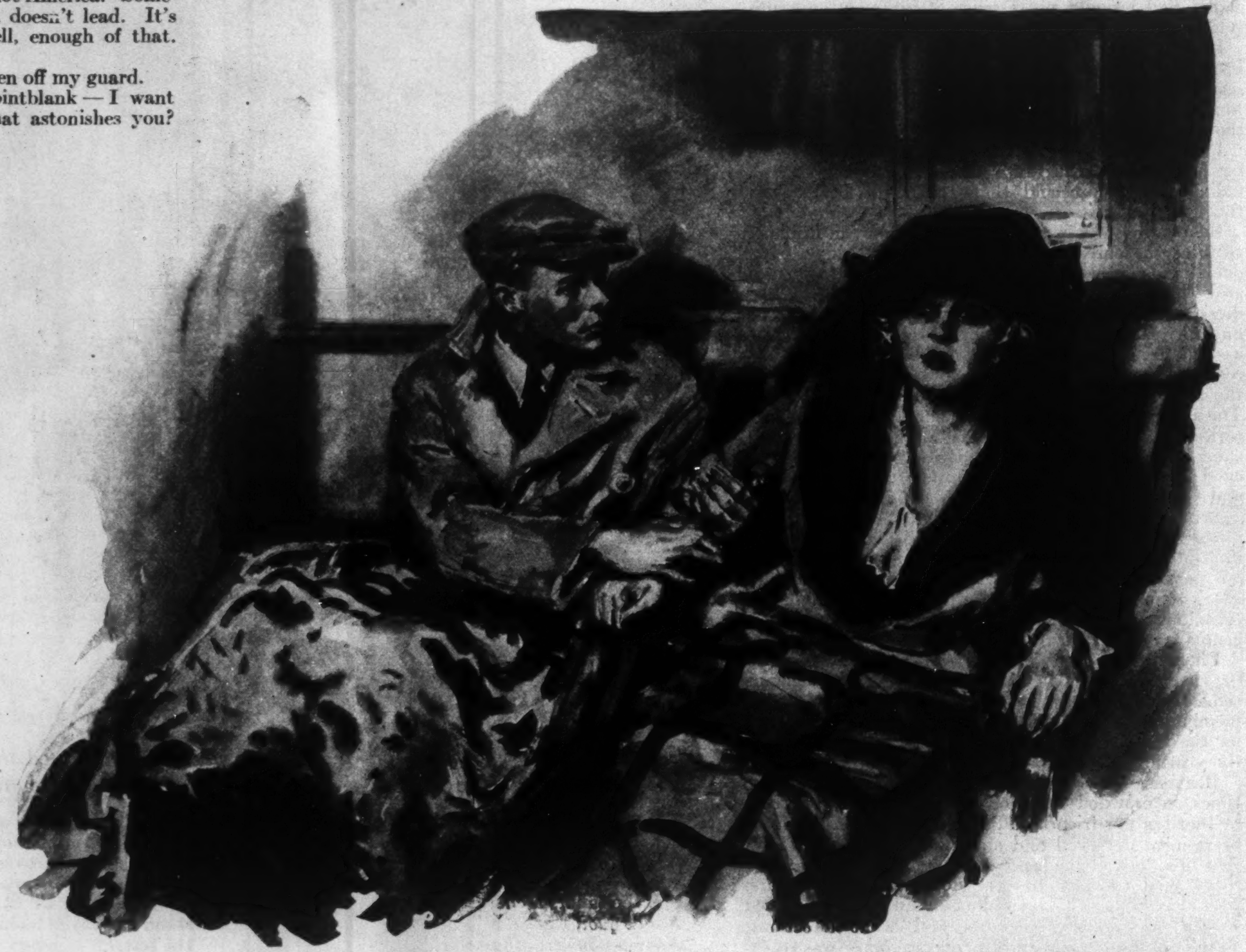
I shrugged my shoulders.

"Fight through the war."

"But, after?"

"After!" I said, incredulously. "I may take up the study of architecture again, unless — "

"Don't decide quickly. The current is all the other way. We are a country of action, and you've got that in you. I don't make mistakes in men. The real Americans are not those who sit and meditate — they are those who are laying the foundations." He laid his hand on my arm. "Commerce, science, public affairs. You like a man's job — that's where it lies, and it's our kind that must lead. Jump into the fight. Wealth and education are not only opportunities but responsibilities. That's what we must understand. I want you as my son-in-law, David. I want to invest what I've made in a man who counts. I want you with me. I want to feel when it comes time for me to step out that I'm passing on the power to count for big things to some leadership I've inspired. Now I've spoken frankly — you know how I feel. We won't refer to it again."


Her scream awoke passengers on deck. Out of the darkness voices cried,—"What's taken your arm—it seemed best—you were evidently dreaming," I stopped

We separated and I went down to arrange my cabin. He had but said what I had long ago divined and his wish was too near my own inclination for me not to feel exceedingly flattered and already sending my imagination along easy and pleasant ways. What I had said was true. I was not in love with Anne. Yet, already, I was considering the future from a logical point of view. Yet at that very moment, I little divined how essentially compulsion was my nature, and that destiny with me was but a question of accident.

When I returned the early twilight was sifting in. I went to the upper deck, with a vague feeling of uneasiness which to this day I cannot explain. Invisible nets descended between us and the fading world; the ship itself, its masts and its traveling rails, was dissolving in the flowing in of the dusk. I went directly to the rear and twenty feet away I saw her, as I had expected, a blot against the rail. She did not turn at my approach, though we were alone on the creaking deck, and, twice I came to the railing at her side, hesitating, turning away unwillingly. She was there, like a statue of bereavement, oblivious to all but the France that was now but the faint flash of a dozen lights.

I do not know how long I continued there pacing off the deck under the swinging spaces of the night. All my instincts urged me to her side, and — all my education warned me against the intrusion. I felt so keenly her utter loneliness, a mysterious sense of some overwhelming sorrow, the exhaustion of an unending struggle, that twice, with some hasty phrase on my lips, I stopped, determined to speak to her. But each time I turned away. Yet, each time, I remember the angry rebellion that came into my heart at the tyranny of convention which interposed between us. Had she been a woman of the people, how easy it would have been. But she was not. She was of my own kind, and convention dictated that I should pass on and leave her there in the melancholy of the damp night, eating out her heart.

What was it came to me at that moment? What inexplicable intuition of danger? I had left her with a feeling of my utter helplessness, when, with my hand on the door, I stopped, looking out into the dark void, where sea and sky had disappeared and but a single step led into Infinity. . . .

But a single step — and such an easy step! Suddenly, I turned, went to her directly, and said:

"*Mademoiselle — pardon, Mademoiselle* — you must not — *vous ne pouvez pas rester ici. . . .*"

The emotion in my voice startled her. Her head turned hastily — she swayed and leaned heavily on the rail. I felt the stiffening of her body against the impertinence of my intrusion, and all my assurance fled.

"Monsieur — I do not think I understand you."

She answered me slowly, in excellent English, with only the slightest accent.

"I beg your pardon, humbly. Please don't think I mean to be impertinent," I stammered, "but I don't think it is good for you to stay here — alone."

I felt how ridiculous this must have sounded, and broke off, lamely.

"But what right — "

"No right, Mademoiselle — just a human impulse, that's all — just the feeling that you are in great sorrow and that you shouldn't be left alone — not here, at least. I feel it very strongly, Mademoiselle."

"Monsieur, there are some sorrows that are sacred."

The words, the accent, the suffering implied, went to my heart. I felt then as I have ever felt afterward the indefinable superiority of her gentle nature over mine.

"Mademoiselle, I know that this may seem incomprehensible to you: I have been walking here half an hour, before I dared to speak to you, but — but I cannot go away and leave you here alone."

Saying which, I bowed and moved away a little distance and took my station resolutely. Presently, she said:

"Monsieur — you will not leave me?"

"I cannot, Mademoiselle."

"Oh, please go away; please leave me alone!"

Her voice broke and, as I hurried to her side, she put her head suddenly down on her arms. A film of her veil whipped by wind caught my arm and held to it, and by this slender bond I held her in my protection.

"Mademoiselle — I, too, am a Soldier of France; I have fought with your people: must I turn from one of my own kind who, I know, is in distress, just because — of conventionality! You are in distress, and I know it. Please let me judge for you at this moment. You must not stay up here alone. I mean it."

"But I want to be alone."

It was the weak voice of a child that fought against me.

"Now I know I am right," I said, with difficulty for then, as ever, all my impulse was to do her bidding. But it was the thought of the void without and that unseen step that gave me courage to resist her.

"I know how impertinent this must seem to you. It is not meant that way. Do believe that. You must go down on the lower deck. You really must."

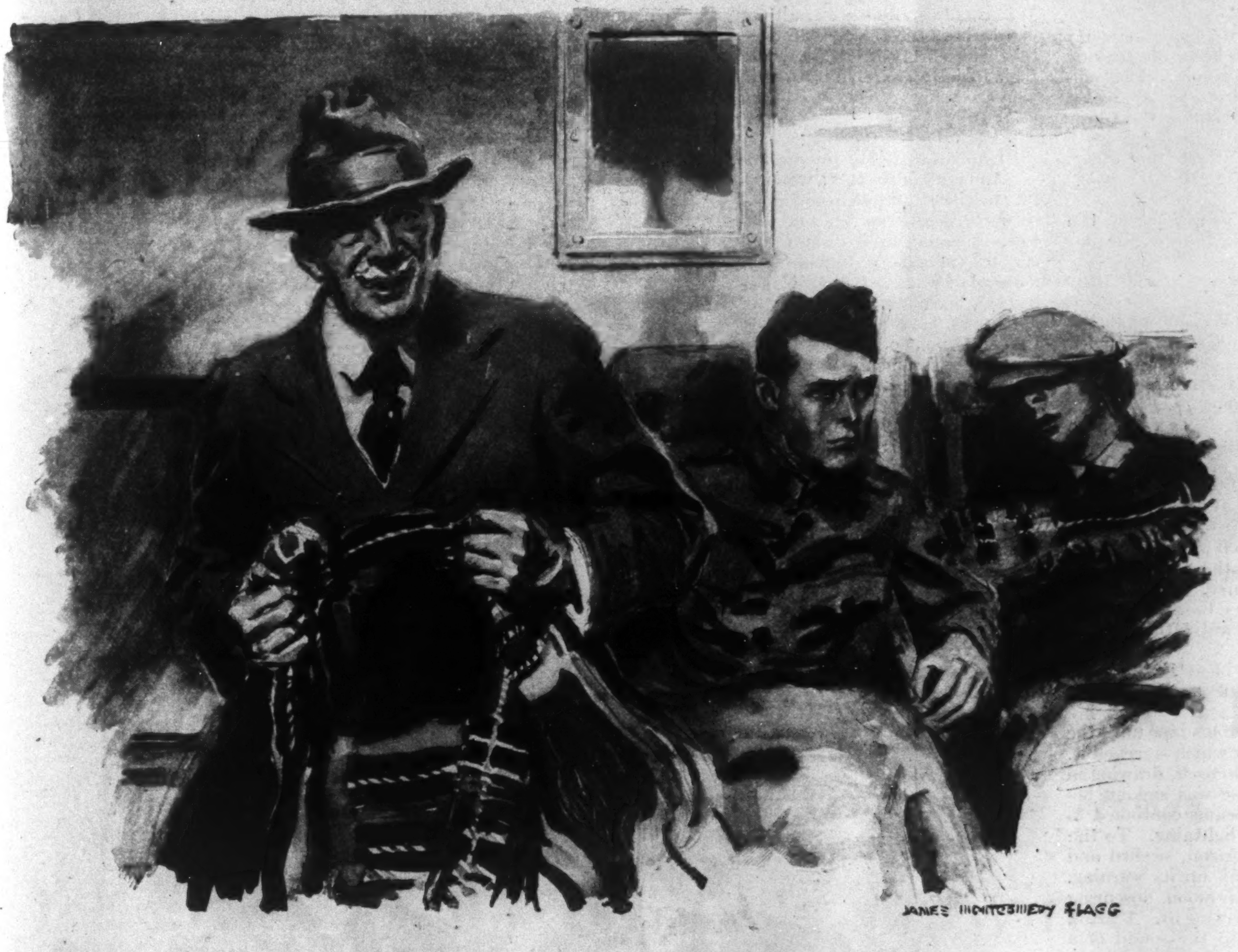
She straightened up and there, cloaked by the night, facing each other, our wills clashed. A moment — a long moment — then, yielding, she turned and I followed. Half-way down the deck she stopped.

"Just a second."

She leaned back against the life-boat, her hand to her throat.

"Now."

I piloted her below and found her a chair near mine.



happened—submarine?" Then I leaned over her; "Pardon, Mademoiselle, for having lamely, a prey to the diffidence I had felt in her presence from the first.

She suffered me to wrap her up without further objection.

"There are no lights to-night and all passengers are ordered to spend the night on deck. You will be quite alone here. Good night and thank you."

If she answered me, I did not hear her. I left her purposely and went aimlessly through the ship, with something, new and strange, stirring in my brain.

I know now that I loved her from the first meeting of our eyes. I did not realize it then or for many days after. The impulse that drew me to her was so imperious that I yielded completely to it, without power of pausing to put questions to myself.

That night I was possessed of many conflicting emotions. I was an American again after years of exile, making contact with my own kind, accustoming my ear to old accents, familiar phrases, forgotten bits of slang, my heart warming with their exuberance, their youthful spirits. Even the drummer at my side at the table — nasal, rough and loquacious, was a type so comprehensible that I found myself beaming with grateful pleasure as he talked of "God's country", reached for the *hors d'oeuvres,* and addressed his neighbor as "Sonny."

Supper was a hasty, scrambling meal, with the portholes sealed. The crowd was oddly mixed, like a herd of refugees arrived from an inundation — a score of young ambulance men returning, the grey-blue of a few French officers, sailors and officers from torpedoed boats, crews of cattle boats, commercial travelers — and those endless rovers of the sea, dressmakers and journalists. The conversation, freed by the sense of the abnormal, rose about me without the restriction of conventionality.

"What are we laying down here for?"

"Moon's coming up: waiting for it to cloud over."

"Why that?"

"Clear moon's what submarines like, lady. They can see us and we can't see them."

"That's how they got us, second night out from Genoa — just a ripple blowing, and full moon."

"What were you in?"

"Three-master, carrying lumber — that we landed — return voyage. Well, I ain't got no kick coming. We pulled off ten round trips, and the balance is on the right side."

"Torpedoed?"

"Yep — and sunk in ten minutes."

"Spry work getting into boats?"

"Sure was."

"All off?"

"Most of us."

"Where was your section?"

"We were up in the Vosges."

"Know Harrity?"

"He was down in Verdun with us."

"That was rather hot, wasn't it?"

"Quite hot enough."

"Shucks! I don't believe there's any danger," said a voice.

"If they sank us, it would mean war, sure."

"That is — if it could be proved: and what chance would there be of proving it, a night like this?"

"Guess that's sense, too; besides, there is always a chance at a mine."

Joe Hungerford joined me as I left the table.

"Going to spend the night on deck?"

"It's orders."

A little moonlight had come filtering in between the decks, as the heavy moon came over the horizon like a gathering ball of snow. A faint streak ran along the railing and touched the stanchions with the lustre of fallen snow. In the shadows we could distinguish shapes stretched out on steamer chairs, while others arrived, trailing life-preservers and rugs, with an occasional hand-bag.

"Quite a picnic."

"Don't like the children being around, Hungerford."

"No — that's not pleasant. If it weren't for that, wouldn't mind having a run-in with a submarine. Hello — sounds like the anchor coming up."

We mounted to the upper deck, under the open sky, with its opalescent tints and shifting clouds to the West. Red lights and green lights on ghost-like shadows dotted the stretch of foggy water. Ahead, from a last sentinel of the world under foot, a shaft of light came whirling in broken iteration — like a can of fire that a small boy whirls in the night. A group of sailors shuffled by. The shrill of a whistle, the thrum of engine, and ahead the whirling beacon crept around the bow and, returning, slid down amidships. The door shot out its feeble ray of light. A group from the smoking-room crowded out to witness the running of the channel. Then, a sudden rise of voices.

"Well, bring on your submarines!"

"If they get us, I take my chances on deck."

"You young fellows are mighty chipper — wait till you get shaken up once."

"Well — you got away, didn't you?"

"Gosh — with that light playing on us, anything ought to hit us."

"Back to the good old U. S. A., boys!"

"Well — enough scenery! Let's start up a game."

There was a laugh, and the crowd shuffled back to the card-room.

"Going to sit in, Littledale?"

"Perhaps, later."

"Better — it's a good crowd."

I went below, bundled up my great-coat, fished out a couple of life-preservers, and groped my way to my chair. She was there as I had placed her but in the black of the deck I could not tell whether she was awake or asleep. I hesitated a moment and then, slipping in, made myself comfortable for the night.

Brinsmade at my right was struggling with a tinder which refused to light.

"Have a briquet?" said a voice.

"Thanks."

The next moment the steel struck sparks and an odor of burning tobacco filled the air. Slight as had been the light, it provoked remonstrances and down the deck the plaint of a woman was heard.

"I don't see why they allow such a thing as that!"

"No lights!"

"Put it out!"

"Good many persons seem unduly excited about submarines," said the voice of our neighbor, high-pitched — pleasing, if not resonant.

"Well — there's always a risk."

"Hardly. Germany doesn't want us in the war."

"Germany? Think so? From what I've seen of her, she doesn't care what we think or any one else — except what she wants at the time."

Our new acquaintance was silent a moment, as though unwilling to venture too rapidly forward.

"Well — thank God, we're out of it!" he said, at last. "The election settled that. If it had gone the other way, there might be a little more excitement."

"Pacifist?"

"Absolutely."

There was a long silence, broken at last by a question.

"Been over long?"

"Three months."

"In France?"

"Yes."

"So — and you still come back with those ideas?" said Brinsmade's bass voice, studiously polite, but with a note of criticism.

"Does that mean you'd have us in the war?" said the other, in a tone which showed that he recognized the criticism and resented it. "To pull the chestnuts out of the fire for France and England?"

"Over on business?"

"No — I don't desire peace to keep on making money," answered the other, with a suavity which suggested a smile. "I am a journalist. Suppose I'd better warn you — a Socialist; worse still — the editor of *The Protest*."

"*The Protest?* Yes, I read it," said the other. "Then you are Peter Magnus?"

"Now you know the worst."

"Glad to know you. Well — I'm rather on the other side. Stephen B. Brinsmade — one of the unconvicted rich, I suppose you'd call us."

"Really? And you read *The Protest?*" said Magnus in surprise. "May I ask why?"

"Why I read it? Certainly — to know what the other side thinks." He laughed, and continued with the good humor men of politics use as a cloak but which in his case was the complacency of success. "Honestly, I'm glad to meet you, Magnus — and I look forward to talking things over with you. I suppose we'll get to hating each other cordially. However, I'll promise to keep my temper."

"I don't see why."

"Well — that's my experience. Men can meet in physical combat and, the struggling over, sit down over a friendly chop. They may fight each other with their wits, as lawyers, blackguard each other in public for the benefit of the unsuspecting jury, and retain a friendly liking; but, when it comes to a combat of ideas, we seem to acquire a secret antipathy for the man who disagrees with us."

"That's because the conflict of ideas is the most fundamental and irrepressible of all conflicts," said Magnus thoughtfully.

"Quite right." Brinsmade drew on his pipe until the ashes reddened, outlining the fingers which screened it. Then he began to whistle softly to himself, drawing in his breath. Outside, the lighthouse was sinking beneath the sea, while the whirling beams continued to blazon the sky like flashes of heat lightning. To the south a star swam out from the horizon, swelled and glittered, and a new lighthouse took up its warning. A rift of clouds spread over the risen moon, obscuring the crested ripples that had been following us. A patrol of sailors went heavily overhead, to the sound of a dragging rope, the creak of a pulley — and through the hiss of cleft waters and the whistle of the wind the powerful thud of engines shook the decks.

"Feels like 'Full Speed', Davy," said Brinsmade. "Guess we're clear."

"Suppose we're convoyed. Well — anyhow, it's clouded over, and that's a good thing. Hardly think there's any danger," said Magnus.

"Neither did our friends on the *Lusitania*." Brinsmade changed the subject to one which had evidently been in his mind. "So you've been over here in this hallowed land three months, and you've come back with the same ideas you started with?"

"Only more so."

"No offense. Most men I know have had their preconceived ideas pretty badly shaken up. That's my own experience. Well — time enough to discuss all that. Only — I'll say this. Whatever you may think of war — and I was a good deal of a pacifist, myself — to have been over here, to see what this old world is capable of in a crisis, gives me a better liking for my fellow-man. I haven't always had a very affectionate regard for him. But, by Jove, what I've seen of this people over here makes me respect myself a little more just as a plain human being!"

"You're plumb right there, Mister, whoever you may be!" said a voice back of us, a voice with the nasal Yankee twang.

"It is glorious — I grant you," said Magnus quietly.

"But useless?"

"Quite useless, because it accomplishes nothing toward a final solution; but, of course, where we differ, and, I suppose, in all arguments will come back to it, is that I don't admit the necessity of nationality."

"That's frank, and glad you mentioned it," said Brinsmade, with a certain joy. "For that is the one big thing that has come out of the war — and it's bigger than creed or politics, Magnus. See what happened to your German Socialists! It's the rock on which you've split!"

"Why?"

"Well — put it this way. You'll agree that war is savagery, and contrary to the spirit of civilization — in other words, that what we are all seeking is a final and enduring peace?"

"Two years ago I'd have agreed. Now, I'm not quite so sure I do believe that is possible in our vision. However, for the sake of argument, go on."

"What is war? Competition. Competition of what? Of rival nationalities. Seeking what. Commercial aggrandizement — subjecting the many to benefit the few. America, Germany, England, France, have been at war with each other commercially one hundred years. War is only a commercial ultimatum, when a commercial tariff is too slow. The trouble is, men are guided by their sentiments to think nationally, instead of by their logic to conceive of themselves as a world race. You are a Jew, of course, Magnus?"

"I am."

"And proud of the history of your race?"

"I am exceedingly proud."

"And rightfully. It is a wonderful race. But if it had been guided by such theories as you now profess, it would have disappeared centuries ago, like a drop of ink in a barrel of water. Racial solidarity has been the immortality of you Jews, and sometimes — no offense, Magnus — I'm inclined to believe that the instinct that moves many of your brilliant race into Socialism is contempt of mere national definitions which in your own world-solidarity have no meaning to you."

"The Jewish race is not Socialistic," said Magnus, with a note of impatience.

"It is increasingly so, and most of its intellectuals are."

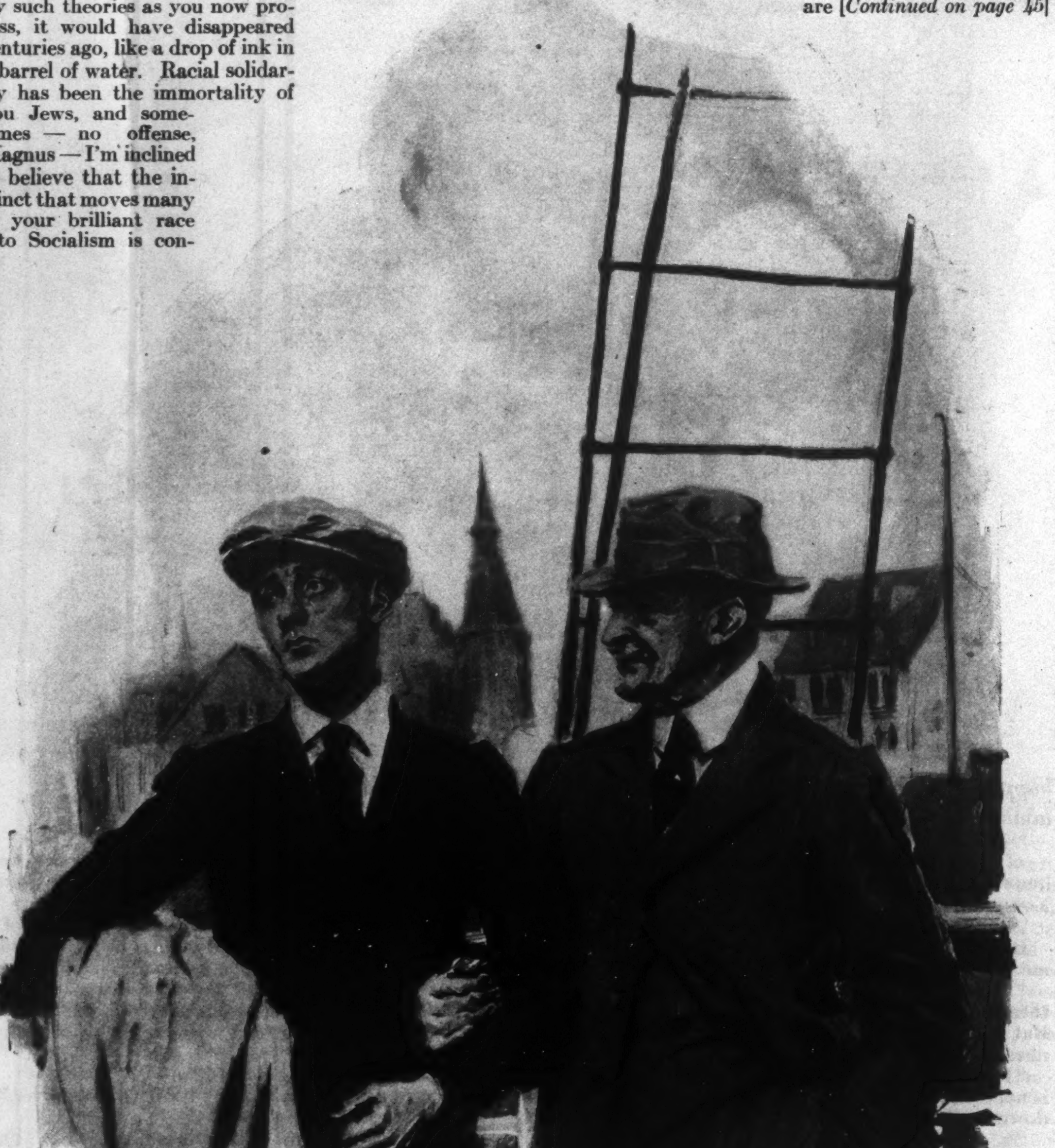
"It was not a Jew, but William Lloyd Garrison, who said, 'The World is my country.'"

"A fair rejoinder in a debate, but we are not appealing to the applause of an audience but, I take it, as two men holding diametrically opposite opinions, honestly seeking to find out which each believes."

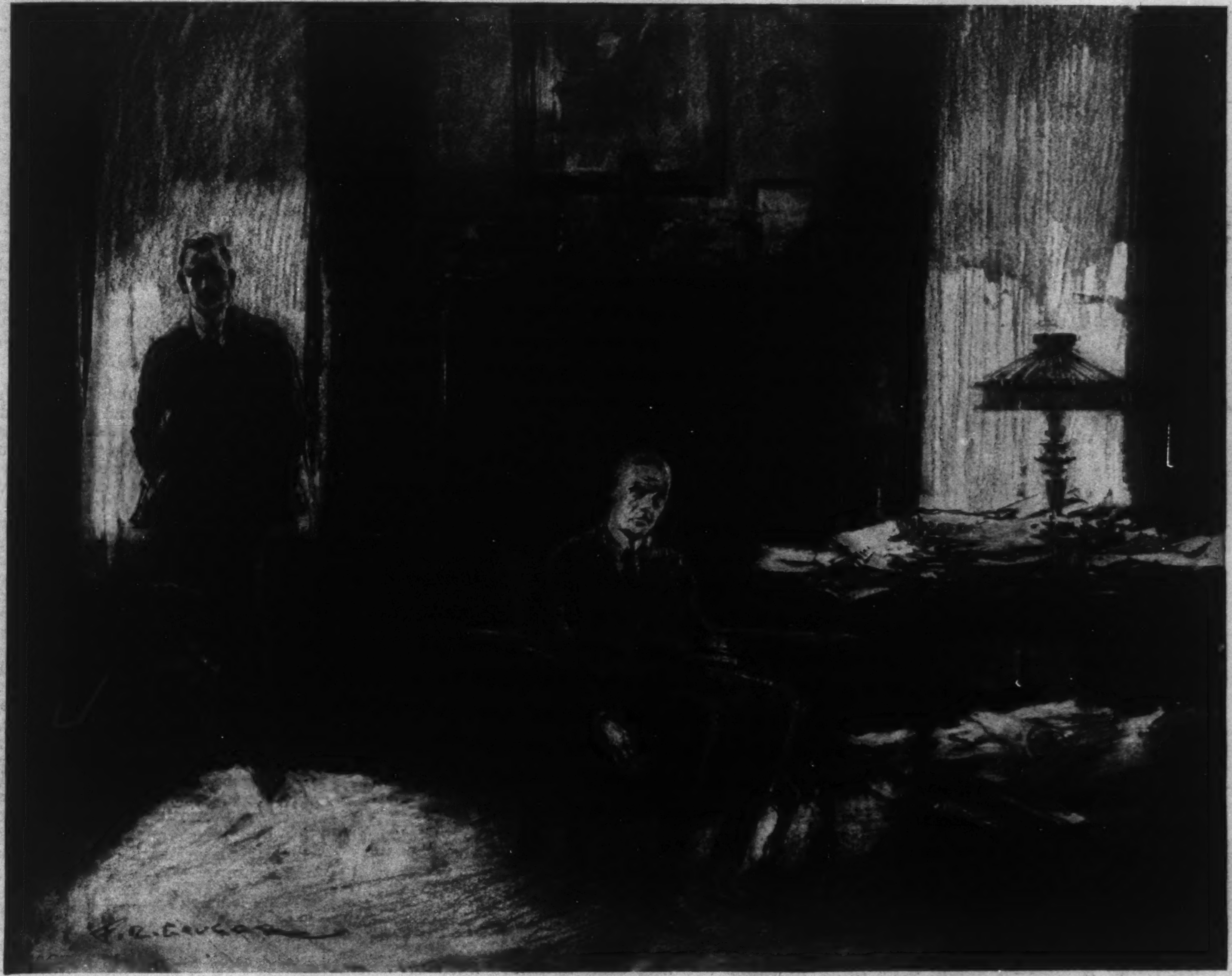
"All right," said Magnus, evidently favorably influenced by the other's good nature, for he answered more frankly. "It is possibly true that the Jewish race is most ready to embrace the principle of internationalism on account of its past history. I will grant that. But that does not affect the general proposition. Pacifism, which is good Christianity, is the first step to internationalism, and don't forget that the most determined opponents of militarism are of a Christian sect — your Quakers."

"Two years ago," said Brinsmade, carefully, "when I called myself a Pacifist, I might have denied that. By pacifism then I meant opposition to war — the belief in the possibility of universal disarmament and settlement of all difficulties by arbitration. But I never associated that with internationalism."

"Am I not logical when I say that pacifism must be considered the first step to internationalism?" said Magnus. There was in his voice the persuasive gentleness of the born debater, who is confident of leading his opponent to the conclusion he seeks. "If you wish nations to renounce warring on each other by arms, isn't it because we are [*Continued on page 45*]



"Mr. Brinsmade, there was a woman — I almost went to the rocks two years ago," I said abruptly, and immediately regretted it



"I don't care what you think," he began, "I've got to tell you. I tried deliberately to marry Miss Weston for her money — to give myself a background for the new work. It's a nightmare now!"

Time Out *for* Granberry

A Study of a Man Who Couldn't Be Human

by Samuel Merwin

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

OF the more desirable boarding-houses in Sunbury that of Mrs. Dreakin on upper Chestnut Avenue was the most select. Professor Dogman had lived there for years, as had other prominent members of the faculty from time to time. Even the Dexter Smiths moved in there for a while after they sold their Hazel Avenue place.

And so when J. Granberry Ames first came to the University as instructor in English literature he unerringly selected Mrs. Dreakin for his landlady, just as he chose — through pure instinct, it seemed, he had no ready means of knowing, coming directly from the East with only one or two letters — the rising members of the faculty for acquaintances and the very best homes in town in which to establish relationships leading to comfortable Sunday dinners.

At Mrs. Dreakin's he settled himself in the two second-floor rear rooms (with bath) overlooking the really charming garden of the J. A. Peters place with its quaint Chinese rockery. It was understood from this that he must have a little income besides his salary, but not much. The salary couldn't have been, at that time, more than fourteen hundred; perhaps, that first year or so, only twelve hundred. His clothes were well enough made, but he exhibited no more than two suits besides the usual evening things and tennis flannels. He went in for no other sports, spent next to no money in Chicago, and joined no clubs excepting the University.

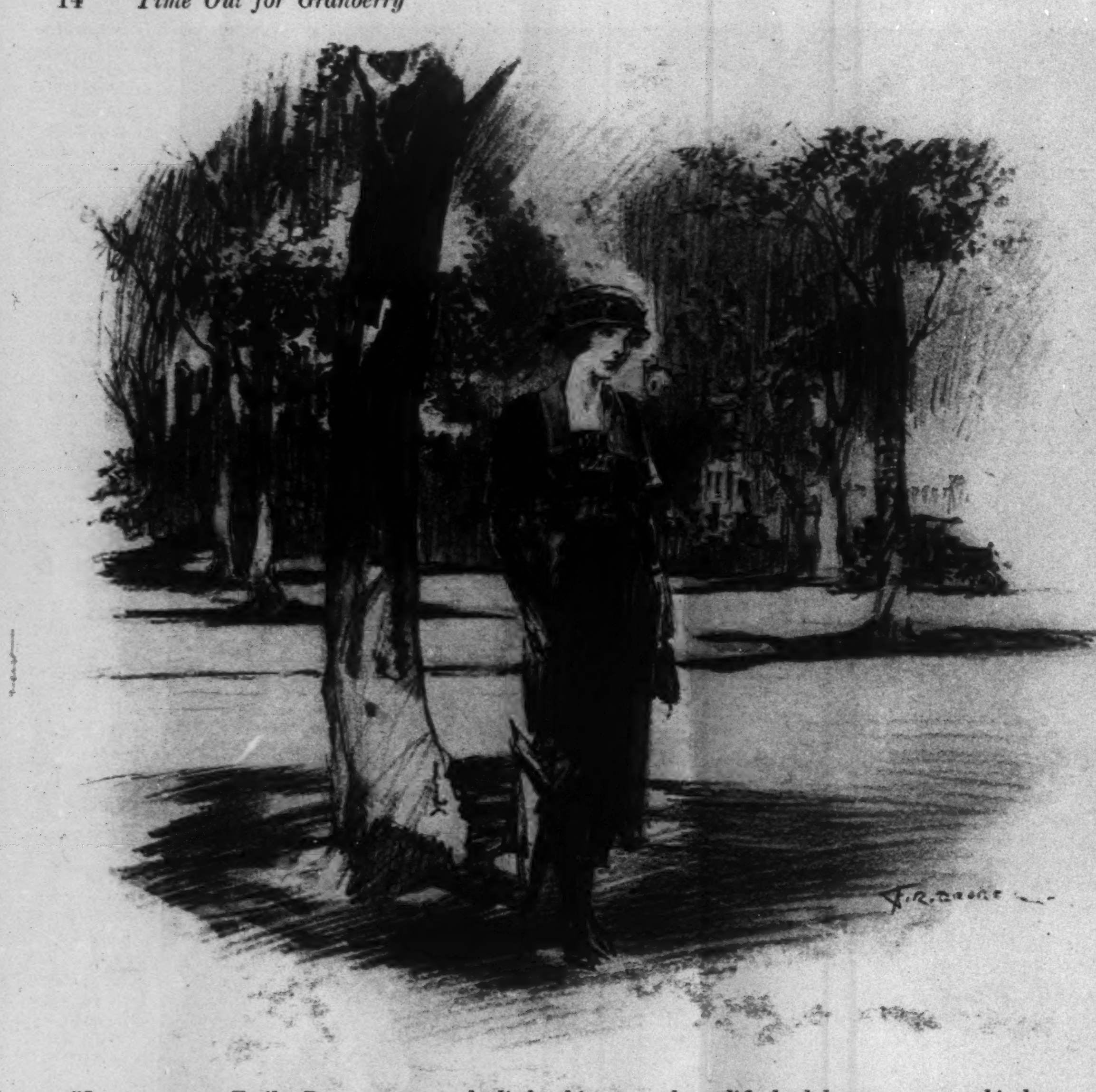
Sunbury seldom went wrong in these estimates of personal standing. It was pretty clearly understood that the rather luxurious quarters at Mrs. Dreakin's indicated a settled desire for the extreme of comfort; that would be the way he chose to spend his modest income — flatly on himself. For that matter all his rather simple activities tended to confirm this characterization of him as a not particularly unpleasant little bachelor person, the familiar sort. Certainly he showed no inclination to take up the time of the eligible young women of the town; seemed, indeed, beyond the margin of a reasonable and altogether impersonal courtesy, little short of a misogynist. You found on his walls and bureau no photographs of pretty girls, no trophies. Hardly a trace of emotion, indeed, could be detected in the man; merely a quiet determination to know the right people and to get on. And for this attitude of mind he was hardly to be blamed; for a man who has, at thirty-one or -two, got no farther than an obscure instructorship can hardly be said to be getting on as he should.

In appearance he was thin, with a little drab mustache, and was growing bald. He saw literature historically, like a professor; admired only the safe old masterpieces that everybody admires, looked condescendingly down on Hardy, Meredith, and Howells, was dimly aware of Wells, Galsworthy and O. Henry, had never officially heard of Booth Tarkington, Mrs. Watts or George Ade; seemed to feel, in short, that English literature was all over, all labeled, packed away and entrusted to the professors for safekeeping. Some day (you could fairly feel it coming) he would publish a reputation-building work on Chaucer's debt to Beowulf and take his proper place as a real literary pundit, with a doctorate safely in hand and an assistant professorship in sight. And so, as he and I couldn't talk shop, I usually contrived to keep him on other topics. It was pleasant enough having him around to walk and visit and play tennis with during the day.

He played tennis with a sort of systematic awkwardness, using a mean little chop stroke; but by drawing him into mid-court and then driving at his backhand it wasn't hard to beat him. He learned nothing from defeat, always got into the same difficulties.

The students, of course, as they would put it, got his number almost at once; and after a brief experimenting with nicknames, among which the most obvious was "Granberry", settled on the more expressive "Granpa."

As a year, and another, and even a third slipped



"I came upon Emily Beane — a gentle little thing to whom life had been none too kind — waiting, unmistakably, with a rather pretty self-consciousness, for a man"

away, Ames became, like so many other minor members of the faculty, a familiar figure about town. His habits, all his dry, humorless ways, seemed as fixed as the constellations. And then, abruptly, overnight, he changed his spots. I first became aware of the revolution in his life when he took to appearing, evenings, in a conspicuously new cutaway suit. And it was suddenly whispered everywhere that Granpa Ames was calling systematically, twice a week, on Miss Harriet Weston, of Hazel Avenue; who, it was said, didn't know what to do about it — was even reduced to something near hysterical giggles in discussing the problem with her girl friends. The students were delighted; they suddenly knew, as students disconcertingly will, every detail of the affair. They knew that Granpa was taking two-pound boxes of candy to the apparently helpless lady of his choice, and sending violets and roses and sweet peas from Swanson's; doing, in fact, all the old-fashioned things. And in the May Day jollification on the campus he was represented, in a make-up comically like him, as the persistent wooer of a sort of comic-weekly Miss Moneybags.

What Harriet Weston thought of this may be imagined. But helpless she was, of course, up to the moment when Granpa should choose to speak. That he purposed, in his own good time, to speak, was patent; but he was heavily deliberate about it; determined, with an almost desperate light in his eyes. During this period he avoided his acquaintances, quit the tennis courts, devoted himself doggedly to the task before him. It was noted that he gave up his second-floor two rooms and bath at Mrs. Dreakin's and moved into the hall bedroom on the third floor; this obviously to offset the expense of the candy and flowers.

He spoke, finally, about the middle of May. We all knew. And we all knew, too, that Miss Weston roundly refused him. For a few days after that he hardly appeared at all; merely slipped out from his hall bedroom long enough to meet his faintly smiling classes. We naturally assumed that he was crushed. I really felt sorry for him; particularly as one or two members of the faculty had done rather conspicuous things that spring, figuring none too pleasantly in the city newspapers — you recall the unfortunate professor who, in reasoning with a wayward student, made, or was supposed to make, the statement that he had never been kissed. There was a rising feeling against faculty indiscretions that put the college in a ridiculous light before the community — before the country, even — and a good many were now ready to blame Ames along with these others.

And then, within a fortnight, the poor devil started paying the same assiduous court to little Miss Emily Beane, who had for a year or so been helping Miss Wombast in the town library.

THIS extraordinary course really stirred town and college alike. It was inexplicable. The idea that he had become a money-hunter had to be dropped, for Emily Beane hadn't a cent. It was even a thought disturbing to consider that his suddenly developed energy might bring him nearer success with Miss Beane than with Miss Weston; for Miss Beane was a gentle little thing, to whom life had been none too kind, and your really persistent wooer has always a chance. In the mildly flippant talk at the University Club, where he never appeared now, men began to say, pointblank, that the fellow was crazy. It did bother you to see that pleasant little woman (she was all of his own age) strolling with him on moonlit evenings along shady byways, he in that almost distressing cutaway suit, which unmistakably, in his own mind, symbolized the wooing impulse.

The thing worked so on me — I couldn't forget that I had rather liked him — that one day I called him up, suggesting tennis. He excused himself, stiffly. And then, a few days later, I dropped around to see him, toward the end of the afternoon. He received me in the hall bedroom that was now locally famous. But he flatly couldn't talk. He was moody, stiff. We got nowhere. And I left feeling anything but comfortable.

One afternoon very early in June — I fear I am not making altogether clear the confusing rapidity of Ames's puzzling course; it was already April when the cutaway suit first appeared, and the dénouement of the little drama arrived before commencement — I came upon Emily Beane waiting at a leafy corner up beyond the campus — waiting, unmistakably, with a rather pretty self-consciousness, for a man. And a moment later, as I strolled on along the bluffs by the lake, I saw Ames hurrying to meet her. He was coming from the north; he must have walked an unnecessary mile in order to approach that corner unobserved, and there was I to see him! He avoided my attempt at a careless glance and nod. It is possible, of course, that he really didn't see me, in his self-absorption. But Miss Beane did. He knew better than she the conspicuous oddity of his course; some part of the now rather excited town talk had reached him; but at that, I soon perceived, he hadn't then caught anything like the full force of it.

THE college annual, gotten up by the Junior class, appeared, in accordance with settled tradition, in the following week, the second of June. College circles were astir, as usual, eager to learn on which unfortunate individuals the crude humor of the undergraduate rimesters and cartoonists was to fall. An element of the rough old tradition was that blows should be both heavy and intensely personal. No momentarily conspicuous member of either the undergraduate body or the faculty could hope to escape. Needless to say the faculty awaited the event with something near concern, and breathed a sigh of relief when it was over and, for another brief season, forgotten. Efforts had been made in bygone years by misguided disciplinarians to confine these barbed shafts of humor to the undergraduate region, but, of course, without success, and of recent years it had been the policy of the faculty to let eager young nature take its course.

As it worked out, the unfortunately erratic Granberry Ames proved too choice a humorous morsel to be foregone. They came unpleasantly near devoting the whole book to him. He was pictured in outrageous caricature and sung in merry doggerel. They even coined a word — to pursue girl after girl in rapid succession (and ours is a co-educational institution, you know, where life, young life, often becomes mildly dramatic) was to go granberrying. But the real blow was in the frontispiece, a crudely drawn but clearly visualized caricature exhibiting an unmistakable Granberry on his knees before a simpering old maid with the features of Miss Beane, while a row of other young women, the foremost plainly Harriet Weston, laughed at the picture. From the mouths of each person issued balloons of words as the old cartoonists used to draw them — and such words! The boys were not cruel in motive, of course, but in effect it caused a sensation. It proved the sort of occasional college jest that reaches far out of college circles, penetrating the usually self-occupied consciousness of the town. To make matters worse, the city papers, always eager to appeal to a semi-literate reading populace by ridiculing the neighboring university, took it up; and for a while that summer it really looked as if the amusing new verb, to granberry, might actually find its slangy way into the always hospitable mid-West language.

It may be that Ames, that even Miss Beane, could have endured the rough joking of the college youngsters, but the public result proved too much. Neither could walk abroad in comfort, painfully aware, as each was, that everybody, everywhere, was controlling (or not controlling) a strong impulse to laugh aloud. Ames shut himself up even more closely than before. And poor little Miss Beane came down ill of it; gave up her work at the library, and called in Doctor Hayes. Subsequent gossip had it that she was not only crushed in spirit, but that she had returned unopened one or more notes from her fellow victim in the catastrophe.

We knew, a few days later, that Ames reappeared in the cutaway suit, marched, white and desperately determined, to where Miss Beane lived, and stayed for hours.

Another few days passed. He was seen, repeatedly, walking firmly over to her house. And then, to my surprise, he paid me a formal call.

"You've been so kind," he said — this formally, of course — "that I've wanted to tell you first. I have Emily's permission to tell you. Though it seems best not to make it public at this time."

The poor fellow simply didn't know how to be human. I couldn't help recalling the rather delightful remark of Queen Victoria concerning Gladstone — "He addressed me as if I were a public meeting."

"Oh!" I found myself saying, "You mean that you — that she — that you're"— Despite the fact that my feelings toward him were then, as always, of the kindliest sort, the situation was simply too funny.

"We are engaged," said he solemnly. "I got the license yesterday in Chicago. It's been so — so conspicuous for us, that we've decided to be married very quietly and just slip out of town. And then, she's been ill. It seems the best way."

It was, curiously, moving. I wrung his hand, of course. And his thin face twisted into a somewhat self-conscious smile. It was pleasing to know that he had, after all, so much character, of a sort. He had, as the English say, carried on.

On the following afternoon, about four, I came out from town and hurried to my rooms to get into my tennis things. I had rooms at Henderway's that year, on upper Chestnut, not a great way from Mrs. Dreakin's. I let myself in and had started up the stairway when an odd sound arrested me. It was Granpa Ames, rising from a plush chair in the parlor and awkwardly clearing his throat.

He asked, huskily, "May I speak with you?" And looked nervously about as if he feared hidden pursuers.

Up in my rooms, he carefully closed the door; walked to the window and glanced cautiously out. I had again to control rather desperately that impulse to laugh aloud. This curiously emotional Ames was so different a creature from the wholly methodical Ames of the preceding three years.

He sat then on the edge of the Morris chair. I could only assume a manner that I trust appeared to him as courteous attention, and wait.

"First," he began, "let me ask if you have an engagement just now?"

I moved my head in the negative; then, recollecting, excused myself, slipped down-stairs, and by telephone called off my tennis.

"I REALIZE, of course," he began again, "that I have no right to intrude on your sympathy in this way — no right whatsoever."

On my sympathy! Clearly his new trouble, whatever it might be, was painfully real to him.

He went on — "But there is no one else — no one ——" He sprang up, strode to the window, then, after a long moment, wheeled about almost dramatically and handed me a typewritten letter. "Perhaps the best way to make the thing clear would be to ask you to read this first." And then, while I read, he turned away again and stared out the window.

Here is the letter:

"University City, Iowa.

"Dear Gran —

"An odd chance has turned up out here. There is, up the railway about fifty miles, an old-fashioned collegiate school for young women known as the Lakeville Female Seminary. A very old and very rich alumna of the institution has recently died leaving all her money as an endowment to be used in modernizing and building up the old school. The trustees have turned to us here at the University for advice in the matter of a new principal, and I've managed to fix it so that the job will be offered to you in July if you'll say the word.

"It isn't quite your old dream as you used to outline it to me, but after all, it's a chance at something *real*. There'll be money to play with — new buildings, all that, and a salary of not less than five thousand at the start; and you and I know — who better? — what a long, long road you might have to travel before you could wring a salary of five thousand from any American University. I'm on the committee in the matter, so just say the word sometime between now and July first and I promise you I'll head an enthusiastic little delegation to Sunbury and make you a formal tender of the position.

"Oh, by the way, there's one little reservation I was nearly forgetting — we've lost track of each other these past few years — either *you're* married or you're not. Doubtless I'd have heard if you had taken the plunge. They insist on that. I've explained to them what a substantial and methodical old thoroughbred you are, but — well, no unmarried men need apply. So if you haven't plunged, now's the time! There'll be some adorable little person waiting patiently until the salary grows up, of course. My boy, now's the time!

"Let me hear from you. And believe me always your old friend —— W. P. B."

I looked up. He was red.

"It's Bill Banfield," he explained; adding wretchedly, "The youngest college president in America."

Then, a moment later, he went on, walking the floor ——

"The things you'll be thinking, of course — you couldn't understand. . . ."

"Perhaps I could," said I.

He stood before me, his sensitive mouth quivering with emotion; threw out his hands.

"I know you're kind. That's why I'm here, of course. But you haven't known my life. It's been such a fight! And late years it's been getting me. Oh, it has! I'm the plugging sort, you see. I haven't the gifts that carry a man along. Chances like this haven't come my way — ever before. Can't you see that this thing, right now, is the tide that I've got to take at the flood or look ahead to nothing but shallows and miseries all my life? They won't keep me on here much longer as an instructor — you know that. They'll let me go. And I'll be lucky to fetch up in a little high school job — or a public library — damn lucky!"

It was a relief to hear him swear. You wouldn't have supposed he had it in him.

"It's been like a possession. I can see that now. You must have thought me crazy. I *was* beside myself, of course, starting out after Miss Weston that way. The worst of it is, I was cold-blooded about it — in a way. It just filled my mind. As I look back on it now, I can hardly believe it myself. Apparently it had to run its course, like a fever. For I — this was after Miss Weston refused me — I got worse."

I found myself echoing, "Worse?"

"Yes." He swallowed, with visible effort. "I got into a pretty desperate state — a disorder of the mind, really. It's hard to believe now. I did a dreadful thing. But then the fever passed."

"Fevers do pass," I murmured with sympathy.

"And then I came to my senses. This is the strange part of the experience, psychologically. You see, all these years I've been living in absolute selfishness — Oh, yes I have! — I've been content to go on existing only for myself — I haven't realized that a man, to be happy, must work and fight for others — give his uttermost strength."

"It's a little —" I began — "I don't quite — you say you got worse ——"

His voice softened. "I hadn't met Emily then," he said. "I don't know that you could — oh, I don't care what you may think, I've got to tell the truth now. And this is the truth — I tried deliberately, while that frightful fever was on me, to marry Miss Weston for her money. *I did!* It seemed somehow going the whole hog — giving myself a background for the new work. It's a nightmare now!"

"OF course that isn't your motive in marrying Emily Beane."

"No! She has nothing. And I'm glad of it. I don't even care about this job now, except as it may help us to build our new life more quickly. . . . Here's the strange thing! Until this happened — the new job, I mean, I was perfectly content to live selfishly alone. That painful experience with Harriet Weston aroused something within me. It changed my nature. I can't live alone now. Can you understand that?"

He brought this out rather defiantly.

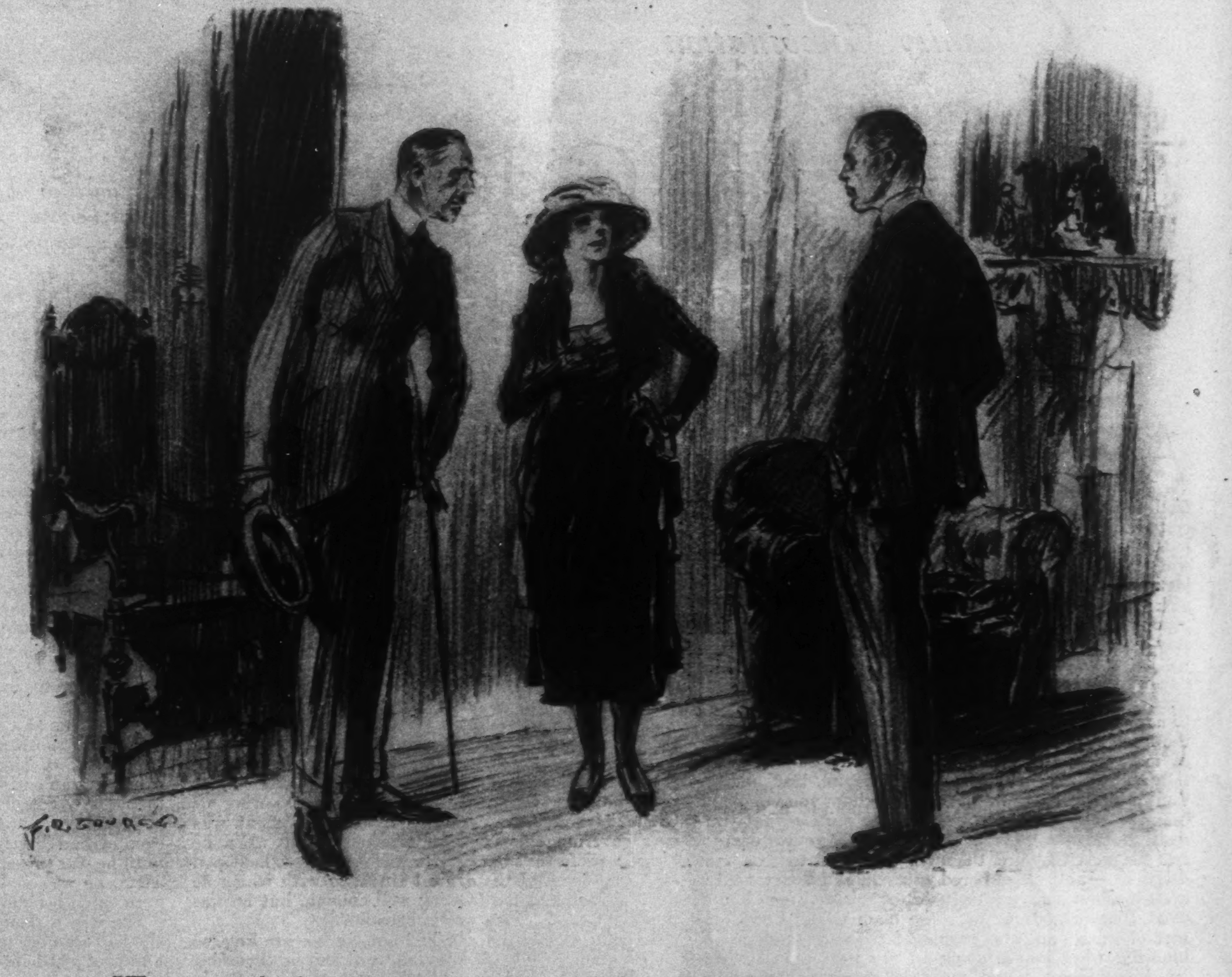
"Of course," I replied. "That's common enough human nature."

"Is it?" said he, nervously eager. Plainly the man was a child. He fell to walking the floor again.

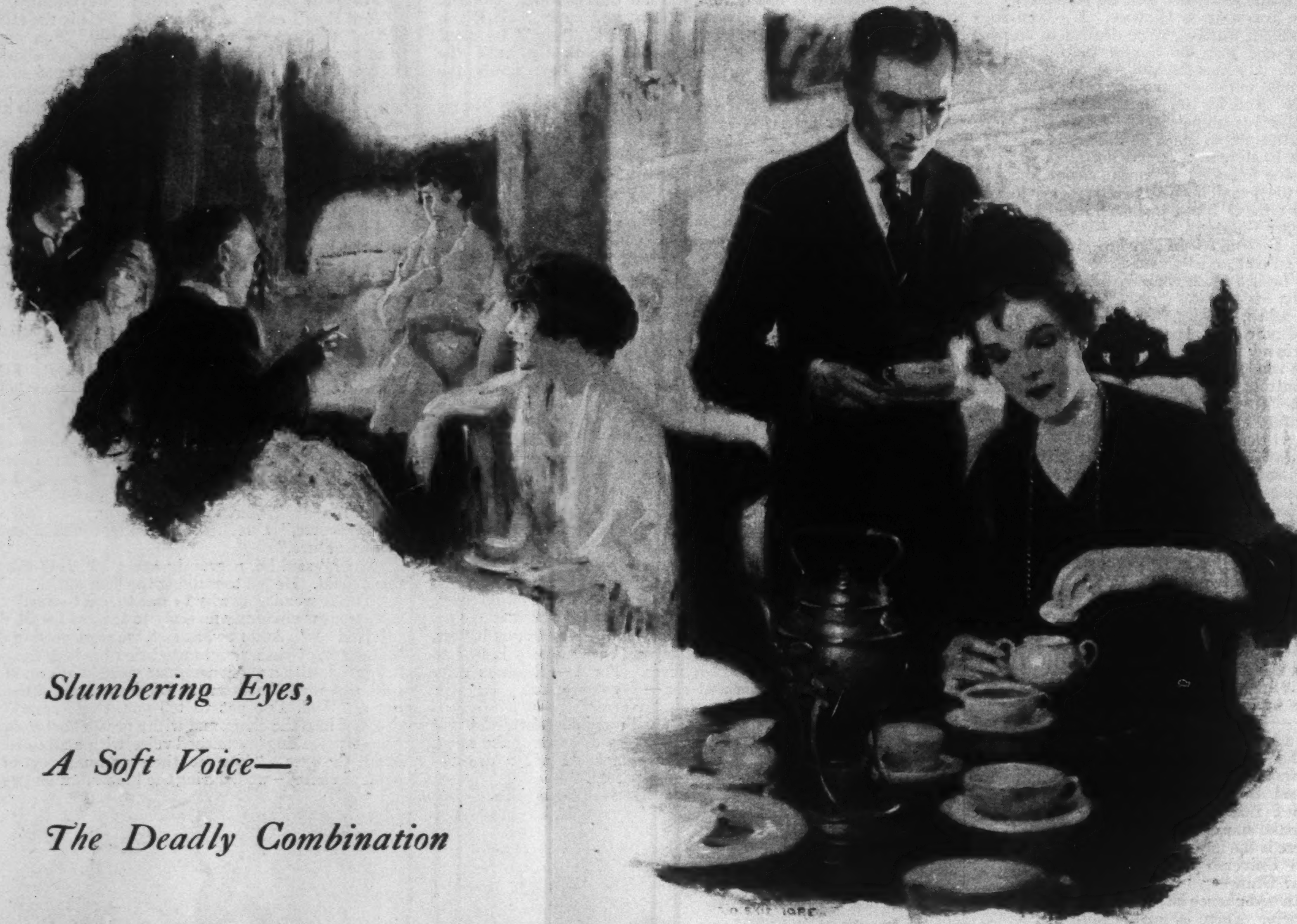
"You're wondering why I came to you to-day."

There was obviously no reply to this, so I waited.

"Well — " And now, at last, we were getting down to it, he was twisting and untwisting his long fingers as he moved, with a quick nervous tension, back and forth, back and forth, between the Morris chair and the window. "Well, I've got to tell you, God knows!" He dropped into the chair, and with a great effort composed himself; speaking in a hushed voice, with a strained look about the eyes. "You see, there's a queer sort of fate comes in here — well, during the [*Continued on page 51*]



"We want to be fair in every way," he said with a slight whine. "We recognize that you're not a millionaire. Say — ten thousand — for those letters complete"



Slumbering Eyes,

A Soft Voice—

The Deadly Combination

For an hour she kept Stuart hovering about her, but never with a suitable occasion to present himself for sacrifice

The Fog of Orleans

by Holworthy Hall

Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore

AS to girls, he had always been somewhat of a sceptic, but it was not until the summer of his eighteenth year, when a certain friend came back from boarding-school, that he finally summed up his evidence, and arrived at a concrete decision. This friend was a pink-and-white little butter-ball of a girl who would never inspire the opposite sex with very much sentiment, but she herself was inclined to be a heart specialist, and at school she had picked up a number of useful formulas. She was expounding these formulas to a group of breathless stay-at-homes when Stuart accidentally overheard her.

"Why," she was saying, "here's all the secret; if you want men to be crazy about you, just treat 'em like *cabbages!* . . . Of course, they're horrid, nasty things anyway, so to please 'em you've got to be just the least tiny bit *risqué*, once in a while — only don't go *too* far — and then right afterward you ought to talk about something awfully intellectual, transmigration of souls or something, just to show you've got a brain. Don't ever let 'em know for a *minute* what you really think about 'em, even if they bore you to death; and the nicer they are, the more you ought to keep 'em dangling — act sort of bored yourself, and then awfully excited about 'em, and then sort of spiritual (*you* know what I mean). But that's the main thing; keep 'em sort of mixed up, and gasping for breath, and never knowing what you're going to say next — just treat 'em like *cabbages* — and, my dear, they'll walk right up and eat out of your hand!"

She was only seventeen at the time, and eventually the best she could do was to elope with a stupid mortgage-broker, but her testimony had sunk to the very bottom of Stuart's mind, and for several years he never quite got it out again.

When he went away to the university he took his suspicions with him as part of his mental luggage, but long before his graduation day they had ceased to be luggage, and become solid furniture. He was good-looking, slow-smiling, and sweet-tempered, so that most women found him attractive, but as he watched them, and studied them, and dissected their motives, he was freshly convinced that he had heard the truth when he was very young. The guile of women was as clear as window-glass; and all their frankness, or their shyness, their worship or their wit were merely different models of the same feminine weapon, forged for the same purpose. To other men, they might indeed be dangerous, but to Stuart the censor, they were merely pretty and diverting.

To be sure, he had his moments in rose-arbor or Gloucester hammock, but his mature judgment was ever governing his youthful emotions, and when he kissed a professor's daughter in the moonlight, he hoped that she observed the cynical aloofness with which he did it. He liked the frosting well enough, but he was positive that the cake was indigestible.

Even at twenty-four, he had not yet been in love, so that he fancied himself immune to it, and in discussing matrimony, he had learned to say some clever things which were not necessarily accurate. Love, he said, as described to him, was like a runaway team of wild horses; and marriage was the blind guaranty, made by two passengers who had never seen the road before, that there were no ditches or turnings anywhere, and no traffic in the opposite direction. As for himself, he believed that love — if any — should arise out of pure reason; and so far he had never met a girl who was Arcadian enough to appeal to him. He doubted that such a girl could now exist, and his doubt was founded upon his own experience.

But over-confidence is a sin which, given the opportunity, would destroy the angels, and Stuart was an ordinary mortal. At twenty-seven, after all his suspicion of the innocent, and all his wariness against the genuine, he lost his theories to a girl who, he knew in advance, was neither genuine nor innocent. He knew this both as a standard proposition, and from specific data, for when she was first pointed out to him across the room, he was told that she is what is called a man-killer — a crusher of hearts for the sheer pleasure of accomplishment; he was on his guard, but he relied too much on his logic, and in the last extremity it overthrew him.

He met her at a country-club dance in a small Eastern city. He was a stranger to the city, and he had spent a busy week of loneliness, and he hoped that to-night would put an end to it. The men, however, had shown themselves a trifle supercilious, and the women had been too well supplied with partners; so that Stuart's evening had merely burdened him with disappointment until he was presented to the girl who had last come in. Then, he was so interested in her type that he didn't even catch her name.

She was a demure little girl in a black lace frock; she had slumbering eyes, an exquisitely soft voice, and an air of great intelligence, and he knew that the combination is supposed to be deadly. Furthermore, she received him as though the acquaintance were a distinguished honor to herself, and although he recognized the nonsense of it, yet he was pleased to emerge from the background. Finally, he saw that in her unobtrusive manner she was making a keen appraisal of him, and this renewed his spirit, and washed out all his previous dissatisfactions.

He was always absorbed by the beginnings of such a relationship; and his mood was that of a crafty old field-marshal who reads, at his leisure, the campaigns of all the generals he has defeated. He perceived, with complacence, that she took him at once for a strategist; and after that, he was amused by her economy of ammunition. She knew already why he was in town; she knew that his business would detain him there for several months; she could afford a slow, detailed reconnaissance. When he left her, he asked for another dance, later in the evening, and the expression of her eyes, and the tone of her voice, sent him away with some exhilaration, for he liked nothing better than to hear the weapons rattle against his armor, and to know that they were being turned back, blunt.

For the next half-hour he got himself bored by a dressy dowager in plum velvet; he had a waltz with a débutante who chilled him, and presently, to throttle time until his next appointment, he wandered off into the smoking-room, which he found occupied only by a youngish man he dimly remembered. The man regarded him casually, but said nothing; Stuart, with an inward comment upon the local style of hospitality, offered his cigarette-case. To his astonishment, the other man, after a bland inspection of its contents, shook his head.

"No, thanks," he said. "I've stuck to my own kind for eighteen years now; I'd better not change." He sat down leisurely, and leisurely tapped a bell.

"Eighteen years?" repeated Stuart. "Why, you must have begun in your cradle!"

The other man gave him an altitudinous smile. "You must take me for a cub like yourself. How old do you think I am?"

Stuart gauged him carefully. "Twenty-seven or -eight?"

THE other man preserved his smile, and also shook his head. "No," he said, "I'm thirty-six." And he said it with a sort of regal nonchalance.

Stuart lifted his eyebrows. "Well, there's only one thing that occurs to me; what kind of cold cream do you use?"

"It isn't cold cream," said the other man, with a shrug of disparagement, "it's the way we live up here. Hadn't you noticed it?"

"Why, as a matter of fact, I've been here only a week, and I've been too busy to notice much of anything." There was a mental reservation; he had noticed a degree of bumptiousness which had begun to puzzle him, because he could see no possible excuse for it.

"That's just the point; none of the rest of us *are* busy." By this time, his own cigarettes had arrived, and through their incense he relaxed a little. "We stay in Orleans six months of the year; we go South; we go abroad; we do some entertaining and play some golf; we don't have anything to worry about — and we all stay young."

"It sounds very charming — for a man with an income."

"Oh, of course." The other man became regally confidential. "But you take the crowd that's here tonight; in practically every case, the money's been in the family for three generations. No one here has *made* money; one couldn't do that and live as we do — there wouldn't be a perspective. Not that Orleans is a colony of millionaires, but we've got our decent incomes, and we know how to spend them."

Stuart was awed by the very simplicity of the man. "They tell me the town isn't growing very fast."

"My dear fellow, we don't *want* it to grow. We don't want any more manufacturing here; we don't want any more people here; we try to keep them away. As things are now, we practically own the town among ourselves. Say, thirty families."

Stuart couldn't resist the temptation to egg him on. "Just a compact little group."

"Exactly. There's only one street to live on — Maple Avenue — and we all live on it. There's only one club to belong to, and we're in it now — of course, there are outsiders in it, too, but we simply don't consider them. We simply don't pay any attention to them. We live our own life and we don't like intruders, and we care very little about what the rest of the world is doing. For instance — " He smiled indulgently. "I've never in my life read a Sunday newspaper, or eaten an ice-cream cone, or been to a motion-picture theatre. And that isn't just myself — that's Orleans."

Stuart was gazing at him, appalled, and almost convulsed. "Good Heavens, man," he said slowly, "you come and spend a week-end with me, and I'll give you the time of your life!"

The other man missed it. "Thanks, awfully. . . . Yes, I've been pretty nearly everywhere, and I never saw a place exactly like it — or *any*thing like it. It's quite perfect. And, as I say, we all know how to live."

The smug littleness of the man, and his colossal snobbery, reminded Stuart of nothing so much as a dogmatic freshman, who shouts to the world that his own college is the only fit refuge for a gentleman, his own class the paragon of all classes, and his own fraternity the cream of the whole. The freshman, however, has at least two virtues: he is enthusiastic, and he expects to fight for his contentions; but the man from Orleans, who had built a pedestal for himself, and clambered up to sit on it, plainly held himself too precious to be challenged. He had spoken; and the rest of the world should properly be hushed.

Stuart himself was hushed; he was tongue-tied. He cleared his throat, and tried to say something, but he could think of nothing appropriate which wasn't also discourteous and he had to remember that he was a guest of the club. He should have liked to pump the man indefinitely, but the hour of his appointment was too near at hand so that, warmed by equal portions of contempt and humor, he went back to the assembly-room.

His late companion had aroused his curiosity, and as he looked about him he wondered if the high society of Orleans should actually be graded according to the sample. His survey impressed him; for he sorted out a dozen men who gave off the same murky atmosphere, and he speculated whether they, too, were in the third generation of money, and had yet to taste an ice-cream cone. He caught a transient smile from the little girl in the black lace frock, and of a sudden, he told himself that hers was the only truly intelligent face in the entire gathering. Also, she was the only person, man or woman, to whom it seemed to make a farthing's worth of difference whether Stuart himself were among those present, or not. He was sure, now, that she didn't belong to the inner circle. She couldn't.

"I had an interesting session a little while ago," he said to her, during the final encore, "with that rather British-looking man over by the fireplace. He was telling me about the philosophy of life up here."

She glanced up from under her heavy lashes, and demurely glanced down again. "Did he think there *is* any?"

"First," he said, "tell me if you're a native of this place."

"No, indeed. I was born in Philadelphia. But did he think there's any philosophy of life at all in this funny little town?"

"Well," said Stuart, emboldened, "even a chicken-coop has architecture; can't Orleans have philosophy?"

She gave him another of those instantaneous glances. "I'm not insulted yet. Go on. What made it so interesting?"

"Why, his description of the way they live. Of course, there's no accounting for tastes, but personally I should think it would be unbearable."

"Most of them don't seem to find it so. They like it."

"Do you live here yourself?"

"Yes, but I'm not blind."

He would have taken his oath that she would share his point of view. "What's your real opinion of it, then?"

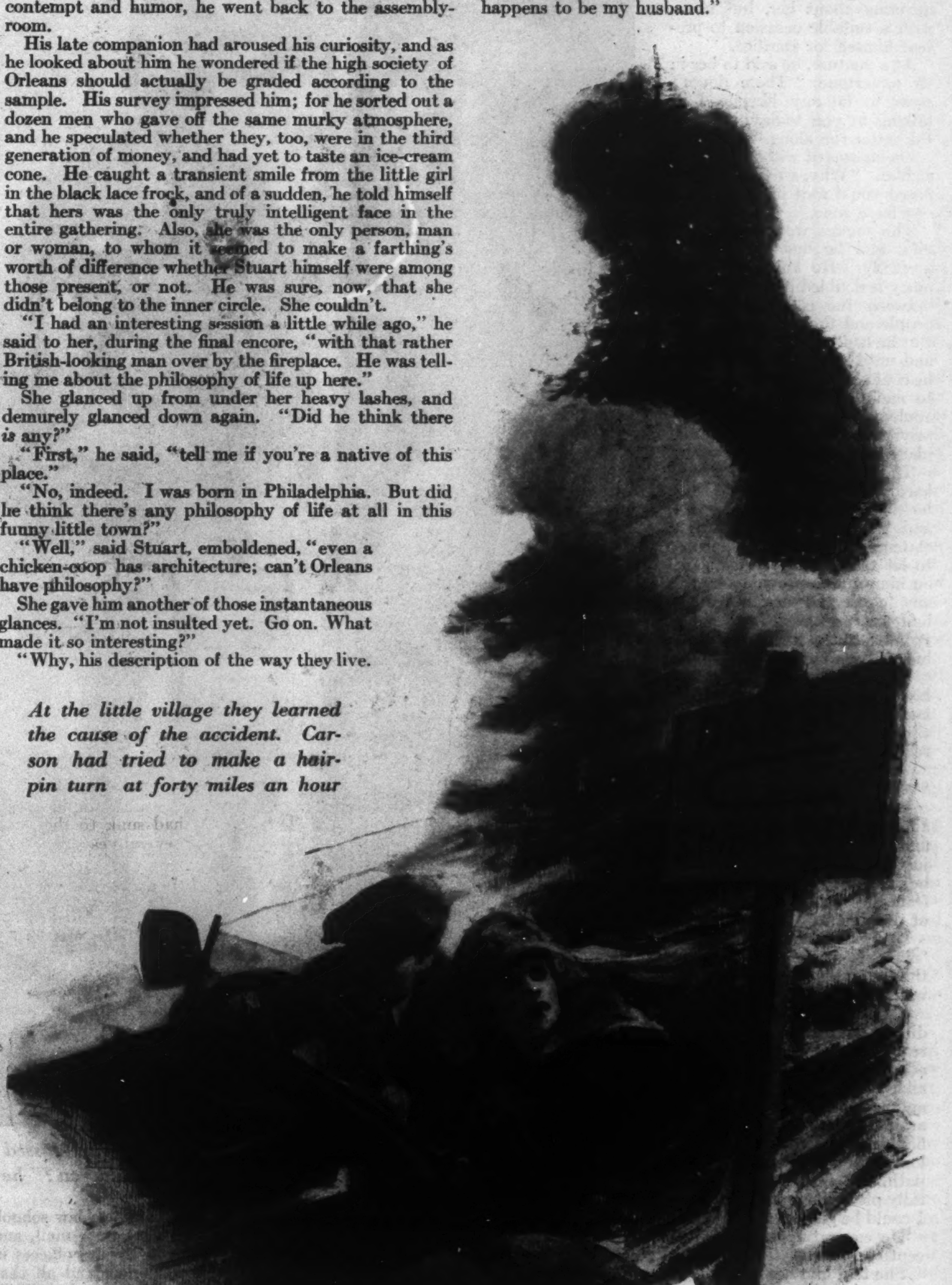
"Why," she said naïvely, "you wouldn't expect me to make a confession like that until I know you better, would you? . . . What's *your* opinion?"

Her intonation deceived him, so that he blurted out his thought, exactly as it came to him. "Well, I haven't seen a great deal of it yet, but if my friend over there's a fair example, there's just one thing I can say about him."

"Tell me."

Stuart borrowed a phrase from a married cousin. "He must have missed his ten o'clock feeding."

The music stopped and as he released her, she stood back a little, and laughed straight up into his eyes. "I think I'll let you come to tea to-morrow afternoon and grovel for me," she said. "You see, that gentleman happens to be my husband."



At the little village they learned the cause of the accident. Carson had tried to make a hairpin turn at forty miles an hour

As he walked slowly down Maple Avenue, with the abodes of the blessed on either side of him, he was peculiarly crestfallen. The field-marshal had suffered himself to be led on, and taken from ambush and it hurt his professional dignity. He had got himself into a weak position, and he knew that after he had apologized, it would be still weaker: she had him exactly where she wanted him, humbled by his own rashness, because he had taken too much for granted. Furthermore, he hadn't yet recovered from his bewilderment that a girl like this could ever have married a man like that. To Stuart, he seemed to be a permanent apology for himself, and he marveled what on earth she could have seen in him.

He had imagined that he should find her alone, in a quiet room with cleverly arranged lighting, and he was prepared to go into action on these grounds. But he hadn't yet given her sufficient credit: she had asked several others to come to tea, and for an hour she kept Stuart hovering about her, but never with a suitable occasion to present himself for sacrifice.

At a venture, he said to her in an undertone: "There doesn't seem to be any likelihood of talking to you to-day; perhaps I'd better run along."

She answered without looking at him. "Why, I naturally supposed you'd wait until after the rest have gone."

The tactics were familiar to him, and he understood them perfectly. He knew that intimacy is doubled by the contrast between the chatter of many people and the dialogue of two. But he had slurred her husband, and until he had been forgiven, he could only dangle as she chose to make him; he owed her an apology, and it was her sole privilege to set the time and place for it.

The last of the guests was hardly across the threshold when he planted himself before her, and made a very downright statement. He didn't purpose to let the situation get a grasp on him, nor to provide her with any additional advantage; he had no excuses to give her, nothing but a flat acknowledgment of the facts.

She took it very sweetly, and made him sit down beside her, and say it all over again; and when he had finished, she became reflective, and vaguely wistful.

"I WANTED so much to like you," she said. "I'd heard about you from people in town, and then last night you were just as nice to me as you could be. And then you're different from the people I see all the rest of the time."

"I'd gathered," he said, "that 'different' people are exactly the ones that Orleans doesn't want."

She made a pretty gesture of dissent. "But you see, I'm not really one of them. I'm only adopted. Their families have all lived here for years and years, and had their money, and played around, and they're quite satisfied to go along in what may look to you like a narrow sort of path. It *is* pleasant; it's awfully pleasant; but just the same I could be glad of a little change, couldn't I?"

He congratulated himself that he wasn't a bit susceptible. "Your home was in Philadelphia?"

She told him her father's name, and title, and Stuart was again amazed, for her father had been a doctor of national reputation. He wondered how she could ever have quitted, voluntarily, a home of education and purpose, to cast her lot among the Sybarites. He remembered then, what she had said to him, last night, about confessions.

"Maybe it's because I was brought up in such a different way," he said slowly, "but the whole tone of Orleans doesn't seem healthy. This morning, I found out something else that baffled me. Most of your friends do actually pretend to do something useful, don't they? I'd judged from what your husband said that they didn't do anything at all."

She smiled faintly. "It *is* an odd thing; they all have money, and yet there's a kind of community spirit, and an idea that a man ought to have some definite sort of place in the community. So one of them owns the *Courier*, he never goes anywhere near the office, but he just likes to own a newspaper. And one or two are lawyers; their fathers made them go to law school, but all it means now is a place to get their mail, and use up some grand stationery. Oh, they're officers in banks, and they're on the City Council, and all that sort of thing, but — " She shook her head. "They don't take it seriously. It's just a funny little quirk; and it lets them run the town to suit themselves. Really, they live on their incomes."

"It strikes me," said Stuart, "that if *I* were going to loaf for a living, I'd be consistent about it, anyway. To loaf, and then put up a sort of false front, like a country grocery store, makes it look all the worse." He rose thoughtfully. "Of course, this isn't making myself any too popular with you. And I suppose because I'm working here — " He paused, and began to grin. "Still, I've got fifteen hundred a year from my grandfather's estate, and we've got a farm that's been in the family for *seven* generations. Won't that let me in as a summer member?"

She had also risen, and now she held out her hand to him. "We're going to be friends, aren't we?"

"I'm a lot better friend out-doors," said Stuart, "than I am in the house. What do you do for exercise?"

"There's everything here," she said. "Golf and tennis and riding and swimming; there's sailing and motor-boating on the lake — you needn't be lonely." Then she laughed at him. "But sometimes, even in this paradise of Orleans, it rains."

"And then?"

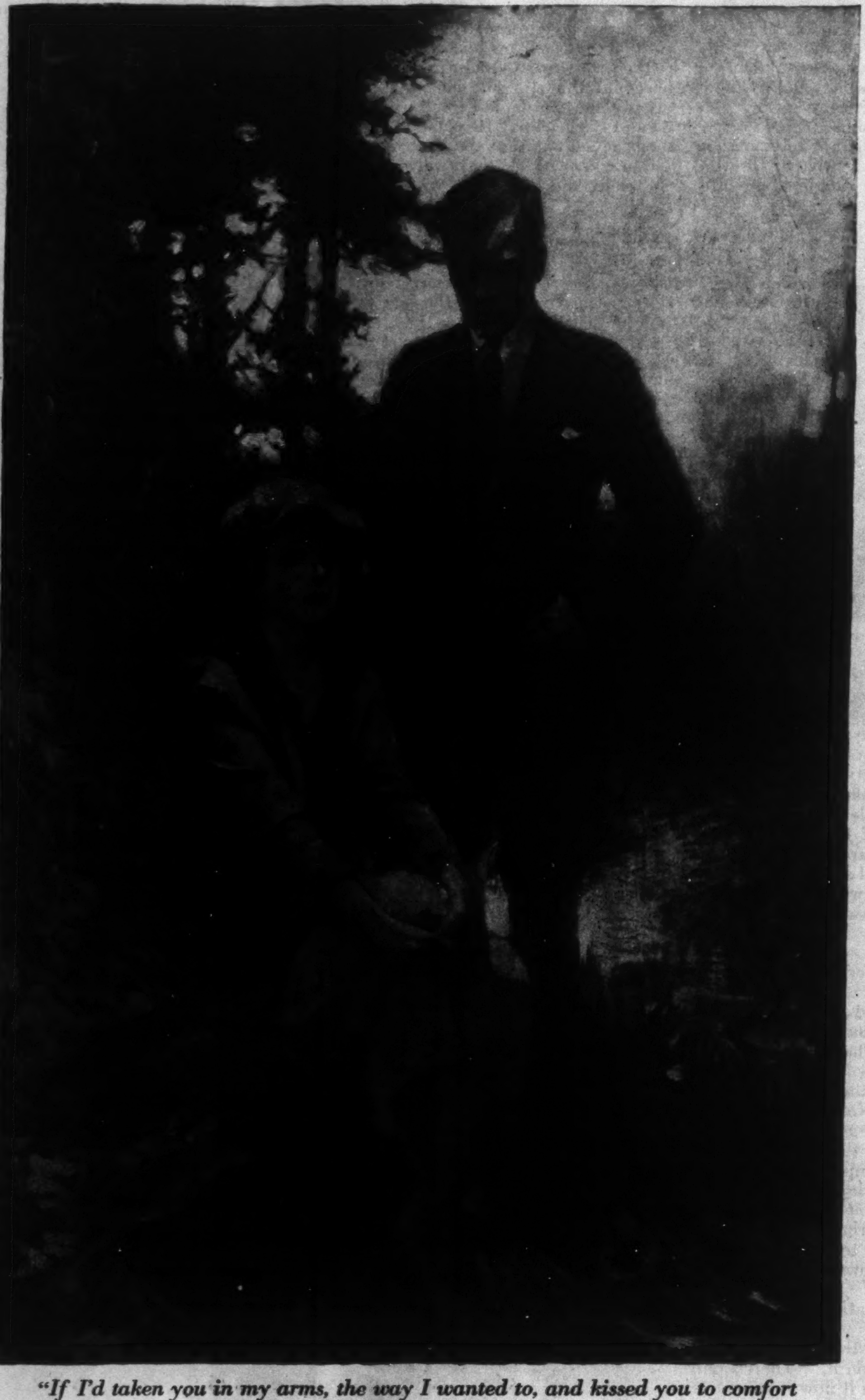
"Tea," she said, dropping her eyes, "is always served at five o'clock."

HE was strengthened in his judgment of her character, but when he went away, he found that he could stir a little pity into his disapproval. She was certainly intelligent, and she had come from the rarefied air of Philadelphia into the dense fog of Orleans, where a lawyer's shingle didn't mean a lawyer in the office, and where people virtually boasted that a forehead didn't mean a brain inside. He hadn't intended to be sorry for her, but he suspected now that Orleans was a trial to her, and he was sorry for whoever had married her husband.

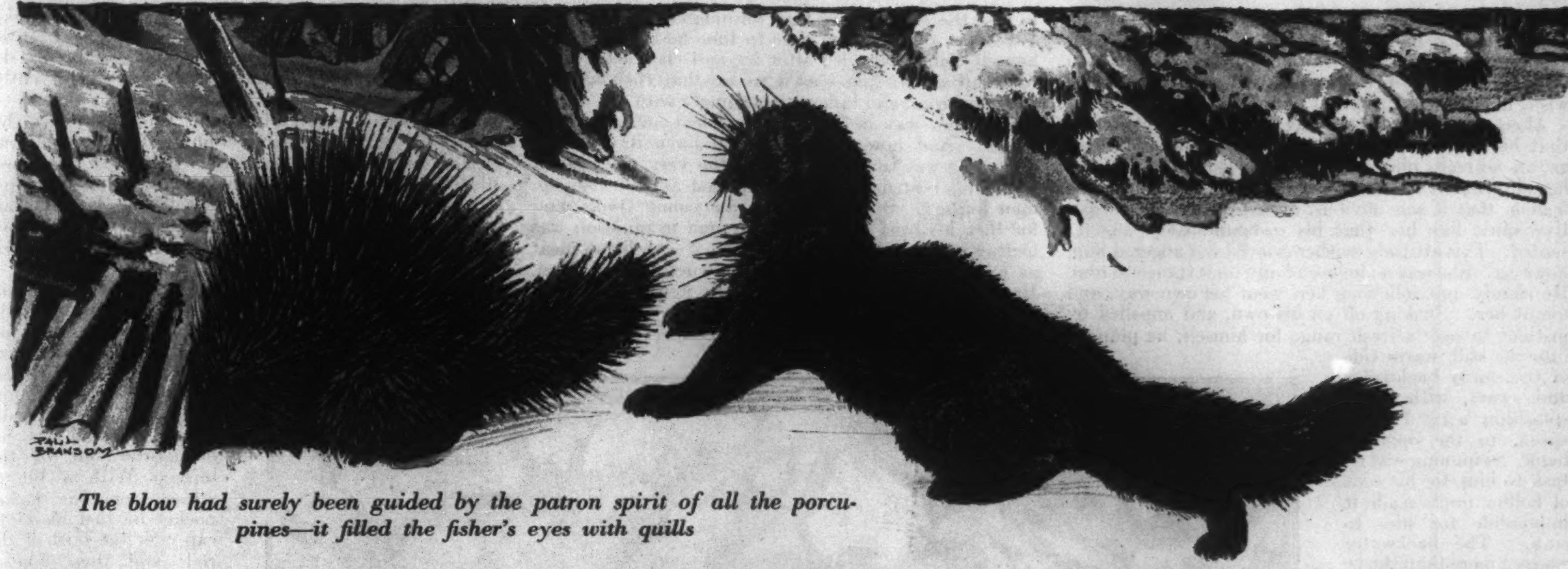
Within a week, he had repeatedly been told to beware of her, and he had also been told, by the dressy dowager in plum velvet, that gossip had him bulletined as another victim. At the warning, he was frankly derisive, but at the rumor, he was slightly indignant; and he informed the dowager that his friendships were based upon the teachings neither of Plato nor of Pluto; he was fully competent to take care of himself. As a matter of fact, although his shell had long been hardening, nature and time were quietly at work within; and to the present situation, he had already contributed both penitence and pity, which were two of the least shopworn of his emotions. He knew what he knew about women, but he recognized several varying degrees of guilt, and he thought that Helen Carson was too harshly judged by her loving friends. To be sure, he couldn't approve her behavior, either to himself, or to other men, but when he had known her for perhaps a month, he decided that her behavior was due chiefly to her boredom, and that her boredom was due to her intellectual superiority over the rest of Orleans. When once he began to find excuses for her, his grip on himself was gone, and the next thing he knew, the wild horses of illusion had run away with him.

They had set out together, one afternoon; to walk to a wooded knoll which overlooked the lake, and from the start, he was unusually preoccupied. She badgered him a little, and attempted gay finesses, but he responded with such utter lack of animation, that at last she joined him in the silence. They came to the knoll, where a carpet of moss was under foot, and the sunshine was sifted down to them through the beech-trees, and there they sat on a convenient log, and gazed out over the lake, to the green hills and the browner valleys just beyond.

Very gently, Stuart put out [*Continued on page 60*]



"If I'd taken you in my arms, the way I wanted to, and kissed you to comfort you — you couldn't have forgiven me, could you?" he asked



The blow had surely been guided by the patron spirit of all the porcupines—it filled the fisher's eyes with quills

Quills The Indifferent

An Adventure Story Which Interprets Animal Life

by Major Charles G.D. Roberts

Illustrations by Paul Bransom

QUILLS was born in a capacious hole in the heart of a huge and ancient red maple near the banks of the Tobique River, in New Brunswick.

The hole had to be capacious; for Quills's mother was a fine porcupine, in her prime, fully two-and-a-half feet in length, massive in build, and a good twenty pounds in weight; and moreover, her armament of long, bristling spines made it essential that she should not be unduly crowded in her nest. But the entrance was only large enough for her to squeeze through it without discomfort, so the dusky interior was sheltered, warm and dry. It was also safe; for in all the wilderness there was no savage marauder reckless enough to invade a porcupine's nest while the owner was at home.

In proportion to the size of his mother, Quills, like all young porcupines, was an amazingly big baby. His length was about eleven inches, his weight a shade over two pounds — and this when he was not yet twenty-four hours old. He was richly clothed with long, dark fur, almost black, under which lay hidden his sprouting armament of spines, already formidable though only about half an inch in length. Born with the insatiable appetite of his tribe, he lay stretched out between his mother's stumpy fore-legs nursing greedily, with an incessant accompaniment of tiny squeaks and squeals of satisfaction. The sounds were loud enough to attract the notice of two little black-and-white woodpeckers who had just alighted on the trunk near the hole. With sleek heads cocked alertly and bright eyes keen with interrogation they listened to the curious noises inside the tree. Then they clambered on up the trunk to a safer height, wondering no doubt that any youngling should be guilty of such an indiscretion as to thus betray the secret of its hiding-place. They could not know that the porcupine baby, almost alone among the babes of the wild, was exempted, through the reputation of his spines, from the law of silence as the price of life.

It was spring; and spring comes late to the high valley of the Tobique Stream. The ancient red maple, still full of vigorous life in the sap-wood of its outer shell, was mantled over every branch and twig with a glowing veil of tiny rose-red blooms, though the green of its leaf-buds was hardly yet showing through the brown sheaths. The ice had broken up and been swept away in tumbling masses, and the current of the swift river, swollen with the spring freshet, filled the air about the porcupine's nest with a pleasant, softly thunderous roar. From all the open glades the snow was gone, though masses of it, shrunken and grayish, still lingered in the fir thickets and the deeper hollows. On the drier hillocks and about the old rotting stumps a carpet of round, flat, yellowish-green and bronzy leaves shielded the lurking pink-and-white blossoms and haunting perfumes of the Mayflower, or Trailing Arbutus, the shy darling of the Northern spring. The fairy fragrance came and went elusively across the pervading scent of moist earth and spicy balsam tips, as the mild breeze pulsed vaguely through the forest.

It was mid-afternoon of the second day of Quills's life. Pleasantly fatigued from his double duty of nursing and growing, he fell into a sound sleep. Then his mother, spurred by the now insistent demands of her own appetite, gently disentangled herself from the clutch of his baby claws in her fur, crawled from the hole, and descended the trunk to seek a hasty meal.

But what was haste for a porcupine would have been regarded as the extreme of lazy loitering in any other creature of the wild. At the foot of the old maple she stood for some moments loudly sniffing the air with her blunt nostrils. Then, as if making up her mind that it was hemlock she wanted, she ambled off with heavy deliberation to the nearest hemlock tree, climbed it with a noisy rattling of claws, settled herself comfortably in the first crotch, and fell to gnawing the rough bark. When she had taken the edge off her appetite with this fare — which no stomach but a porcupine's could ever digest — she crawled out along a branch, as far as it would bear her weight, and gathering a lot of the slender twigs between her fore-paws, made a hearty dessert of the dark-green, glossy frondage. Other hemlocks, standing at a greater distance from her nest, already bore the conspicuous marks of her foraging; but this one she had hitherto left untouched, against the day when she would be wanting to take her meals near home.

WHILE his mother was away feeding, Quills had slept, soundly and silently, for perhaps an hour or more. Then he woke up — hungry, of course, as befitted a healthy young porcupine. Finding no warm mother to snuggle him and feed him, he at once set up his small but earnest complaint of whines and squeals and grumbles, all indifferent as to who or what might overhear him.

As it chanced at this moment, a hungry weasel — the most insatiably bloodthirsty of all the wilderness prowlers — was just approaching the root of the old maple, nosing out the somewhat stale trail of a rabbit. As his keen ear caught these telltale sounds from within the tree, he stopped short, and his malignant little eyes began to blaze. Then he glided around the great trunk, halted just below the hole, and sniffed discriminatingly at the strong fresh scent upon the bark. But at this point he hesitated — and it is not usual for a hungry weasel to hesitate. The scent was porcupine; and a grown-up porcupine was a proposition which not even his audacity was prepared to tackle. The sound from within that tempting hole, to be sure, was the voice of a baby porcupine. But was the baby alone — or was the mother with it? In the latter case, he would as soon have jumped into the jaws of a lynx as enter that hole. The fresh scent on the bark offered no solution to the problem. Was it made in coming out or going in? He sniffed at it again, growing fiercer and more hungry every moment.

Suddenly he heard behind him a dry rattling of quills, and a confused noise of squeals and chattering grunts. The mother porcupine was hurrying across the moist turf, gnashing her jaws, and looking twice her natural size with every quill on end. In her rage and anxiety she was making remarkable speed, for a porcupine. The weasel, his long white fangs bared, and his eyes red with disappointed fury, whipped about and stood facing her till she was within three or four feet of him. But for all his rage he was no fool. For her gnashing yellow teeth he had no respect whatever. But those deadly, poisonous, needle-sharp spines of hers! He had no wish to interview them too closely. With eleventh-hour discretion he slipped aside to make way for her, and glided off to pick up again the trail of the rabbit.

The mother porcupine never even turned her head to see where the enemy had gone. Wild with anxiety she scrambled up the trunk and into her nest. Her experienced nose, however, at once assured her that the weasel had not been inside. Instantly appeased she stretched herself on her side, drew the complaining youngster to her breast, licked and nosed him for a few moments, and settled into a comfortable doze.

Having this hearty mother's attention all to himself — an exceptional advantage, as a porcupine baby has generally one brother or sister, if not more, to share the maternal supply — young Quills grew and throve amazingly. And his armor of spines throve with him. In a few weeks he was out of the hole and following his mother up into the hemlock trees, where he speedily learned to feed on the glossy green tips of the frondage. From this diet he passed quickly to the stronger fare of the harsh and bitter bark, the gnawing of which was a delight to his powerful, chisel-like teeth.

By the time the full flush of the Tobique summer, ardent and swift, had crowded the rich-soiled valley with greenery and bloom, Quills's mother had grown altogether indifferent to him. She had long ago refused him her breasts, of which, indeed, he had no further need. But she still permitted him to follow her about, it he wanted companionship, so long as he did not trouble her. And in this way he learned the few things — astonishingly few, it would seem — that a porcupine needs to know in order to hold his own in the struggle for existence. He learned, among other things, that nearly all the green stuff that the forest produced was more or less fit for his food — that there were other trees besides the hemlock whose bark was tasty and nourishing and pleasantly resistant to his teeth, and that in a broad, sunny backwater of the river there grew a profusion of great round flat leaves, the pads of the water lily, which were peculiarly thrilling to his palate. In fact most of his learning had to do with food, which was what he appeared to live for.

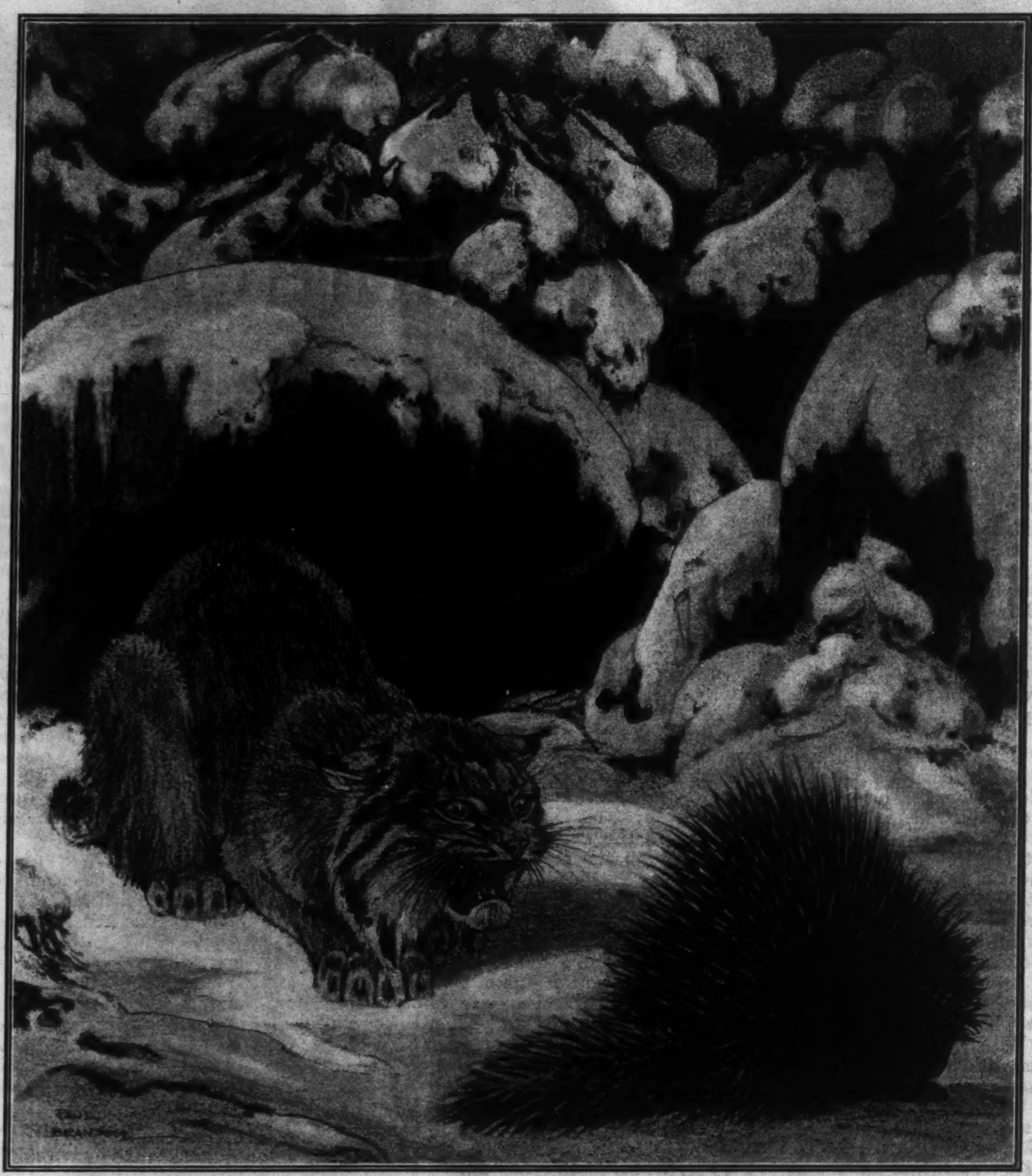
His enemies were few, and seldom enthusiastic. And he never troubled his head about avoiding them. With an indifference nothing less than colossal he left it to them to avoid him, if they wished; and they did so wish, ninety-nine times out of the hundred.

Along toward the latter part of August, Quills found that his mother was no longer indifferent. She had grown actively unfriendly. Whenever he came near her she grunted and chattered at him in such an irritable fashion that it was obvious, even to a not over-sensitive spirit like his, that his companionship was resented. This attitude neither grieved nor angered him, however. She was no longer of any importance to him. He simply quit following her, went his own way, and forgot her. Striking off on his own, and impelled by instinct to seek a fresh range for himself, he plunged into the still, warm tide of the sunny backwater and swam, with much splashing and little speed, to the opposite bank. Swimming was no task to him, for his coat of hollow quills made it impossible for him to sink. The backwater was not more than thirty or forty yards in width; but when he had crossed it, and crawled forth upon the opposite bank, he felt that he had found a new world, and owned it.

HE ambled joyously along the bank to a point where he had marked a bed of bright green arrow-weed, and gorged himself to his great content on the shapely, pointed leaves and stout, succulent stalks. Then he climbed a big poplar and curled up to sleep, self-sufficient and pleased to be alone.

Quills was by this time more than half grown up; and moreover, thanks to his ample nourishment when a baby, he was as big and strong as many a less favored porcupine at maturity. In color he was of a very dark brown, verging on black, and peppered with a dingy yellowish white, his long fur being dark with light tips, and his spines cream-colored with black tips. The spines on his body ranged from two to four inches in length, and when he was not angry, they were partly concealed by the fur, which was considerably longer. The quills on his head and the sides of his face were about an inch in length. His short, blunt muzzle was free from spines, but closely furred to the lips, and conspicuously adorned by his large and prominent front teeth; his gnawing teeth, which were of a vivid dark yellow color. His legs, and all the under parts of his body, were clothed in dense, soft fur, entirely without spines. His tail, about five inches in length, was very thick and powerful, and heavily armed with spines to the tip. The spines on his body were for his protection, but this armed tail was his one weapon of offense — a weapon with which, at a single stroke, he could fill an enemy's mouth or paws with a hundred barbed and poisonous needles. And the peculiar deadliness of these needles, large and small alike, lay in their power of swift and inexorable burrowing. Once their subtle points penetrated the skin their innumerable microscopic, scale-like barbs would begin working them inward through the muscles, setting up violent inflammations as they went, till they would reach some vital part and put their wretched victim out of his misery.

So far in his career young Quills had had no occasion to test the efficiency of that formidable tail of his, as a weapon, though from time to time he would stretch himself elaborately, leg after leg and claw after claw, ruffle up all his spines as if to see that they were in working order, and lash out alarmingly with the aforesaid tail by way of keeping it efficient and ready for action. And now, as luck would have it, the first enemy he was to encounter was the very one against whom his best defenses were of least avail — namely, man himself. But fortunately for young Quills, and for this, his brief biography, the man in question was neither in need of meat (least of all, of such harsh meat as porcupine!) nor was he of a destructive disposition. He was magnanimous — and Quills never knew that he held on to his little lease of life by favor.



A great gray furry beast crouched on the path, glaring with pale, cruel moonlike eyes. Up went Quills's spines at once

The man had come up the Tobique in a canoe, partly for the fishing, partly to refresh his spirit with the clean airs of the wilderness. He left his guide frying bacon and trout for the midday meal, and strolled up the backwater to cast a fly and see if there were any big fish lurking in the shade of the lily-pads. He forgot about his fishing, however, when he caught sight of Quills, looking somewhat like a big dilapidated bird's-nest, curled up asleep in the crotch of a young poplar. Being interested in all the kindred of the wild, the man reeled in his line, stood his rod carefully in a bush, and went and shook the tree as hard as he could, to see what Quills would do.

Quills woke up with a startled squeak, dug his claws into the bark to secure himself, and peered down to see what was the matter. At sight of this wanton disturber of his dreams he grew very angry. He chattered, and grunted, and clashed his big yellow teeth loudly, and ruffled up his deadly spines as a clear warning to the intruder to keep off.

The man laughed, as if pleased at this bold defiance. He looked about for a long pole, thinking to poke Quills from his perch so as to observe him a little nearer at hand. But poles for poking porcupines do not lie about the Tobique wilderness — as he presently realized. He decided to climb the poplar, for a closer — but not *too* close — investigation. But the moment he began to climb, Quills, boiling with indignation, started down to meet the danger half-way. He came down backward, with his tail lashing savagely. And he came down so astonishingly fast that the man had barely time to drop to the ground and jump out of the way, chuckling at the speedy success of his experiment.

"Half a jiffy, and the beggar would have made my face look like a pincushion," he muttered, approvingly.

Reaching the ground Quills stopped, and stood chattering his defiance. The man, some paces distant, eyed him humorously for a few seconds, then went and got his fishing-rod out of the bush. With a bit of string from his jacket pocket he tied his cloth cap over the butt of the rod; and then, like a fencer with a button on his foil, with this weapon of courtesy he came and made a gentle thrust at Quills's blunt nose. Quick as a flash Quills whisked around, and lashed at the impertinent weapon with his tail. The man at once withdrew it, and examined his cap. It was stuck full, at that one slashing blow, with beautiful, polished black-tipped white quills.

"Thanks awfully, old chap," said he. "They are lovely specimens, so I won't tease you any more," and carrying his prize carefully before him he turned back to the canoe. Quills glared after him till his long form had vanished through the trees. Then his anger cooled, and exultation at his easy and signal triumph took its place. His spines went down till they were hidden beneath the dark fur and he seemed to have shrunk to half his size.

THE stress of his emotions having made him hungry — *anything* will do to make a porcupine hungry — he crawled down to the edge of the water and fell to feasting in a patch of arrow-weed.

Autumn on the Tobique passed swiftly, in a blaze of color. A few sudden touches of frost in the night — and then the maples stood glorious in scarlet and crimson, the birches and poplars shimmered in pale gold, the ash-trees smouldered in dull purple, and the rowans flaunted their great bunches of waxy orange-vermilion berries against the solid dark-green background of hemlock and spruce. The partridge-coveys whirred on strong wings across the glowing corridors of the forest, under a sky of sharp cobalt. For a day or two every tree-top was elusively vocal with the thin-drawn single notes of the migrating cedar-waxwings — notes which were mere tiny beads of sound. The ice which formed each night along the edges of the shallow pools floated away each morning before the unclouded sun was two hours high. And the air, stirred with light breezes, sparkling and rich with earth-scents, was like wine in the veins of every creature alive. One night came a light sifting of snow, in gossamer flakes which vanished at the first touch of the sun. Then the breezes died away; the air, losing its crisp tang, grew balmy and languorous; the sharp blue of the sky [*Continued on page 36*]

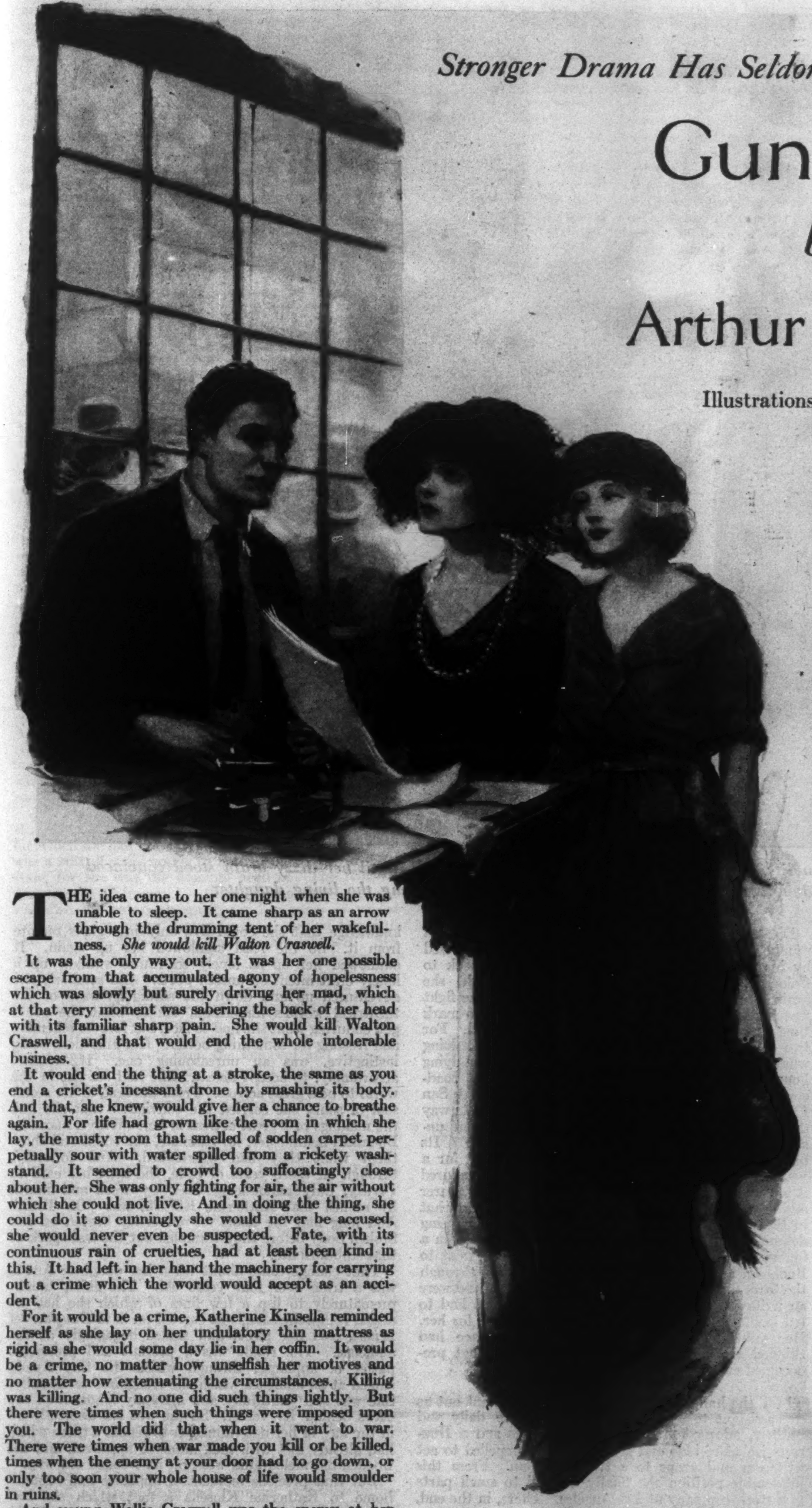
Stronger Drama Has Seldom, if Ever, Been Put on Paper

Gun Play

by

Arthur Stringer

Illustrations by P. V. E. Ivory



Katherine Kinsella read the dreamy-eyed youth's drama. She found him good to look at with his clear-cut profile and tawny hair

THE idea came to her one night when she was unable to sleep. It came sharp as an arrow through the drumming tent of her wakefulness. *She would kill Walton Craswell.*

It was the only way out. It was her one possible escape from that accumulated agony of hopelessness which was slowly but surely driving her mad, which at that very moment was sabering the back of her head with its familiar sharp pain. She would kill Walton Craswell, and that would end the whole intolerable business.

It would end the thing at a stroke, the same as you end a cricket's incessant drone by smashing its body. And that, she knew, would give her a chance to breathe again. For life had grown like the room in which she lay, the musty room that smelled of sodden carpet perpetually sour with water spilled from a rickety washstand. It seemed to crowd too suffocatingly close about her. She was only fighting for air, the air without which she could not live. And in doing the thing, she could do it so cunningly she would never be accused, she would never even be suspected. Fate, with its continuous rain of cruelties, had at least been kind in this. It had left in her hand the machinery for carrying out a crime which the world would accept as an accident.

For it would be a crime, Katherine Kinsella reminded herself as she lay on her undulatory thin mattress as rigid as she would some day lie in her coffin. It would be a crime, no matter how unselfish her motives and no matter how extenuating the circumstances. Killing was killing. And no one did such things lightly. But there were times when such things were imposed upon you. The world did that when it went to war. There were times when war made you kill or be killed, times when the enemy at your door had to go down, or only too soon your whole house of life would smoulder in ruins.

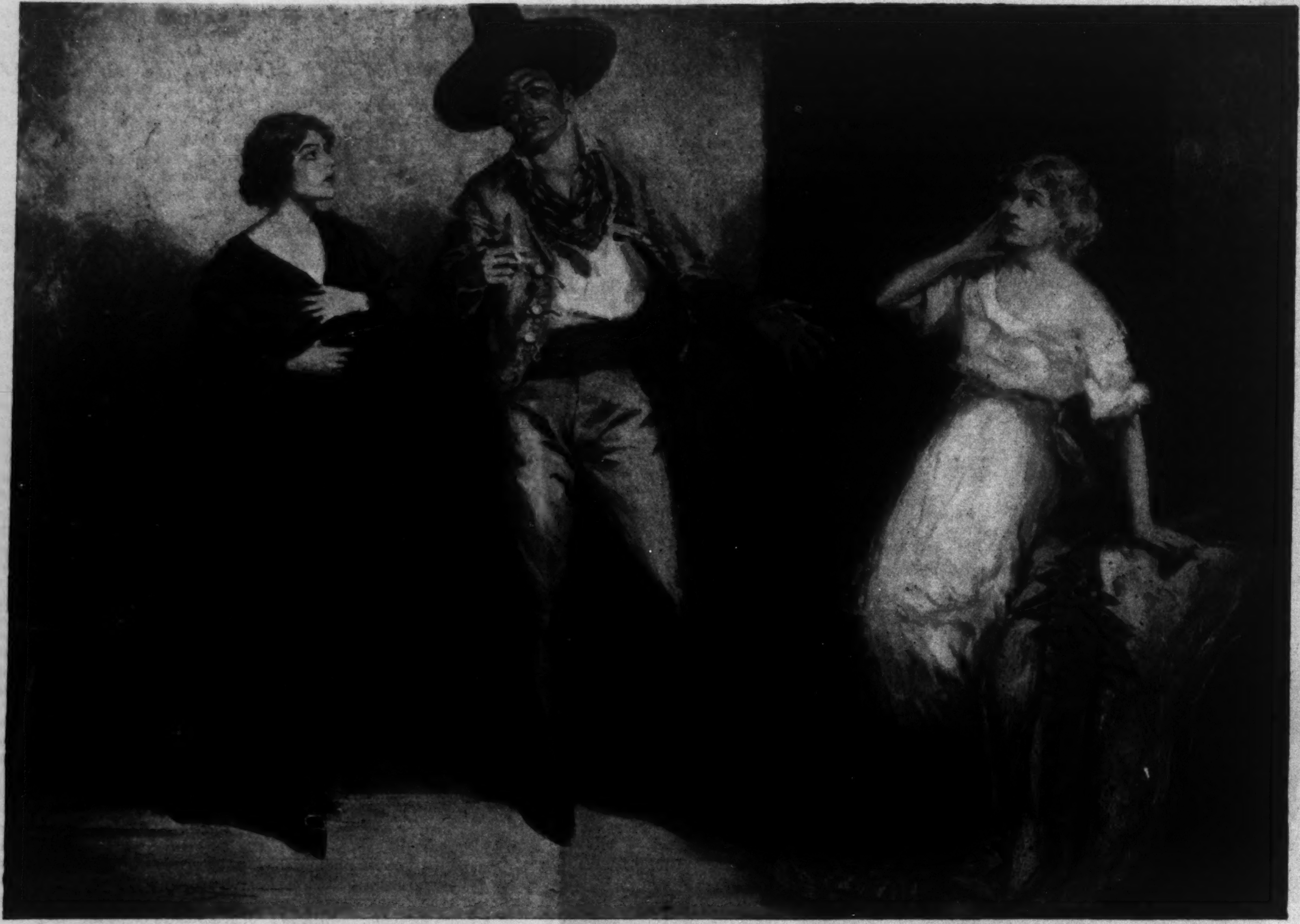
And young Wallie Craswell was the enemy at her door. He was an enemy already within her door, an enemy against whom, because of his very closeness, she had regarded herself as helpless. She had not been able to fight him as life had taught her to fight. Even her hatred for him was shot through with a perverse pity touched by envy. He was, in many ways, little more than a boy. But with the unconsidering quick cruelty of youth he had come trampling through the one jealously guarded enclosure in her dusty courtyard of failure. And with that lost to her, there was nothing left in life.

She warned herself that she must think straight about it all, though she had been harried, of late, by the fear of losing her power to think straight. That fear had begun to haunt her, just as she had been haunted for years by the fear of losing her memory. It had happened to more than one old stock-actress. And she was getting old.

Slowly and painfully, as she lay beside her sleeping daughter, with her thin hands crossed on her breast, she began to review her past life. With grim deliberateness she went back over it, trying to muffle her stark wakefulness with its merciful trailing veils, so that she saw, yet did not see, the oblong of light thrown by a street-lamp on the broken plaster of the ceiling above her. Through the thin partition of that sordid temperance-hotel on a sordid street of a sordid town she could still hear the intemperate hilarity of the four road salesmen at their eternal stud-poker in the next room. But a note of remoteness crept into their noise, as it had done at first when she got up about midnight and took her five grains of sulphonal. And close to her throbbingly wakeful body she could hear, monotonous as the wash of water on a lake-shore, the deep and regular breathing of her daughter. She heard that soft and tranquil breathing with a sort of hatred which gave selvage to the fabric of her relief at the thought the girl was at least getting her rest. But it intensified the older woman's impression of isolation. It reminded her of the infinite distances that lay between her and the warm body which she might have reached out in the dark and touched. For many a month now they had slept side by side in the same bed, shrinking back from even accidental contact, as impersonal as two knife-blades on a table-top of marble. And that had not a little to do with the slow-thickening cloud of hopelessness which threatened to choke her.

FOR Katherine Kinsella, before all things in life, had loved and brooded over and treasured her only daughter Anada. From the first day of her birth she had brooded over that quietly breathing body, had brooded over it with the dull ferocity of the lioness brooding over her cub, had guarded it and watched it grow and sought to impart to it the wisdom which comes only to the old lioness on whom life has fixed its scars. There was a time when, without abashment, she had been able to take that body in her arms, when the love which turned to a foolish ache in her heart had been able to expend itself in simple and satisfying services. But the impalpable yet ponderous defenses of girlhood had grown up about the child. Mysteriously the reserves of womanhood had widened between them. And the girl, while chained to her very side, had escaped her. She had escaped for the time being. But there were relinquishments which Katherine Kinsella would not and could not endure. Rather than lose what little remained of her life she would kill Wallie Craswell.

She went back to the beginning of that life again, as though in tracing its course she might find the secret of her failure as an actress and a mother. Her father, she recalled, had failed in the same way, her father, the black-face comedian who had always secretly hungered to play *Othello*. But instead of starring in



She had to fashion make-believe into actuality until stage illusion and life itself blended, until her dizzy brain stood convinced that in saving the mimic daughter of that tawdry melodrama she was saving the living daughter

Shakespeare he had become the lesser light in the minstrel-team of Raht and Flynn. She had held that failure against him, after she herself had appeared in *Blue Jeans* and *The County Judge* at the age of seven. And when on the eve of her first appearance as an *ingénue* in *The Charity Ball* he had died of drunkenness, that ambiguous deprivation had in no way interfered with her professional plans. From *The Charity Ball* she passed on to small parts in *Frou-Frou* and *Fedora.* Then she became soubrette in summer stock at Peek's Island and later at Indianapolis. When she returned to New York it was Frohman himself who put her on at the Old Lyceum, where only ill-luck at the last moment elbowed her out of a part in *Trelawney of the Wells.* She forgot her disappointment, the next summer, by busying herself in stock at Ehlich's Gardens, in Denver, where she met Costerella. Costerella had made love to her as she had never been made love to before. She was a woman of twenty then, but she was already thinking of her future. And this olive-skinned orchestra-leader with the fiery spirit and the tubercular flush had talked much of what they might do together. She even remembered the hot afternoon when he had actually asked her to marry him, the hot afternoon when their matinée performance was so repeatedly interrupted by the cavernous *yumping* of the sleepy Zoo lions just outside the open-doored theatre.

It seemed a very long time ago. But it was momentous, because it was the first big mistake of her life.

Costerella had forgotten his weak lungs and had gone East with her, where he soon likewise forgot his music and his ambition. He complained, not without reason, that the climate was killing him. But she worked hard, during those three years when she had a dying husband to support, for she had much lost ground to recover. She had rehearsed under Pictou and Kibbell and had played with O'Neill and Modjeska and the elder Barrymore. And even Budanski, the great Budanski, then in the first flush of his success as a producing-manager, had considered her for the American tour of the younger Salvini.

But that was five months before her daughter Anada was born. And Costerella, suffering from and terrified by his second hemorrhage, had to be taken back to Colorado. There, after her daughter's birth, she again struggled to recover lost ground. But the fight was a losing one. The best she could do was to mark time by attempting to found a dramatic school. For two bitter years she wrestled with her school, doing what she could to support a dying husband and a dying home. After Costerella's death she joined a road-company, which disbanded at Sacramento. At San Francisco she joined another company working its way deviously but stubbornly eastward. It was an unsavory company playing an unsavory farce Its paraded indecencies provided a strange setting for a young mother and a nursing baby. But she endured it all, knowing that each day was carrying her nearer and nearer New York. And once she was back to what in the metonymy of the newer age was already being designated as "Broadway" she attempted to regain a footing in that lost world of hers. She even went to Budanski and begged for her chance, begged through the tears that streaked the powder on her face and were an irritation to the preoccupied manager, who had to tell her for the third time that he had nothing for her. Her youthfulness had slipped away, her face had thinned and hardened, and no one else in that preoccupied city seemed to have anything for her.

BUT she had to live. So eventually she went out as assistant to a xylophone-player, where daily and blithely, adorned in rose-colored fleshings and a Huzzar's jacket of blue and gold, she was compelled to act as feeder and props to a trick musician. From this intolerable position she finally escaped to small parts in a stock company at Los Angeles. There, in the end, she once more attached herself to a road-company moving East.

New York, by this time, had doubly forgotten her. It had no place for her. In the very hour that she hungered most for it she awakened to the devastating knowledge that she could live only in regions remote from it. So the road swallowed her up again. It swallowed her up as lonely sea-routes swallow up a lonely craft intent on unseen ports. And somberly she adventured up and down the sordid by-ways of the theatrical world's hinterland, taking what she could get, enduring what she had to face, but forever scheming and fretting for something better. Her ambition, being instinctive, was an unreasoning one. It refused, accordingly, to accept defeat. She had set out in the world to be a great actress. From the first, in her secret soul of souls, she carried the conviction that she had the makings of a great actress in her. With a man like Budanski behind her, for example, she could still show them what they had overlooked. And forlornly, through all those years of exile, she kept her card in *Variety*, duly announcing week by week and month by month that Katherine Kinsella was "On Tour." And long had the hoofs of adversity beaten on her broken body before they trampled out the last spark of that stubborn fire.

That change came about when her daughter Anada was a trifle over four years old. The child, taught prematurely to lisp a few lines of which she had no actual comprehension, was carried on in *A Daughter of Midas,* said her piece, and smiled engagingly at the audience. The result was a prompt and prolonged patter of applause, through which the tiny Anada smiled at an audience which she recognized as friendly. She was still youthfully and blissfully ignorant of the claws behind its velvet. So she was led discreetly off in the face of her determination to repeat a piece which had already met with such unmixed approval, and the wooden old melodrama went on its wooden old way.

But that precious moment of applause had brought home to Katherine Kinsella a fact which she had hitherto overlooked. It announced to her that in the little body which had proved so irksome and so prolonged a burden she possessed an undeveloped theatrical possibility. Her daughter could be trained for "kid" parts, and from those she could graduate into juveniles, and from the *ingénue* and soubrette she could climb into leads. And some day, perhaps, she might be the great *artiste* which her mother had failed to make herself.

So a change took place in the older woman's plan of life. From that day forward she no longer lived for herself, but for her daughter. From her own tired breast to the resilient young body of her child she transplanted her parched hopes, as a frugal gardener repots a blighted flower. From that day forward she began to train the child. She made undivulged sacrifices to the end that little Anada might have reading and dancing lessons, overlaid with purely ornamental efforts in music, at which she displayed none of her father's talent for that art. Amid the noises of cheap hotels and the odors of cheaper rooming-houses she taught the girl what it seemed best to teach her. She opened up to her the new world of the printed word, and schooled her in poise and tone and gesture — gesture always outward and always from the thorax — and directed her reading and guarded her movements. But it was at the theatre more than anywhere else she watched over the child. She sentineled those troubled lines until the company fell into the habit of speaking of her as "The She-Lion" and realized there was to be neither trifling nor profanity in the neighborhood of the precocious young lady still in ringlets, with her ardent young eyes glued to a book.

Her beauty, at that time, was more that of promise than of fulfilment. But already she lived in a world of her own, singularly detached from that loose-jointed little world which gyrated about her. And beside her always was the untiring watch-dog of her innocence. Already, Katherine Kinsella realized, there was too much at stake to allow the indifference of to-day to imperil the promise of to-morrow. All her eggs were now in one basket, and it was her duty to see that this basket was treated with respect.

NOT that the struggle, for it was a struggle, was all selfishness on Katherine Kinsella's part. She loved the girl, even though her love was a jealous and unreasoning one. She was all that life seemed willing to leave her. Beside being the only link with the past, she became the custodian of the older woman's hopes. And once she had merged into her teens she became her confidante and her companion. They shared their hard and febrile lives just as they continued to share their hard and transitory beds. They had no secrets from each other.

As the girl advanced toward breaking womanhood the studious-eyed mother began to discern the possibilities for which she had hoped. By this time the older woman was a star, if such worlds as hers could be said to hold stars, for she was the nominal head of "The Kinsella Amusement Company." Beside being its head she was also its sustaining spirit, for her years of varied stage-work, much as it may have cheapened her, had also left her a most dexterous utility-woman. She could, at a pinch, play anything from a *grande-dame* to an *ingénue* in an auburn wig. She could handle fire-arms and decipher train-routes and crimp up a stage-wait. She could throw a half-drunken actor his lines, count up a house before the end of her first speech, and by the time for her second cross duly winnow the paper and dead heads from the innocent and investing public. In two hours' time she could throw together a Marie Antoinette costume, and in three days she could have a new vehicle ready for production.

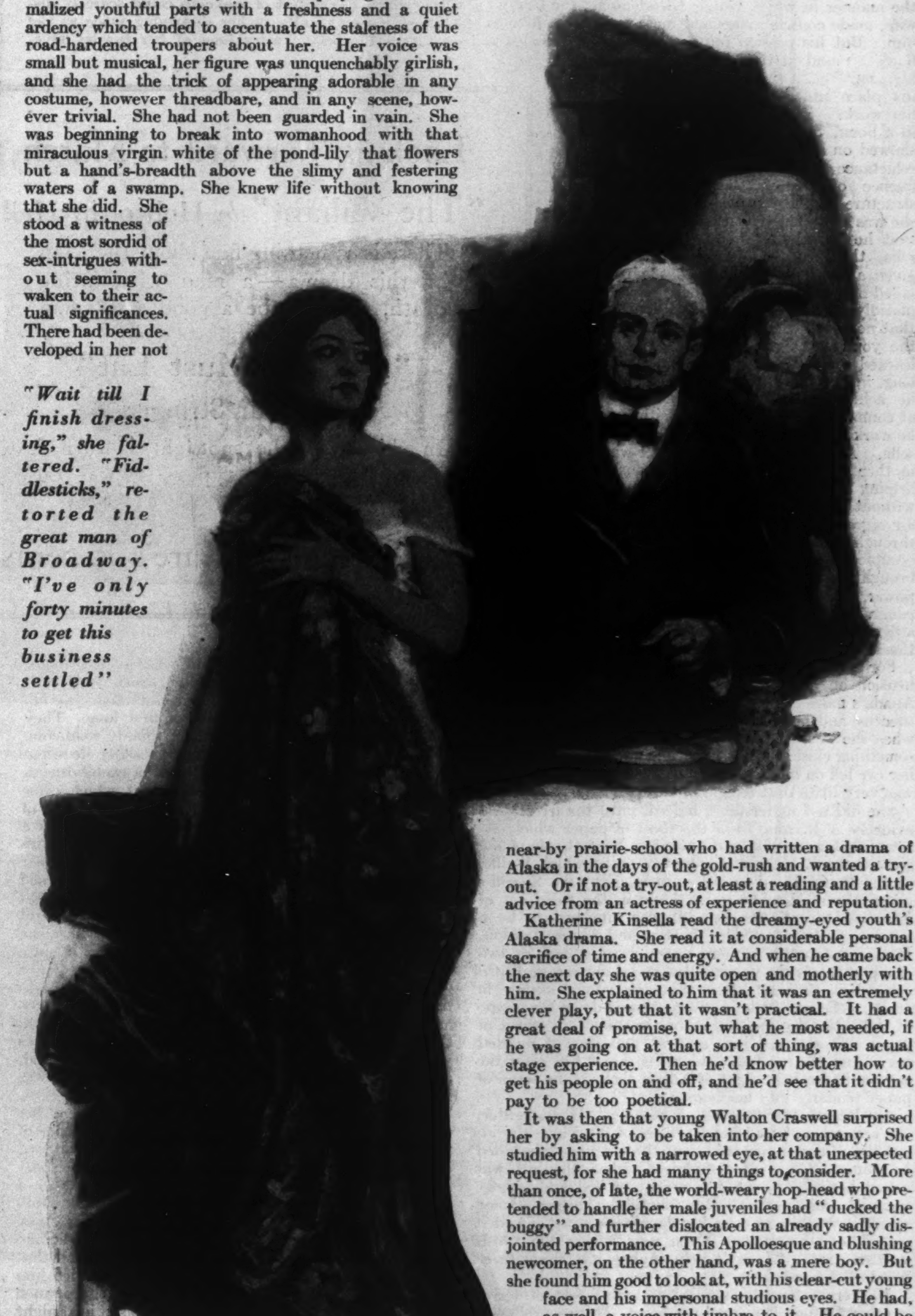
They were neither sophisticated nor subtle, these tawdry productions so hastily coopered together, but they were prepared for audiences which were neither subtle nor sophisticated. For the Kinsella Amusement Company shunned the larger urban centers as the coyote shuns a settlement. There were times, it is true, when this threadbare company scuttled into a booking on one of the grape-vine circuits, but for the most part they "outlawed" in the remoter districts, resting content to synchronize with the country fair and remaining satisfied to milk the frontier towns and the mushroom centers usually given over to the "burleyque" or the movies. They played in "Opera Houses" overlooking market-squares and in town-hall auditoriums with a stage too narrow for their sets, and in dingy theatres where a lone piano-thumper was often enough responsible for the entire *entr'acte* music. They traveled light, carrying merely a few trunks of props and costumes, bartering passes with the local hardware dealer for the use of those implements needed in their rural dramas and borrowing red-plush parlor-sets from the accommodating undertaker who happened to sell furniture as a side-line. They did not greatly worry when business was bad, for their caste was compact and their outlay was small. The tax of royalty payments was something beyond their ken, for time and experience had long since taught them how easy it was to change the face and name of an old favorite. And even a newly appropriated vehicle, once in those none-too-tender hands for a week or two, underwent mysterious hardening processes. It was pounded into a derelict of "sure-fire stuff." It was airily deformed to fit the Procrustean bed of their strictly limited sets and castes. They modernized *East Lynne* and gave *Ingomar* in cheese-cloth tunics. They did *Romeo and Juliet* with gratuitous comic relief and in the midst of Grand Rapids factory-furniture, and gave Saumet's *Gladiator*, revised in a way that would have made the unknown Saumet turn in his grave — with tin swords and clanking girdles of cow-chain. But most of all they reveled in "westerns", westerns stripped to the bone of intrigue and gun-play, and with their creaking joints swathed in a merciful smoke-screen of cartridge-blanks. Through these they went with a brisk and businesslike solemnity, the villain getting his daily round of hisses, the heavy his daily round of laughs, and the *ingénue* her daily round of applause.

For Anada Kinsella was by this time playing juveniles in her mother's company. She was playing these formalized youthful parts with a freshness and a quiet ardency which tended to accentuate the staleness of the road-hardened troupers about her. Her voice was small but musical, her figure was unquenchably girlish, and she had the trick of appearing adorable in any costume, however threadbare, and in any scene, however trivial. She had not been guarded in vain. She was beginning to break into womanhood with that miraculous virgin white of the pond-lily that flowers but a hand's-breadth above the slimy and festering waters of a swamp. She knew life without knowing that she did. She stood a witness of the most sordid of sex-intrigues without seeming to waken to their actual significances. There had been developed in her not only an extraordinary capacity for self-esteem but also an extraordinary gift of self-sufficiency. Even her own mother regarded her as unemotional. Then the awakening came. And for the second time Katherine Kinsella's carefully-balanced world went tumbling down about her ears.

It began, as so many of life's momentous things begin, without being observed and without any betrayal of its possibilities. It began when the Kinsella Amusement Company was playing a cow-town in the foothills, and Katherine Kinsella was waylaid in the rotunda of the Commercial Hotel by a young man who seemed scarcely out of his teens. He was a dreamy-eyed but somewhat frightened young man with a sombrero in one hand and a roll of manuscript in the other. Katherine Kinsella, as she examined the sun-browned face with the clean-cut profile and the back-brushed tawny hair, took him for a cowboy from one of the outlying ranches. But he proved to be a teacher in a near-by prairie-school who had written a drama of Alaska in the days of the gold-rush and wanted a try-out. Or if not a try-out, at least a reading and a little advice from an actress of experience and reputation.

Katherine Kinsella read the dreamy-eyed youth's Alaska drama. She read it at considerable personal sacrifice of time and energy. And when he came back the next day she was quite open and motherly with him. She explained to him that it was an extremely clever play, but that it wasn't practical. It had a great deal of promise, but what he most needed, if he was going on at that sort of thing, was actual stage experience. Then he'd know better how to get his people on and off, and he'd see that it didn't pay to be too poetical.

It was then that young Walton Craswell surprised her by asking to be taken into her company. She studied him with a narrowed eye, at that unexpected request, for she had many things to consider. More than once, of late, the world-weary hop-head who pretended to handle her male juveniles had "ducked the buggy" and further dislocated an already sadly disjointed performance. This Apolloesque and blushing newcomer, on the other hand, was a mere boy. But she found him good to look at, with his clear-cut young face and his impersonal studious eyes. He had, as well, a voice with timbre to it. He could be taught something, and he had acknowledged his willingness to work for fifteen dollars a week, the precise amount which his teaching had been bringing in.



"Wait till I finish dressing," she faltered. "Fiddlesticks," retorted the great man of Broadway. "I've only forty minutes to get this business settled"

So Katherine Kinsella broke a lifelong rule of her career and took on an amateur. She took him on with an odd stirring of her one-sided maternal instinct, and was unexpectedly patient and gentle with him during his first blundering weeks in that amazing new world of make-believe. She took him in hand and taught him a few of the primary tricks of her trade. The time that she could give him was limited, but he was both eager to learn and grateful for her patience. Twice she turned him over to her daughter Anada for scene-rehearsals. But the younger woman seemed less adroit and less interested. She appeared to go through those delegated tasks with the wearied tolerance with which one teaches an eager but awkward puppy to walk upright and speak for a biscuit.

Wallie Craswell — for by this time they were all calling him Wallie — suffered acutely during his first few weeks with the Kinsella Amusement Company. He was a dignified and reticent youth, and he was shocked both by the habit of promiscuous *dishabille* back-stage and the manner in which Goldie Glendenning, the heavy's wife, made conscienceless and most unwelcome love to him. But his passion for stage experience seemed a fixed one and in time he caught step with his *confrères* in motley. He settled into his place and went contentedly on with his work. When not busy, his nose was in a book, and a marked disappointment showed on his face at Katherine Kinsella's reluctance to discuss with him the influence of the curtainless stage on the structure of the Elizabethan drama. But she was more actively interested in the fact that he "sized up" well with Anada Kinsella, that their conjunction had already given a touch of freshness to some of the jaded old scenes, and that they seemed to go placidly on with their work without any of that nonsense which one might expect from the young. Day by day Wallie Craswell learned a new trick or two, and it was not long, in that hard and hectic school, before he achieved a convincing enough pretense at composure. It was not long, either, before he worked surprisingly well with Anada Kinsella. And in doing so, her ever-watchful mother perceived, he was unconsciously helping the girl. She was playing up to him, without knowing it. So, besides throwing an air of youth into the dust-laden old dramas through which they wandered with a preoccupied detachment all their own, they brought into it an occasional breath of power. And Katherine Kinsella began to congratulate herself on getting at so modest a figure a juvenile who could do a little more than merely pass muster.

For even then she was utterly without any comprehension of the situation. She became conscious of Anada's more rigorous moods of preoccupation, of her silences and her reservations. There were times, too, when she was troubled by something electric in the air, something elusive and stirring and unfathomable. But her eye fell on nothing definitely suspicious. And there was very little that escaped that eye.

She did not understand, indeed, until the irrefutable evidence of it came from the sheet of paper which she found folded together and pinned on the left side of the girl's chemise. It was the sheet of paper which Wallie, as the Robin Hood in chaps, besieged by the Sheriff's posse, thrusts into the girl's hand in the third act of *The Road Agent's Revenge*. It was supposed to be a message calling for help, written under great tension. It was customarily a mere stage-scrawl, a dash or two of a pen across the paper. But it did not escape Katherine Kinsella's attention that the young outlaw in chaps, as he wrote that message, slowed down the tempo of the action by inditing actual words on his sheet of paper. It annoyed her, at first, and then it puzzled her. And then it began to worry her. For after the act she had caught sight of Anada tucking the scrap of paper tenderly into her bodice.

She knew better than to ask about it. Her daughter, she remembered, had her privacies of life which she insisted on being respected. But the older woman bided her time. Long after midnight, when the girl was asleep beside her, she got up out of bed and quietly pursued her search. She found the paper pinned where it would rest over her daughter's heart. And it was a love message. "Even now," were the words written there, "I can't help saying just these three words: *I love you.*"

Katherine Kinsella studied it with a sort of terror surging through her own tired heart. This was followed by a sense of betrayal, and this in turn, by a sense of futility. Her first impulse was to act, and to act with decision.

But the more she brooded over the situation the more she realized her helplessness. She knew her daughter well enough to understand that if she summarily dismissed young Craswell the girl would go with him. They were already united in a campaign of deception against her. To talk to them singly was equally out of the question. She had nothing to say to them that would be understandable, from the view-point of reason. They knew nothing of life as she had come to know it. And an emotional appeal was out of the question. It was beyond her. It would never reach the self-contained girl who had built up about her young life its laborious walls of reserve. And there was the added danger of precipitating what was not yet final.

So Katherine Kinsella became discreet, silently and reptiliously discreet. She waited and watched. She studied the situation. She held the key, now, which opened the doorway to a hundred earlier enigmas. She began to understand the meaning of the girl's lassitude, the warmer and quicker flow of color to the smooth cheek which the rawest of make-up could scarcely disfigure, the new vibrata in her deepening voice as she declaimed the once tawdry lines of her tawdry love-scenes with the Apollonian youth who moved about, after making his exit, like a man in a dream.

Looking Forward to March

"The Valiant" *by* Holworthy Hall

There is something fine about the Man in this drama — a man who, facing death, can still be a good sportsman

"A Lion Must Eat"

by Arthur Stringer

In this story the spotlight is turned upon two unusual types — types you don't often meet

The March McClure's 15 cents

For they were in a dream, the two of them, the immuring and golden-misted dream of first love. They had taken wing, in spirit, from that shoddy road-company with its shoddy plays and its shoddier dressing-rooms. They had escaped to a garden of enchantment, where the light was mellower than that which came from a calcium spot-light, where the roses were not of stained cotton soiled by over-use, where the music of a four-piece orchestra melted into the music of nightingales singing in Avalonian valleys. They had their being in a world of their own, a world which seemed infinitely remote from the older woman who watched them with troubled and tragic eyes. It was a world which she herself had been cheated out of, which she had protectively taught herself to deride. But in spite of her iron will she found the thwarted ghosts of her youth stirring in their graves. And her sense of frustration was a double-edged one. For the very boundlessness of this love which she was compelled to watch from the side-lines of life touched her with envy. It was something she had never encountered and explored, and it was something, not knowing it, of which she was indeterminately afraid.

She was wounded, too, by the sheer knowledge of her helplessness. She suffered under a sense of exile, of banishment from the world where the one warm interest of her life had rested. If the man had any promise, any actual genius for the stage, there might have been a ray of hope in the situation. They might still climb together, the girl and he. But he had nothing more than a trim figure and a fresh young face. And he had no slightest wish to become an actor. She found that out when she so discreetly and guardedly sounded him on the matter. His ambition was to have a sheep ranch in the foothills, a three-roomed wickiup to rest in at night and a bronco to ride by day, a roomful of books for the winter, a month of trout-fishing for the summer, and a bit of shooting up in the mountains for the autumn. That was his future. And that, she knew, was the placid and ox-like existence he had been whispering into the ear of her daughter. That was the sheeny bait he was dangling before the girl whose entire life had been made up of early trains and untidy day-coaches, of cheap hotel life and rehearsals on musty-smelling stages, of hurry and glare and vulgarity in a little tinsel world of tinsel excitements.

Already she had escaped from that world in spirit, if not in body. And the thing that impressed the tragic-eyed watcher was the incommunicable happiness of the girl, the happiness which she had neither the courage nor the wish to share with her mother. They were so happy, the two of them, that they betrayed it a dozen times a day. They thought they were hugging their secret, but it was as plain as light now to the keen-eyed older woman so covertly watching them from the dark corners of her misery. Her days were too busy for brooding. But she went through her daily and nightly round of work with the feeling of silent and sinister forces undermining her house of life. She knew that her daughter was still an innocent girl. She knew it by the uncontrolled exaltation which she sometimes caught from the brooding and barricaded face. It was the exaltation of purity stirred by emotions which it had not yet been able to fathom. And once, indeed, even in the teeth of the tenacity with which she knew the girl would protect her secret, the troubled watcher decided to give the two of them their final chance. She had practically decided to call them into her dressing-room and have it out with them. But in the half-light at the end of a stack of dusty paint-frames, that afternoon, she happened to catch sight of them in each other's arms. It was the first time she had seen any such thing on their part. The sight of it went through her like a spear. It warned her of more things than one. She knew, then, that it was already too late for words. And she knew, remembering the headstrong blindness of youth, that the temporary armistice about her could not go on for long. Some night, she knew, the girl would no longer be there.

And the harried watcher waited, helpless to avert the inevitable. She waited until that night of lucid sleeplessness, with the light of the street-lamp on the broken ceiling and the ribald sounds of merriment assailing her through the thin partition of her cheap temperance hotel when, through the strangling fog of her hopelessness struck the flash of her final chance, the chance that would come to her when she had killed Wallie Craswell.

And she went about, once that night of troubled thought was over, hugging her own secret to her breast.

There was no need for undue haste, she kept reminding herself. Haste, indeed, was the one thing she would have to guard against. For she must see to it that her tracks were covered, at every step of the way.

She knew, by this time, exactly how it was to be done. It would happen in the last act of *The Range Wolf*, where the innocent flower of the *rancho*, impersonated by Anada, was about to be despoiled by the scheming young Mexican, already played some half-dozen times by Wallie Craswell himself. Katherine Kinsella invariably took the part of the girl's mother, for it was the "fat" part of the production and one of the few rôles where the actress who had grown old in the manipulation of second-hand emotions could get a genuine thrill of power. This mother was represented as the bad woman of the settlement, the bad woman who was compelled to remain silent as to her true relationship to the girl. For two acts of tangled crime and intrigue she must watch over her daughter from a distance. For two acts she must keep bottled up in her tainted bosom the mother-love which she dare not disclose. But in the last act, when life has come to mean nothing to her, she lets loose the pent-up flood. She has her moment then, and at the end of that moment she shoots the intriguing young grandee, shoots him pointblank, through the heart, to save her daughter from a fate worse than death itself.

It was antique and tawdry enough, she knew, but it held its big moments of rough passion and worked up to a climax which never failed to grip the house, grotesque and crude as the units making up that house may have been. And in its accidental parallelism of actual life as it then confronted her, it took on an added poignancy, a clumsy symbolism which more and more appealed to her. And now she could prolong the parallel. She could make the coincidence complete. The chance to do that would come when she stood before young Craswell, in his tin spurs and his Mexican sash and his burnt-umber make-up, with her six-shooter in her hand. Into that six-shooter, before every performance, Hunkie Hoppe, who [*Continued on page 48*]

The Life Story of America's Most Famous Playwright

Clyde Fitch's Fat Years

by Montrose J. Moses

Maxine Elliott as "Alice Adams" in Clyde Fitch's play, "Nathan Hale"

Fitch, in expressing appreciation of Julia Marlowe's charm as "Barbara Frietchie", said — "You have made her more than my Barbara." Below — Miss Marlowe in "Barbara Frietchie"

AND now one finds Clyde Fitch in a holiday mood — not an occasional spurt of high spirits, but a continual outpouring of that quality in him, which, as a friend said recently, made him do things in an "irresistible kid way." It might be feared that his constant writing, the drain upon him — not only of discouragement during the lean years, but the urge of managers, when they came to see that they had a gold-mine of novelty and surprise — would have reacted on Fitch, would have tired him. It did, but not in the way of curbing his continual goings and comings. He would write on railroad trains, as he rushed from one city to another to attend rehearsals of two plays at a time. He would dash off an adaptation in three days, get the bulk of work on an original play done in a week, answer in long hand the voluminous correspondence which began to crowd in upon him — and still have time to surprise his friends with luncheons, dinners, theatre-parties. He found the opera a great stimulus to his writing, and he once declared, "When I write myself out, I read myself in", which shows he was never so self-centered that he was not keeping in touch with his fellow workers. He displayed the excitement of a boy over simple things — he liked to be surprised with a birthday cake, to find a note praising him for his dialogue; nothing pleased him more than to have some of his friends, not in New York, but in Chicago, or elsewhere, come on even for a week-end to share with him some of the pleasures with which he was surrounded. He loved to talk, to find himself enmeshed in an argument, as he often was when he and Robert Herrick, on the Terrace at Taormina, within sight of the mountains and the sea, used to thrash out the old subject of realism and naturalism in art.

Amelia Bingham in a scene from Fitch's "The Climbers" — which was brought to popular financial success through her appreciation of the possibilities of the play despite adverse criticism

His correspondence reveals his spontaneity, his aliveness, his quickness, his unexpectedness; if his friends' doorbells jangled long and loudly, it was either Fitch on a quest for tea or else his chauffeur to capture them for some enterprise explained in a hastily-scribbled note. In spite of sixteen plays, written between 1897 and the close of 1902, with others under way, this bright facing of life was characteristic of him under all circumstances; he had his fits of depression, but that made him react all the more when the cause for them was removed. But there is no doubt that much of the secret of his freshness was due to his yearly trips abroad, where he seemed to fill his soul with the exotic color and verve, so lacking in American ways and customs. What, in later years, did he write to Robert Herrick, when begging him to join him on an ocean trip? "The voyage & the surroundings & the divine repose, & air & color of Taormina will rest you, and clear out yr mind & make yr work easier and better. . . I go abroad this year under more or less compulsion, because I feel my mind needs & wants & must benefit by the change."

We find him abroad in the Spring of 1897, and will let him tell his own story of those crowded weeks. On May 6, in the midst of a Spanish tour, he wrote:

"We stole into Granada in the dark last night, only smelling the roses that cover the housetops, the orange blossoms in the box-lined gardens — after Holy Week and Easter Day in Seville. . . . Seville was lovely. Its pink and violet and blue and white houses — all with balconies at every window; its yellow sunburnt palaces, its great tall palm trees, and its ladies in mantillas, with high combs and brilliant flowers in their hands. [It was a week of processions when he got there.] The Virgin was always carried under a canopy in robes magnificently embroidered in gold, covered

In his efforts to combine Northern and Southern sentiment in his play "Barbara Frietchie", the story of which was laid in Maryland, it was natural that Clyde Fitch should make use of the Union flag incident

with jewels, smothered in incense, a myriad of candles alight before her & a shower of roses upon her from the balconies as she passed. . . . [With all this] the ladies visited with each other, laughing, chattering & *flirting desperately*. They paused in the middle of a jest to rise to a statue of the Virgin, but never lost the thread of their conversation."

This is told with the eye of the dramatist sizing up situation. All through this Spanish trip he was illustrating how receptive he was to impressions. While he had no taste for the bull fights, he thrilled over the excitement of the arena "which mocks pen and ink"; he reveled in the richness of the church ceremonies, being a lover of the formal; and when he came to the Alhambra, he found there the glories "where the enchanted Princesses come from." In fact, he summed up his impressions by saying, "You see, if there ever was Fairyland (& of course there was or it couldn't have been so much written about) then this is it." In the midst of orange trees in blossom, making, as he expressed it, "every day a wedding one", with the cypress and the marble courts, Fitch was of that child nature which led him to expect the magic ring at every turn of the traveled paths.

He was in London during the first part of June, and toward the end of the month had reached Aix-les-Bains, where he detailed his further migrations to his friend, Louis Evan Shipman, who was just about to enter upon his experience with his drama, "D'Arcy of the Guards", so charmingly traced in romantic fashion in its varied stage career in a volume called "The True Adventures of a Play."

"My dear Louis:

"Yr letter came this morning & I was very glad to hear from you again. If you had been *here* I wd have punched yr head for yr sarcasm about my wanting 'trolleys' in Switzerland. You are an idiot. I have nothing against the beautiful scenery in S — *except* the trams and railways up the Mts. Either go up the Mts. properly on foot, I say, or else stay at the bottom & *look up!* What I find fault with is the hideousness of the thing that man has had anything to do with there. However, I am out of it now & in Coquotteville, wh is *this* place. I never saw so many millionaires' *lady friends* in my life. And the jewels that they wear & the frocks! It's amusing to watch them from an economical distance! ! So far, after losing two days, I have won 1460 *francs* at Baccarat! I needed it badly, so I hope I won't lose it before I go away in 3 days. . . . I had a delightful 10 days at Bayreuth, heard 'Parsifal' twice & the Ring. We were a crowd of 8 or 10 together; Bayreuth, however, is becoming too fashionable. Full of Top Smarties and Crowned Heads. We lunched and dined every day next to the Prince and Princess of Wales. All that sort of thing interferes with the real atmosphere of the place. . . . My new book is nearly finished and I have given it to X —. As to my other work, I am writing the libretto and lyrics of a comic opera! & I rather enjoy it. It was quite by chance I met the composer in Bayreuth, and signed the contract. . . . I'm looking forward faint-heartedly to the winter, but will *hope*. While the —s wear the crown I must hold back from the Drama evidently. I shall try to make sure of some literary work on a paper, and then write what I like, even if it is laid away to wait for another Dynasty."

Fitch's faint-heartedness over the failures he had, however, did not last long; he always submerged his feelings in a stream of new interests, as will be seen from a London missive sent, on July 8th, 1897, to

"My dear but extremely silent little friend:

"Have you the Ms of 'The Harvest'? I am under the impression that I gave it to you, & if so will you please send it to me? *Toute suite!* I am busy on a *new play* of modern New York life, & it is to be (somewhat altered) the 2nd act. There will be three acts in all, & a *happy* ending, at least happiness suggested. I am about or more than ½ thro' Act 1 & am working hard. . . . It is more like 'The Modern Match' than anything else. However, you see bills and debts must be paid for & food bought (if not antiquities — none this year, so far) & as my only *means* are plays & as I can't sell costume pieces; — not only will Sothern have none of 'Hale' but neither will the Frohmans — there you are! or rather there '*Hale*' isn't! My first act I like & I find it strong for me, & I think it novel and amusing. It is a *children's* party of grownups (like the B's) & there is a vaudeville — a supper at little tables — a love episode — a business ruin — a cotillion & a suicide, all in the first act, & intermingled with what seems to me now a pretty effective and moving contrast. In the 3rd act, I shall begin with some fun about sending back the wedding presents! — and then, I don't know just what — yet. So far, my girls in the church scene are very funny. . . . and I have a divorcée who has a posthumous child, i. e., born after the divorce of her father, wh strikes me as sort of funny. . . . I am going to Sargent's studio at his invitation. He has some splendid pictures on view here this year. The plays aren't very gay & my plans are very nebulous. Any ring at yr door may be me. Don't forget to keep a lookout for a house for me."

The reference to "Hale" takes us back to the close of Clyde's lean years when, as Miss Elizabeth Marbury says, he had reached the lowest rung of the ladder of discouragement — a period just before the acceptance of the piece by Nat Goodwin. He was later to have a *deeper* disappointment with "The Truth", but now he had had so many continual setbacks, that he was wondering what grudge the papers had against him. However he squeezed favor out of failure by his persistence, and after "Nathan Hale" was finally off his hands, he found himself being besieged by Frohman for the next historical venture, "Barbara Frietchie." But even the negotiations with Goodwin were not all smooth, as the following note, from the Carnegie Studio, would indicate:

Olga Nethersole in Fitch's translation of "Sapho" — which brought down upon him the opposition of the managers as well as the criticism of the press

"April 7, 1897.

"Me & me mudder are very much disappointed. Would you scorn coming to me next Monday at *one? Eye* have had a awful row with Goodwin, & am on my dignity with poverty, having spurned Nat's $1,000.00 wh went with him. I had to be *dignified* altho' it is *very expensive*, it seems, for me to be *so*."

All the while he was at work on "The Moth and the Flame," Clyde was therefore in the midst of peddling his future successes, and the following series of letters will measure the amount of strain he was put to, with the sudden turn to excited preparation and resultant success.

From Lucerne, on July 25th, he wrote to Marguerite Merington:

"I am glad you have three stars in your horizon. I have two promissory ones (I am not at all sure I shall ever meet them). Then I have 'Hale.' in midair, & as soon as possible I am going to approach people with the Ms — in an insinuating way. Alas, tho', that there are so few to approach. No. 4, I have my new *original* modern play (in three acts) just finished, not liked by ——, all of whose suggestions I have spurned. (I am sure you could find *real* faults, but ——' s are artificial) and it is sent to C. Frohman. . . . But O, M. M., fellow scribe & fellow sufferer, what a state it is, when there is only *one man* to whom one can offer a play & expect to have it in any ½ adequate way presented. I mean, of course, a play, not a *star's* piece. No one man can decide on any play, even if he be intellectual, or only educated. If he is neither — ? I tell you there will never be *good* American dramatists till there are good American producers! And without these last mentioned *gentlemen*, the good American dramatists that there are — You & me, *par example*, cannot begin to do ourselves justice. . . I have a nice room in a tiny hotel facing the lake, and right beside the big *musical* hotels. . . . They have evidently not had anything *like me* here before ! ! & the servants make me most uncomfortable by insisting on addressing me as M. le Baron! I am, of course, in *dire need*, having only $62.00 of Antoine's money left! . . . I stay here 10 days, then I go to Bayreuth, where I am invited to hear 'Parsifal' and the Ring. Then to Aix with my mother, for two weeks, Paris, London, Home in September; at least, that is my plan. Just where the money is coming from is another question. To be sure I made 5 *francs* on *petit chevaux* this evening, & I hope to make something at Aix, but I am told when you *need* to win, you lose, wh is a little disheartening! This place is crowded with people one doesn't want to know, but fortunately the Mts. do not speak with an Arkansas accent, and the lake is not wrinkled & painted & made up like a young girl. . . . I still have no use for your friend. He is weak and wishywashy. I like straightforward people. I can't forgive him for not *talking straight* to me about 'Hale.' The play was honest and deserved it. *I* might not have agreed with his opinion, but I would have respected *him* for making it. Now, I think he is unmannerly with an artist, & that makes me feel conceitedly his superior — But I am yr inferior, and I know it, and send you my love."

On his return to New York in November, Fitch found a shift in his point of view of Goodwin, and to Miss Merington he wrote:

"Goodwin said to me (don't mind my repeating it to you, will you?) 'Fitch, I never heard any one read a play so well as you. I thought I was the best, but you can read better than I' — he said, 'than *me*', really. Well, he loves 'Hale'! ! I read it through this afternoon. Often he laughed aloud; several times his eyes got full, & his cheeks took the tears & loved them dry. And once he said, 'Hell! they don't say a word, heh!' & put his two arms on the table, & his head on his arms, & cried! and I don't care if he buys the play or not, all the same, he's a dear! & he's kind & he's sympathetic. . . . If I were less old at the labor, I would assure you the play was *sold!* But I am too wary and too often disappointed to say that. All I vouch for is, it was a pleasure to read it to him, and I am to read it all over again to Miss Elliott (they are to be married — with a certificate, really!) tonight! It looks very hopeful!"

He turned again to Miss Gerson for assistance in the matter of costume designing, and must have had some preliminary sketches made in order to show the Elliott sisters something of the picturesqueness of the atmosphere. This is conveyed in the following note to one of his friends: [*Continued on page 53*]

Gertrude Elliott, the charming "Angelica" of Fitch's play, "Nathan Hale"

W. J. Le Moyne [above], Effie Shannon and Herbert Kelcey in the famous church scene from Fitch's play, "The Moth and the Flame"

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Published Every Month
by McClure's Magazine, Inc.

McCLURE'S is committed by tradition to serve loyal, humane and just causes — and to keep its pages clean and wholesome and unafraid.

FEBRUARY, 1921

The Spine of Perfection

THERE are no synonyms. Words are identical only as shades and tints are alike—practically interchangeable but always a little different. A limited vocabulary penalizes expression to the same degree that an incomplete paint-box restricts the scope of an artist or a missing string baffles the virtuoso. The worker in mosaic soon learns that there is always a fragment of stone to fit the design a bit better than another. If he is careless and hasty in his composition the gaps proclaim it. Courts are filled with litigation which has slipped through badly-drawn documents; the editorial rejection basket is constantly crowded with loosely-phrased contributions. Diplomacy fails oftenest for lack of clarifying language. To do anything greatly means patient doing. Genius requires not only original impulses and ideas, but its full toll of toil besides. Without cruel study there can be no Paderewskis, no Paganinis, no Tennysons, no Tarkingtons, no Choates. Many a lesser light in art and literature and the law might have reached equal distinction except for under-estimating the importance of precision, which is the spine of perfection.

Glass Houses and Stones

PRICES have not been sky-high because the law of supply-and-demand was working, but because some other laws were not.

The goods that Europe did *not* purchase, as well as the orders she *did* place, are mainly responsible for the cost of living.

Emptying warehouses, land over, declare that your income has supported as conscienceless and greedy a group of hoarding exporters as ever time knew.

There have been shortages but they were mostly hand-made.

Foods and commodities are still up because avarice is not yet downed.

We don't need any fresh legislation to restore the purchasing power of a dollar, but we have lacked a mighty lot of enforcement behind the statutes at hand.

The farmer and the laborer have preferred to exert their influence for self-protection rather than join with citizens at large for redress against the market manipulator.

There never was a moment since the dirty orgy of pocket-looting began that the combined pressure of public opinion could not have brought corrective action.

So many classes of Americans have been living in the glass houses of selfishness that the right to throw stones now belongs to mighty few of us.

Faggots for Anarchy

YOU voted for Americanism — now get it. Millions of adults in this nation don't know the meaning of the Stars and Stripes, can't write a word of English or read a primer page. Millions of children and young men born on this soil are facing maturity and the full rights of citizenship, without the qualifying knowledge and traditions to win for themselves or for us.

Ten per cent. of our people have no hope of high emprise, no conception of the spirit in which these United States were founded, or the part they can play, singly and *en masse*, in making to-morrow a mightier hour for the Republic.

Some of them are totally illiterate, abysmally ignorant of every fact except the information tawdry experience and exploiting compatriots have brought them.

They have no way of learning how different this land is from the ruthless and discriminatory kingdoms from which they emigrated.

The Constitution might never have been written for all that they have heard of it; the Declaration of Independence does not exist for them.

Full peers in opportunity they do not sense our justice, measure our generosity; they do not even dream how very dear their every right is to our laws.

This is the crude metal that anarchy forges in its smithies of hate.

This is the stuff of which sabotage and strikes are made.

These are the faggots that Bolshevism seeks to fire with its flaming lies.

Here is rabble left in the raw to be wrought at will by rabid zeal and enmity; millions of blind men — a giant force ready to serve the first foul purpose that plays upon their primal appetites and angers — dull tools for rascality and greed, whom enlightenment can sharpen for offices of national service and communal profit — left neglected, sordid and unutilized except for the meanest employment — sentenced by Congressional indifference to remain helots of industries which they constantly hold at the mercy of their obstructive and unmeasured power.

We are not responsible for their beginnings, but unless we are wise and timely in our wisdom, some day they may be responsible for our end.

But we alone are guilty before the high altars of Liberty for the condition of another enormous group of native Americans, old and young, who cannot inherit betterment until we bring schooling to the mountains and spread it through the plantations — until we compel mill and shop to cease their accursed traffic in child slaves.

Three years ago we sent a host of men across seas who could not even study a manual of drill. Twenty-five per cent. of the soldiers from a single State had to be taught to sign their names — and with never an alien in the lot.

For two long bitter years we have suffered lock-outs, tie-ups, transportation shortage, fuel famines, at a total cost of billions, mainly because Americanization has waited upon a few trumpery dollars, contemptible politics and the blockading tactics of certain members of Congress who have declared their purpose to sidetrack the Americanization Bill until a hundred-million-dollar national educational measure is forced upon the public.

We know of no legislation demanding prompter attention than this.

The immediate inauguration of classes in Americanization wherever ignorance huddles and alienism flourishes is the one and only remedy against class strife.

We sha'n't be safe until these many millions have a chance to understand us — and themselves.

Safe Securities

BONDS and currency issues are pledges against the development of unused lands and ideas — promissory notes secured by the toil and ingenuity of to-morrow. Not to believe that the next generation will validate the confidence of this, is to despair of our children and our Continent.

Security is not to be calculated only in terms of gold and property, but in terms of endeavor and progress as well.

The cannon of the past four years squandered more money than the preceding century possessed, and the nineteenth century at that, mind you, created more riches than five hundred previous years managed to gather.

Harder thinking, cannier use of resources, wiser direction of man-power, the discovery and employment of hitherto unrealized natural forces, and the turning of waste products to account, made your father as valuable to the world as five of his forebears.

So, in turn, your sons will proportionately use their heads for mints and recrowd the treasuries of their time.

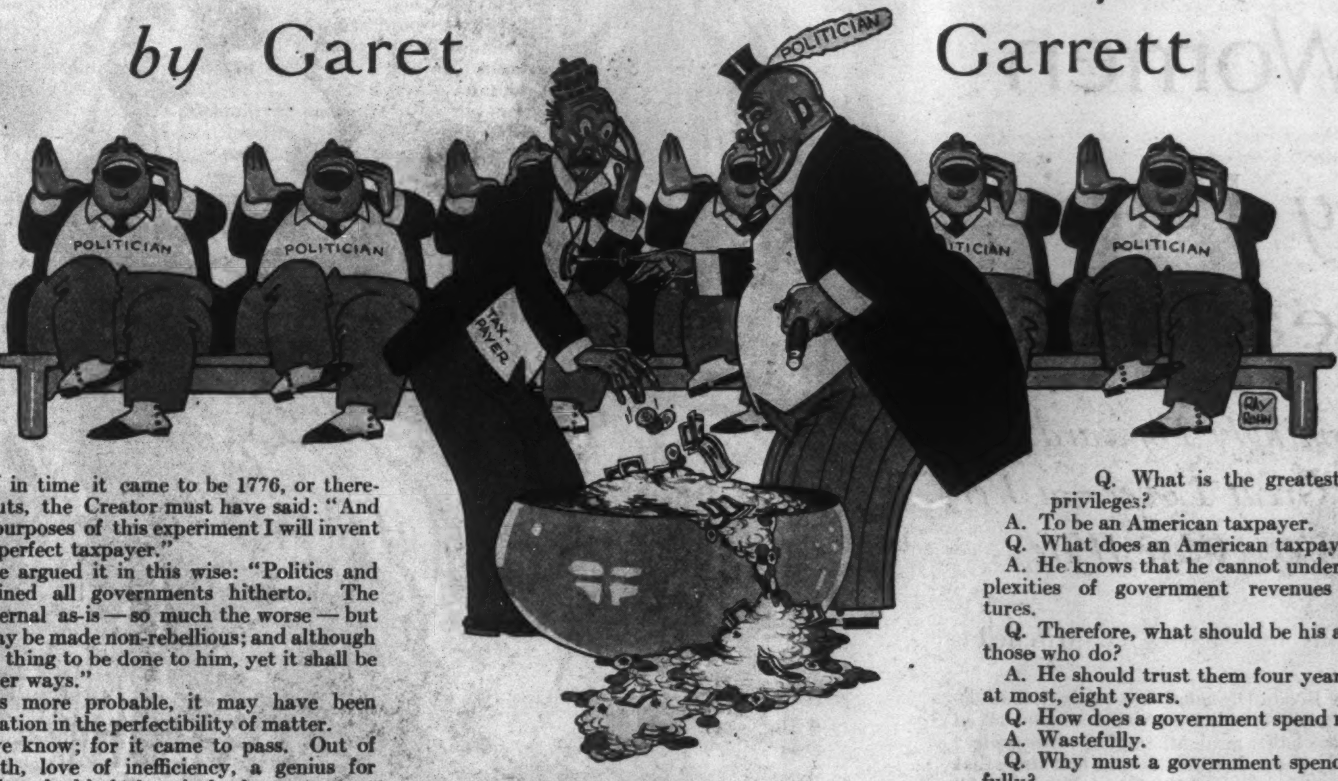
They'll mine the air and seas, sweat billions from our slow and sluggish clocks, find fortunes in substances existing knowledge rejects as trash, build cranes and turbines that our puerile fancy can't conceive, and retrace the time and replace the energy we've just lost, in half a decade.

The future can't go broke.

A Collection of Startling Facts That Should Arouse

The Tolerant Tax Payer

by Garet Garrett



Push the button and he pays

WHEN in time it came to be 1776, or thereabouts, the Creator must have said: "And for purposes of this experiment I will invent the perfect taxpayer."

He may have argued it in this wise: "Politics and taxes have ruined all governments hitherto. The politician is eternal as-is — so much the worse — but the taxpayer may be made non-rebellious; and although this is a heavy thing to be done to him, yet it shall be made up in other ways."

Or, as seems more probable, it may have been purely an inspiration in the perfectibility of matter.

The result we know; for it came to pass. Out of boundless wealth, love of inefficiency, a genius for passing the buck and a kind of cynical tolerance — out of these and some other things a unique and durable human phenomenon was compounded, namely, the American citizen, the only perfect taxpayer since the world began.

You do not believe this account of his origin? Very well, then, explain him in your own way. For there he is — a paying device as such, unfailing, unconscious and self-hypnotizing. Possession and control of him make American politicians the most envied on this planet.

The mechanism of this paying device is very simple. Push the button and it pays. Push and it pays again. The harder you push the more it pays. It cannot help it.

That is all there is to it — simplicity being always the mark of perfection — until those who keep the feud with things that are perfect to wrong ends become all at one time loud and stubborn in calling it an outrage. Possibly they pity the taxpayer less than they dislike the politician. If they can awaken one they may destroy the other. So they shriek at the taxpayer, saying truth as follows:

Your money is wasted — *and you do not care.*

In time of peace the government spends in one year seven times what the whole national debt was before the war — *because you do not care.*

The government conducts its finances on a lucky slot machine principle — *and you do not protest.*

If a business were run as the government is, you would have to be crazy to invest a nickel in it. This is *your* government — *and you do not care.*

The government is the largest buyer of things in the world. Yet it does not know how many purchasing agents it has. (There are seventeen in the Department of Agriculture alone; there are seventy in just the civil establishment at Washington, and nobody can guess how many more in the whole government service at large — buying like things competitively.) *Still, you do not care.*

The government is the largest spender in the world. Yet actually, literally, it does not know how much it spends. (See the note to this effect at the end of the United States Treasury statement for the year ended June 30, 1920.) *But you do not care.*

If you do not believe us, take it from Carter Glass, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, who, in his annual report for the year 1919, said:

"The Government of the United States is like a private family in which the wife, having charge of the spending part of the family's business, was given *carte blanche* to buy houses, yachts, automobiles, clothes and food, and to employ servants as she might find wise, with a view to increasing the comfort, improving the education, cultivating the taste and enhancing the prestige and social standing of the family; and the husband's sole business was to see that there was money in the bank to meet her checks as they were presented."

Or, again:

"The Government of the United States is like a great company whose operating managers, publicity managers, sales managers, purchasing departments, are given *carte blanche* to make expenditures conceived by them to be in the interest of the development of the business, without consultation with or control by those officers of the company who are charged with the business of ascertaining its revenues and borrowing the money to make good their deficiencies."

And you do not care.

Does the politician deny these truths? He is not so stupid. No. He pushes another button, and the perfect, self-hypnotizing taxpayer, in a far-away voice, recites a catechism as follows:

Q. What is the greatest of all human privileges?

A. To be an American taxpayer.

Q. What does an American taxpayer know?

A. He knows that he cannot understand the complexities of government revenues and expenditures.

Q. Therefore, what should be his attitude toward those who do?

A. He should trust them four years at a time, or, at most, eight years.

Q. How does a government spend money?

A. Wastefully.

Q. Why must a government spend money wastefully?

A. Because government is not a business.

Q. Can a government be a business?

A. No.

Q. Should a government be a business?

A. Heaven forbid.

Q. Is any one responsible for the wasteful spending of the taxpayer's money?

A. No one is responsible. Every one does the best he can.

Q. What is the greatest single reform of modern times?

A. The Budget Bill, now becoming a law.

Q. What will the new budget law do?

A. It will do everything. Especially, it will silence those who worry me with figures I cannot understand and try to make me an expert accountant. Now they will let me alone.

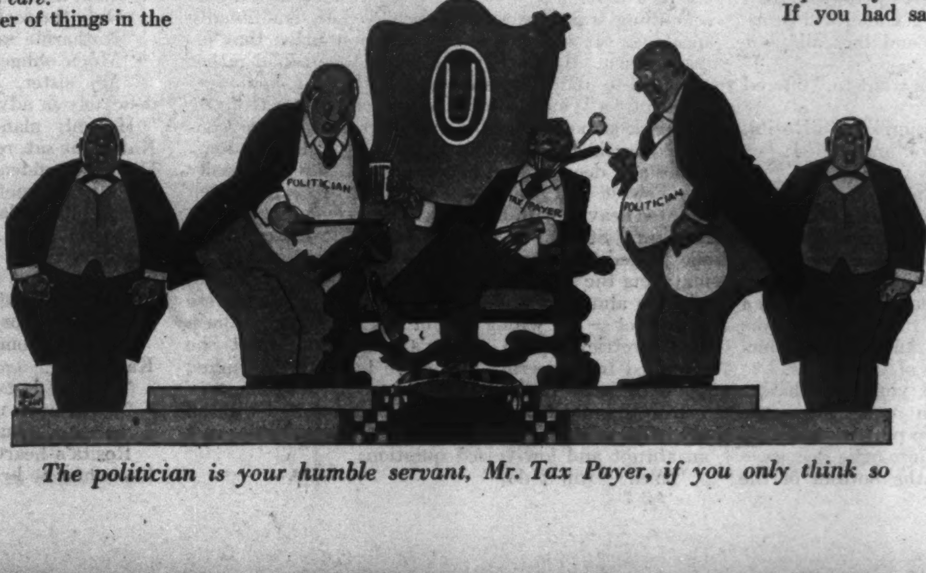
Click!

The perfect taxpayer is himself again; and ready to refill to any amount that magic money bowl, standing on the political piano, out of which the government spends money like a temperamental family financed on demand by a good *genie.*

Then why not end the article here? Why go on with it?

Well, we go on with it for two reasons. One is that as nothing perfect has ever survived in this world one need not despair of sometime reaching the American taxpayer with the elementary thought that those who pay may call the tune. The other reason is that his complacency is running us into peril.

If you had said in 1914 that it was possible for the government to raise in taxes *annually* an amount of money five or six times as great as the national debt existing at that time — and to do it in peace — you would have been laughed out of hearing. Yet it has turned out to be not only possible, but easy. The explanation is that high taxes are contained in the phenomena of high prices, partly as cause and partly as consequence, and are made possible in the same way. Without an enormous inflation of money we should have been unable to pay the high prices of the last few years for all the necessaries of life. Likewise, without an enormous inflation of money we should have been unable to pay the high taxes. [*Continued on page 42*]



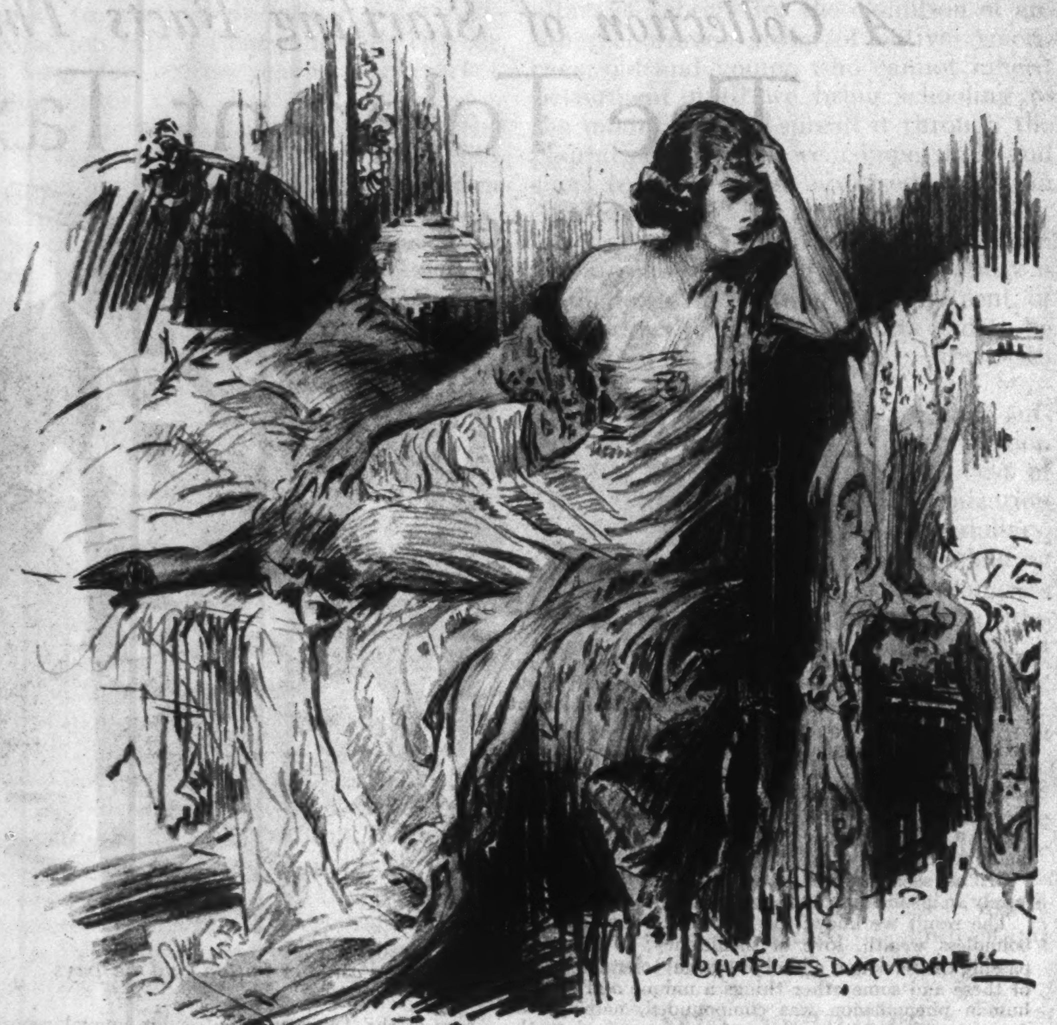
The politician is your humble servant, Mr. Tax Payer, if you only think so

One *or* Two Women

by Fannie Heaslip Lea

A Charmingly Forward Girl; a Near Great Lover—a Very, Very Wise Wife

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell



He had singled her out — so there must be something about her . . . he had said she was born to make trouble

WHEN Rosita Desmond first realized that she was in love with a married man she stayed awake half the night, tingling with pride.

It came to her then, for the first time, that she, Rosita, was to be one of the Great Lovers of All Ages, about whom people make magazine articles and sometimes little books, bound in soft cozy leather, with a slender ribbon marker between the pages. Great lovers, of course, are those who can never marry. Any Joan and Darby will tell you that, as well as any honest bachelor.

"Forever wilt thou love and she be fair," is a meteorological condition necessarily removed from the high cost of living, the impossibility of keeping servants and the care and feeding of infants.

Rosita believed in Free Love — without being entirely sure what it was.

"Life! —" she sometimes said to Teddy Millard — "doesn't it make you sick? When I was a kid, I thought sixteen would be heaven — now I know you've got to be twenty, at least, to have really lived — your own life. Take Dana and Katharine — dull and happy! They'd as lief sit by each other at dinner-parties as not. She gets out his clean shirt and puts the buttons in it, every morning of her life. He telephones her every afternoon, from the office, when he's ready to leave. She drives down and fetches him. I ask you, Teddy,— do you see anything in *that* to make the Supreme Sacrifice for?"

Katharine was Rosita's very charming elder sister; Dana, Teddy's extremely eligible, if middle-aged uncle . . . the two had been married less than a year.

"They look pretty happy to me," said Teddy grumpily.

"That's because you," Rosita informed him pleasantly, "are an insect, with no more temperament than a mummy. Your wife, if you ever get one, will probably do the marketing for herself and buy all your clothes for you."

"I'll let you buy 'em, any day you want to," offered Teddy hopefully.

"Any day I want to, I'll let you know!" said Rosita. Then she slapped him on the back and added:

"Cheerio! I hate a grouch!"

It will be seen that Teddy, hopelessly overloaded with emotion where Rosita was concerned, offered no obstacle to the triumphant entrance of the married man.

The married man's name was Vincent Sevier — his wife's name was Beatrice, and Rosita met him at one of Katharine's dignified little dinner-parties, at which she was not supposed to be present, but into which she leaked, so to speak, by virtue of an eleventh-hour failure-to-arrive on the part of one of the guests.

"You will be good, dear, won't you?" Katharine had begged, inspecting Rosita's slim young self, in the black taffeta frock with the flat deep pink roses edging the babyish round neck and the demure little sleeves — there were flat pink roses about the bottom of the short skirt as well . . . Rosita, with a very sophisticated wave in her silken blonde hair, with just a touch of color in her smooth young cheeks, looked a picture and was in no way blind to the fact. "I'll put you between Mr. Gordon and Mr. Sevier," continued Katharine coaxingly — "and darling — to please me — don't say anything startling, will you? One's an artist and the other's a lawyer. . . ."

"Fine bunch," observed Rosita with scorn.

"The Seviers have only just come to Honolulu . . . he's really rather a well-known man. . . ."

"Fossil, I suppose?"

"Oh, no — he isn't more than thirty-five," said Katharine soothingly.

Rosita rolled appealing eyes toward heaven — "Not *more* than thirty-five!"

"He has the most delightful wife, too."

"Nothing," said Rosita languidly, "interests me less than the wives of men I sit next to at dinner."

SHE remembered that saying of hers later on, and accepted it with a delicious touch of awe as an example of — well, call it Fate! Because she had not been seated beside Vincent Sevier for fifteen minutes — the soup had barely gone and the deviled lobster was scarcely on its deceptive way — before she realized that something was about to happen to her, emotionally speaking. It was his hair in the first place that intrigued her. He wore it short, and Rosita had rather expected to find it overflowing a soft collar, made fast in turn by a Windsor tie. Confronted unexpectedly by the dark smoothness of a well-shaped head she continued a sidewise examination from under shadowy lashes and decided that his evening clothes were easily the newest and the best-cut in the room. Which counted heavily with Rosita. She was ever an adherent of form. Stealing a stealthy glance at his cuff-links she judged them to be of platinum — and genuine — matching the studs in his shirt-bosom. She wondered, with an almost professional interest, if his shoes were as correct — the wrong pair of stockings might ruin a man irretrievably in Rosita's estimation — but she refrained from peering under the table to determine; there are some things which are simply not done.

Into the midst of her maidenly musing and with all the effect of a flung stone in a silvery pool, Sevier cast an abrupt and low-voiced question:

"Well — will I do?"

Rosita had not known that he knew she was appraising him.

She flushed but lifted a poised slow smile.

"You might. . . . I haven't really decided."

Sevier was accustomed to easier victory than that. His own smile grew and it was a lovable thing, involving dark ardent eyes, the twist of a humorous mouth, full-lipped but clean of line.

"Put a fellow out of misery!" he begged in his pleasant rather husky voice. "Look me over once and for all — and render a verdict. There's no telling — the happiness of two lives may hang in the balance ——"

"How did you know that I was looking at you?" inquired Rosita with admirable directness.

"First," said Sevier gravely, "I felt a delicious something in the back of my head, that said —'Turn around! — Turn around'— you know how it is! . . . then I began to be afraid my tie was crooked or that I had a smut on my nose. . . ."

Rosita offered her explanation calmly:

"I thought all artists wore bow-ties and had paint on their trousers."

"Only the real ones," he assured her.

"Katharine said you were rather well-known."

"Much obliged to Katharine — who is *she*?"

"My sister, Mrs. Millard," said Rosita, gloating delicately in advance over his embarrassment.

He only glanced at the head of the table where Katharine sat, regal in violet velvet — and away again. His self-confidence was as unshakable as Rosita's own. They had something else in common, too . . . youth . . . a bit overlaid, in Sevier's case, with a mere matter of years; a bit tarnished, perhaps, by the caressing hand of Time; faintly lined about the eyes; a little sensuous about the mouth . . . still, Youth! — which set tall Troy afire and spends one-half each year in Hell, to pay for the pomegranate it needs must taste.

"Pretty woman!" said Sevier coolly, speaking of Katharine.

"Pretty, but cold," drawled Rosita.

"Well, upon my word!" said Sevier. He broke into a delighted chuckle.

Rosita's heart beat faster. Did she or did she not know how to bring a glint into those strange, dark eyes beside her. She toyed with her glass, neglected her plate . . . excitement tensed her finger-tips. . . .

"D'y know —" said Sevier suddenly — "you're a paintable creature! Any one ever tell you that before?"

"Not in just that way," said Rosita demurely.

Their eyes met and beyond a doubt the thing that looked out of hers looked out of his . . . faun and nymph doubling through the bracken.

"Will you let me paint you?" said he.

"I'll think about it," said Rosita. "What are your pictures like?"

"Come out to my studio to-morrow and see!"

"Have you got a studio?"

"Down on the beach — behind a clump of palm-trees; near Sans-Souci, where Stevenson used to live."

"Do you live in the place or only paint there?" inquired Rosita calmly.

"Live there, for the present — my wife and I. You knew I was married?"

"Kath'rine told me."

"Wise Katharine!" he smiled curiously to himself. "Have you met my wife?"

"No — but I can tell which one she is."

"That's interesting — how?"

"She wouldn't be sitting next to you," said Rosita, "so she isn't on this side of the table. There are three women on the other side. She's the one next to Dana."

"Righto! How did you know it?"

"She's the only one that hasn't been watching you."

Sevier laughed like a whole-hearted boy.

"That's beautiful! I'll have to tell Bee."

"Is that her name?"

He nodded his handsome head. "Name's Beatrice — think it suits her? What's yours, by the way?"

Rosita told him. She added: "Yes — it suits her. She's good-looking and quiet and has just enough rouge on."

"You are the soul of frankness," said Sevier — "aren't you, Rosita? May I call you that? I think I'll paint you in that thing you've got on — it's darned good . . . ingenuous, but with a kick to it. Is that a natural wave in your nice silvery-yellow hair?"

"If it wasn't it wouldn't be there," said Rosita, regarding him thoughtfully. To herself, she observed discreetly, — "that's a matter they never are sensible about — and it's no good telling him all . . . the first time I meet him."

"ONE thing more," said Sevier winningly — "I don't mind admitting, you intrigue me considerably — and that's something of an achievement, because I was in a rotten humor when I started out to this party — and had about sworn off your sex — how old are you, my child?"

Rosita looked at him — not too soon — with a languorous lift and droop of the lashes. "I'm seventeen," she said — "and it's a beastly age, if any one should ask you! Too old for boys and too young for men — nobody at all to play with."

If Teddy could have heard her!

"Let *me* come and play with you!" said Sevier whimsically. "I'm a bit lonesome, myself."

"You're married," Rosita reminded him.

"In the tomb, but not of it," he commented a trifle grimly. "That is unworthy of you, Rosita — I thought I'd found a free spirit. — I thought ——"

It was then Rosita remembered that she believed in Free Love. She threw him a radiant glance.

"It's wonderful to be understood," she told him softly. "Isn't it?"

"Wonderful but most infrequent," agreed Sevier, smiling down into her lifted eyes. "Well — do I paint you? — and if so, when?"

"If you can —" replied Rosita coolly — "and whenever you like."

Directly thereafter she caught Katharine's eye, filled with despairing reproval, and remembered that at a dinner-party one is supposed to divide one's conversation equally between the man on the right and the man on the left, letting not one's right hand know what one's left hand doeth — or something of the sort.

So she murmured in Sevier's ear — there was already a kind of kinship between them: "Sorry — ! I've got to say a few kind words to this person on the other side . . ." and turned away from him.

After dinner there was bridge, in the long, cool drawing-room, with its amber-shaded lamps and deep-cushioned chairs . . . a capricious breeze lifted the window-curtains a little and filled the place with elusive fragrances . . . scents that seemed only of the night, too frail and also too wildly sweet for the sunny hours.

Rosita heard Katharine explaining to an impressive gentleman with eye-glasses that the petunias in the garden always gave off a heavier odor after dark; and that she thought, besides, there was datura somewhere about.

The explanation did not, so far as Rosita was concerned, cover the obvious magic of night out-of-doors . . . but it seemed to satisfy Katharine. Rosita slipped into a corner behind the shining dark piano and bent her little head and slender, satiny shoulders above a book of poems, the sort of thing one would not at all mind being discovered with . . . she read one line again and again, listening between times to the gentle hum of talk about the tables.

She did not select the line. Rosita was no poet. It merely happened that she opened the book at that page . . . she sat beside an open French window and the night-scents lured her outrageously . . . moonlight lay on the garden . . . it silvered the white lilies and paled the rosy begonias.

Rosita read with sweetly drooping lashes:

" 'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls ——"

At the table nearest the piano she heard Katharine protesting hospitably: "Oh, do have this chair, Mrs. Sevier! It's much more comfortable . . . it will ruin your game to sit in that one . . ."

Then a lower, slightly drawling voice, obviously that of Mrs. Sevier:

"Do you know, I think I will change — I do like comfort. . . ."

Rosita read again — so Mrs. Sevier was to be one of the card-players, "'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls . . .!"

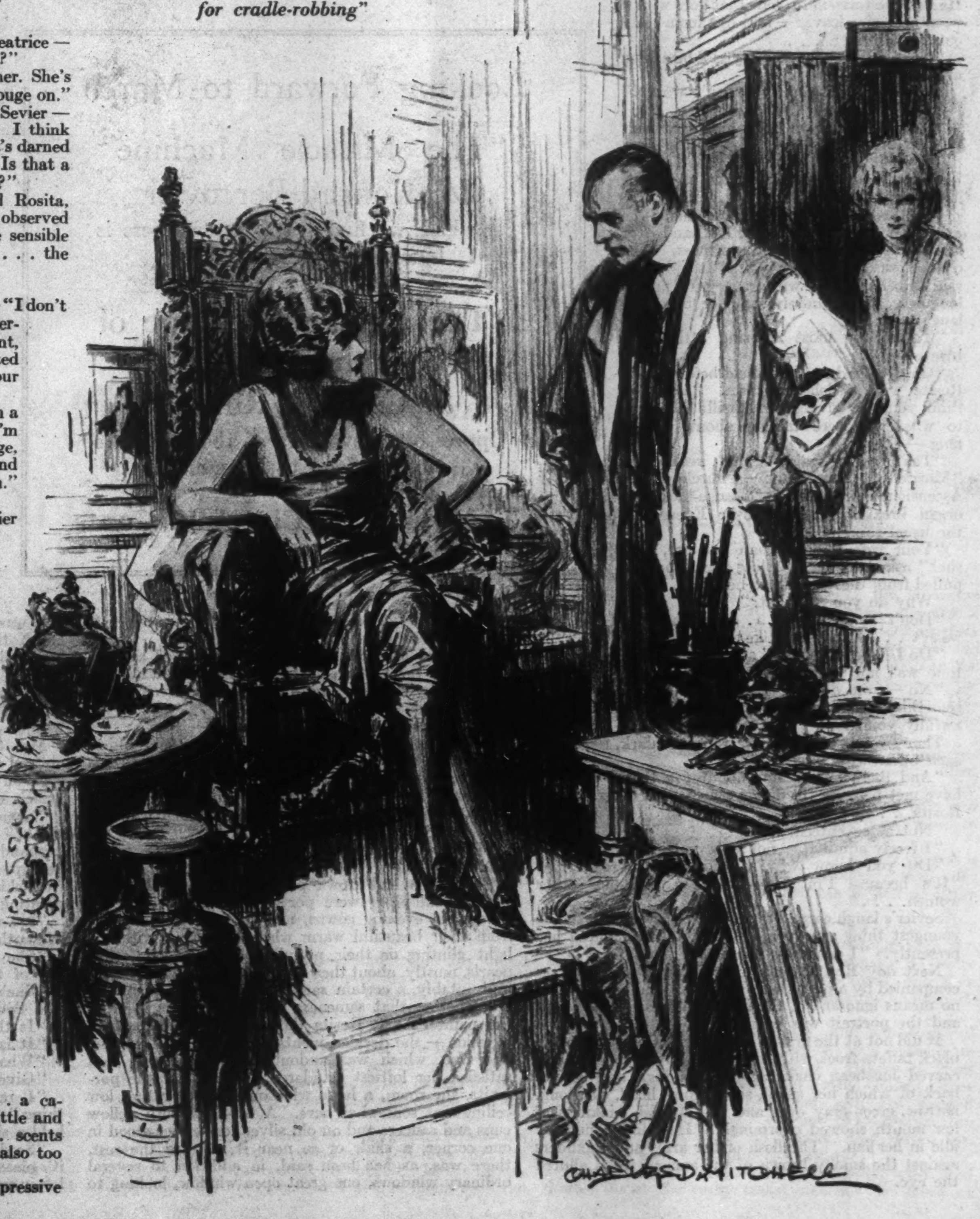
She could see Mr. Gordon on the other side of the room dealing with a good bit of gravity — at that table a woman — another woman — Dana Millard's fine gray head. . . .

"'Tis an awkward thing —" read Rosita . . . and lifted long green-gray eyes because a shadow fell across the page . . . not accountably.

A long-fingered rather nervous brown hand took away her book.

"Browning!" said a voice which sent already a vague ripple of excitement through the universe. . . . "My word! You don't look it — have you got on blue stockings?"

"With a black taffeta frock?" inquired Rosita witheringly.



"What do they say — that I've been vamping you?" "Darling Child!" said Sevier — "the shoe is on the other foot. They're going to have me arrested for cradle-robbing"

"I thought not," said Sevier. He closed the book and laid it on the piano beside a low bowl of roses, took Rosita's hand and drew her gently to her feet.

"You don't play bridge? I was sure of it. Neither will I — to-night. Come out and sit on the veranda with me and tell sad stories of dead kings. . . ."

They passed through the window with a creditable degree of noiselessness. Once outside the lighted room, magic sifted through the air — magic of scent and sight and sound. . . .

"Do I hear running water — or is this just Midsummer-night?" asked Sevier.

"There's a stream runs through the garden — and a pool below the *lanai!*" Rosita told him.

They sat in a wide swinging-seat in the shadow of a jasmine vine with the yellow-lighted windows of the drawing-room quite far enough away.

"Now —" said Sevier softly — "there are some things I want to know about *you* and there will be some things you want to know about *me* — let's talk about ourselves, always the most fascinating subject in the world!"

"I'll begin," said Rosita.

"Women and children first — absolutely!"

"How long have you been married?"

He smiled pleadingly. Even in the shadow he was extraordinarily good to look at; much more so than a man, in these degenerate days of practicality, has any right to be . . . a leopard-skin over one shoulder would have suited him far better than broadcloth. He had the wave in his hair that goes with a wreath of vine-leaves — and lips for a reed, cut by the river. . . .

"Next — " he mourned, "you'll be asking my age?"

"I know that already — don't worry!"

"Kath'rine again, I suppose?"

"She was trying to bribe me to sit next you at dinner."

"Oh — it needed a bribe?"

Rosita made a little murmur of assent, lazy as a sleepy bird.

"Will it need a bribe next time?" he asked her suddenly and put his hand over hers with an unexpected swiftness. The contact was startlingly vivid. "It will not," said Rosita, and withdrew her fingers languidly but definitely. Sevier began to laugh.

"You're the most amazing little creature ——"

"Oh, I've had my hand held before," said Rosita with a delicate yawn. "Did you think you were giving me a thrill? Go back to what we were talking about! How long ——"

"Ten years," said Sevier, resignedly. "Married in New York — Church of the Ascension — bridesmaids, orange-blossoms, organ breathing heavily over Eden — all the usual thing. . . ."

"Your wife is older than you are, isn't she?" asked Rosita, nibbling a leaf she had pulled from the vine above her head.

"Why do you ask that?"

"Don't be insulted . . . of course you'd say she wasn't . . . I wouldn't like you if you didn't. . . ."

"Do I look so young?" asked Sevier curiously. His tone was not without a certain complacence.

"No — you don't —" said Rosita — "but there's something about you that sort of flares up sometimes — awfully youngly. . . ."

They swung gently to and fro in the dark, regarding each other with interest.

"And there's something about *you* that I seem to have met before — in divers places — at divers times, Rosita. . . ."

"Not at seventeen. . . ."

"I freely admit it — not at seventeen. . . ."

"Do you know why?" said Rosita dreamily — "It's because I'm different — I'm not like other women. . . ."

Sevier's laugh carried a shade of relief — "That's the youngest thing you've said to-night," he assured her presently. "I can place you now."

Next day Rosita went to his studio, jealously accompanied by a perturbed Katharine who had been by no means ignorant of the investigations on the *lanai*, and the portrait was begun.

It did not at the first go smoothly. Rosita wore the black taffeta frock with the flat pink roses and sat in a carved Jacobean chair, against the high and stately back of which her small, silk-shining head, her long, narrow, green-gray eyes and the childish pinkness of her mouth showed charmingly. Her slim hands lay idle in her lap. The flesh of her arms and shoulders against the smoky brown of the ancient wood allured the eye.

Sevier roughed in a tentative study with an eager hand and scowled when at the end of a concentrated half-hour he stood away from it.

He looked at Rosita and, stretching her arms above her head with a gesture of delightfully feline relaxation, Rosita looked back at him.

"Candy-box stuff!" she said cheerfully.

"Damn it — that's just what it is!" replied Sevier. "You'll be able to sell it for a magazine-cover."

"You wouldn't care for it, I suppose?"

"Not enough personality," said Rosita, yawning frankly. "I tried to tell you, last night — I'm not like ——"

"I know all that!" Sevier interrupted rudely. "What interests me is — what did I see in you, last night, that I can't get at, to-day?" He jerked an impatient head in the direction of the big window looking toward the sea where his wife, a quiet, disinterested figure in a fresh white gown, her dark hair closely knotted at the back of her head, sat talking to Katharine and taking little careful stitches in a strip of thin white fabric.

"I can't do anything with those two in here," he said abruptly. "I'll put 'em out and have another shot at it."

He walked over to the window with one hand in his pocket. Rosita stayed in the high-backed chair and smiled wickedly to herself.

She heard him say in that husky low-toned voice of his:

"Beatrice, I'm going to send you and Mrs. Millard out to sit on the balcony and look at the sunset — if you don't mind. . . ."

Looking Forward to March

"The Miracle Machine"

by Konrad Bercovici

In which we find proof that success is humanity's greatest healer

"The Winged Scourge of the Dark"

by C. G. D. Roberts

Oppressors, devourers of the weak are not confined to humanity

The March McClure's 15 Cents

She heard Mrs. Sevier's pleasantly amused answer: "What's the matter, dear? Hard getting a start?"

Heard Sevier, with a note of insistence, very nearly of impatience:

"It's always hard getting a start ——"

Then Katharine said something polite and unimportant. . . . After a bit, Sevier came back to his easel and took up a brush again.

"Thank God, they've gone!" he said — "Now, look at me the way you did last night when you told me seventeen was a beastly age."

"Does she always humor you like that?" asked Rosita suddenly.

The studio had grown pleasantly still. About the walls of the place were portraits — one or two — of women, in evening gowns, mostly, with furs slipping from their beautiful warm white shoulders, with the light glinting on their proudly carried heads; with pearls, mostly, about their slender throats. There was, indisputably, a certain sameness about the portraits, but whether that sameness lay in the subjects or in the painter's art, Rosita did not concern herself to question — she decided mentally that as pictures they had *chic*, which was undoubtedly true — and that satisfied her loftiest standards. Except for the portraits, the room, a large wide one, with a rather low ceiling was somewhat bare. A tea-table with yellow cups and saucers and an old silver tea-service stood in one corner, a chair or so near it . . . for the rest, there was, as has been said, in addition to several ordinary windows, one great open window, looking to the sea and through that one, Katharine and Mrs. Sevier might now be seen, two white-gowned figures in basket-chairs against a background of almost indecently blue water, yellow beach, and bluer sky. Palmfronds sketched a foreground, with more than a suggestion of sweet do-nothingness.

"Eh? — do I always humor whom?" asked Sevier absently. He was painting like mad between sidewise knife-edged glances at Rosita.

"I'll bet you never humored anybody in your life," said Rosita calmly — "I asked you if she — your wife — always kicked in to you, like that?"

"Does she? — I hadn't noticed. She's a very amiable creature, Beatrice is ——"

"Sometimes I think I shall never marry," observed Rosita trenchantly.

"You? —" he was watching her out of those masterful dark eyes, his mouth twitching to a smile . . . "you won't be able to keep out of it. You've got trouble written big on that pink-and-white face of yours . . . trouble for the men you pick out to devour . . . you've got a cold streak that will always get you what you want . . . and a warm streak that will always find it for you — never fear! You're as selfish as a little white cat — and as wise — in your own ignorant way. . . ."

"I don't understand you," said Rosita with some annoyance.

"You'll understand your picture, when it's done," he boasted.

"If you don't make me interesting I'll slip in here some night with a knife and cut it to ribbons."

"Oh, you'll be interesting enough ——"

"You talk as if I were an adventuress — or something," said Rosita coldly. She rather hoped secretly that that was what he meant.

"Not an adventuress — a pirate — with a skull and cross-bones in your pussy-cat eyes, and a dagger in your little white teeth. . . ."

He painted for a long time after that while Rosita sat shimmering with pride. There is no other word for it.

At last to be so understood! — At long last to be so subtly appreciated! Had Teddy ever known — had Teddy ever suggested that she had a cold streak? Rather not! "Rosita — you've got some bean!" had been Teddy's nearest approach to a cerebral tribute.

Ah, well — ! After all, a woman was older at eighteen than a man at twenty-two. What one wanted was the companionship of a man of the world — a man grown weary of love and of women — (ordinary women) . . . with deep, dark eyes and a wave in his well-brushed hair . . . with magnetic hands and a cynical laugh. . . .

"Whatever you're thinking about, Infant — that's exactly the look I want!" said Sevier suddenly. So Rosita went on thinking about the Artist. And the picture, from that point, progressed amazingly.

It was not surprising that in a day or so, Mrs. Sevier and Katharine ceased to be duennas to the performance. Sevier discouraged them frankly.

"She isn't herself with you two about," he told his wife, lounging on the beach after dinner. "She has a crust of reserve, then, which I'm trying to do away with."

Mrs. Sevier said rather languidly that she had not noticed any especial reserve on Rosita's part.

"You haven't seen her *à deux*," objected Sevier. "She's different — very."

"She isn't at all an extraordinary type — do you think?" continued Beatrice Sevier. She watched her husband curiously, as she spoke. "The usual flapper — perhaps more self-centered than most. She has a nice fresh skin. . . . I can't quite see why you're so keen on painting her, Vincent."

"No woman ever sees — what her husband sees — in another woman. . . . so I've been told!"

"She isn't a woman — she's only a child — barely out of the schoolroom. . . ."

"She's the kind that never needed to go to school," said Sevier, smiling to himself.

"Is the portrait an order?"

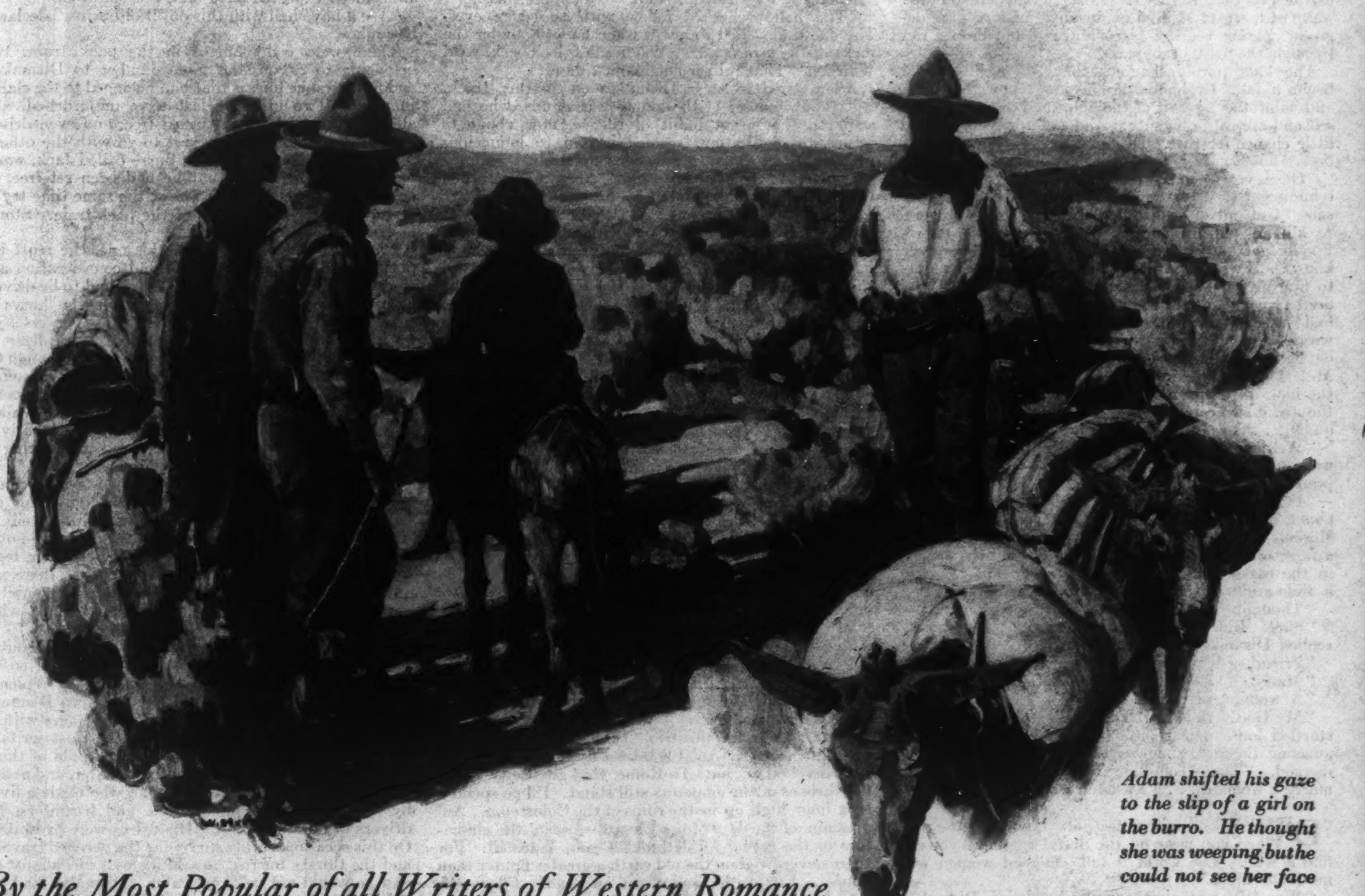
"It is not."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Give it to Rosita when it's done — if she'll have it."

"I rather thought you'd outgrown that sort of thing," suggested Mrs. Sevier coolly. But her eyes held a shadow of apprehension.

"So did I, Beatrice," returned her husband — "And it's pleasantly exciting to find there's one more reaction left in one's mortal frame . . . eh?" [*Continued on page 36*]



Adam shifted his gaze to the slip of a girl on the burro. He thought she was weeping but he could not see her face

By the Most Popular of all Writers of Western Romance

The Wanderer *of the* Wasteland

by Zane Grey

Illustration by W. Herbert Dunton

"I'LL break your bones — I'll wring your neck!" Adam Larey yelled to Virey, whom he was laboriously following up that rocky slope in Death Valley. Virey knew that Adam had once killed a man with his naked hands; no wonder then that the threat struck terror to the wife murderer whom Adam, helpless to interfere, had seen start an avalanche that closed over Magdalene Virey forever.

Virey, halting, set loose a boulder which in turn started a multitude of stones, but Adam was not to be retarded. The end of this tragedy was fixed; it had been set for all the years of Virey's life and back into the past.

Suddenly Adam heard a heavy penetrating sound—the rocks were heaving. The crash grew louder, more prolonged. He looked in the direction where he had last seen Virey. Very plainly he could be seen imbedded to his hips in the loose stones. He was chained, helpless.

"My turn," Adam shouted as he began rolling stones toward Virey. But he missed and missed again.

Could he never kill Virey as Virey had murdered his wife? Then there was a great roar, the slope trembled. It was the real avalanche. Adam sped to safety. When he turned to look for Virey there was no sign of him. Retribution had overtaken him at last.

Adam, whose flight to the desert followed the shooting of a ne'er-do-well brother, had had many adventures, but none as dramatic as the one just ended. Dismukes, a gold prospector who had won Adam's undying loyalty by saving his life, had sent him to Death Valley to try to save Magdalene Virey from a brutally insane husband—and this was how it ended.

He decided to leave Death Valley but no sooner was he out of it than a longing to return came to him and it was lucky for Dismukes that he yielded to it. Bloody tracks led him to a camp of bandits who had attacked and captured the prospector.

There, without being seen, he saw at work a crude ore crushing machine usually operated by a horse or a mule. But in this case the motive power was furnished by a man—Dismukes. The first of the story of how Larey, or Wansfell as he was known in the desert, rescued his friend, how he crept up on the bandits in the rôle of a water-carrier, how Dismukes, using the machine to which he was tied as a terrible weapon, aided in the attack, has already been told.

SUNSET of that momentous and tragic day found Adam and Dismukes camped beyond the mouth of a wide pass that bisected the Funeral Range.

Adam felt well-nigh exhausted, and he would have been gloomy and silent but for his comrade. Dismukes might never have been harnessed to the beam of an *arrastra* and driven like a mule, and his awful treadmill toil in the terrible heat under the lacerating lash was as if it had never been. He was elated, he was exultant, strangely young again.

Always, to Adam, this giant prospector Dismukes had been beyond understanding. But now he was enigmatic. He transcended his old self. In the excitement following his rescue he had not mentioned the fact that Adam had saved his life. Adam thought greatly of this squaring of his old debt. But Dismukes seemed not to consider it. All Dismukes thought of was the gold he had mined, the gold the claim-jumpers had mined — the bags of heavy gold that were his, and the possession of which ended forever his life-long toil for a fortune. A hundred times that afternoon, as the men had packed and climbed out of the valley, Dismukes had tried to force upon Adam a half of the gold, a quarter of it, a share. But Adam refused.

"Why — for Lord's sake?" Dismukes at last exploded, his great ox-eyes rolling. "It's gold. Most of it I mined before those devils came. It's clean an' honest. You deserve a share. An' the half of it will more than make up the sum I've slaved an' saved to get. Why, man — why won't you take it?"

"Well, friend, I guess the only reason I've got is that it's too heavy to pack," replied Adam. He smiled as he spoke, but the fact was he had no other reason for refusal.

Dismukes stared with wide eyes and open mouth. Adam, apparently, was beyond his comprehension just as Dismukes was beyond Adam's. Finally he swore his astonishment, grunted his disapproval, and then resigning himself to Adam's strange apathy, he straightway glowed again.

Adam, despite his amusement, and something of sadness, could not help but respond in a measure to the intense rapture of his friend. Dismukes' great work had ended. His long quest for the Golden Fleece had been rewarded. Life had suddenly loomed beautiful and enchanting. And now to look forward to ease, rest, travel, joy — all that he had slaved for. Marvelous past — magnificent future!

Adam listened kindly, and went slowly, with tired limbs, about the camp tasks; and now he gazed at

Dismukes, and again had an eye for his surroundings. Often he gazed up at the exceedingly high blunt break in the Funeral Range. What cataclysm of nature had made that rent? It was a zigzag, saw-toothed wall, with strata slanted at an angle of forty-five degrees. Zigzag veins of black and red and bronze ran through the vast drab mass.

The long purple shadows that Adam loved had begun to fall. His hands, and his jaw, too, were swollen and painful as a result of the fight, and he served himself and ate with difficulty. And as for speech, he had little chance for that. Dismukes' words flowed like a desert flood.

"Once, years ago, I was lost on the desert," he said, reminiscently. "First an' only time I ever got lost for sure. Got out of grub. Began to starve. Was goin' to kill an' eat my burro, when he up an' run off. Finally got out of water. That's the last straw, you know . . . I walked all day an' all night an' all day, only to find myself more lost than ever. I thought I had been travelin' toward the west to some place I'd heard had water an' a ranch. Then I made sure I'd gone the wrong way. Staggerin' an' fallin' an' crawlin' till near daylight, at last I gave up an' stretched out to die. Me! I gave up — was glad to die. I can remember the look of the pale stars — the gray mornin' light — the awful silence an' loneliness. Yes, I wanted to die quick . . . An' all at once I heard a rooster crow!"

"Well! You'd lain down to die near a ranch. That was funny," declared Adam. Life did play queer pranks on men.

"Funny! Say, pard Wansfell, there's nothin' funny about death. An' as for life, I never dreamed how glorious it is, until I heard that rooster crow. I'll buy a farm of green an' grassy an' shady land somewhere in the east — land with runnin' water —an' I'll raise a thousand roosters just to hear them crow."

"Thought you meant to travel,' said Adam.

"Sure. But I'll settle down sometime, I suppose," replied Dismukes, reflectively.

"Friend, will you marry?" inquired Adam, gravely.

"Marry — ! What?" ejaculated the prospector.

"A woman, of course."

"My God!" rolled out Dismukes. The thought had startled him. His great ox-eyes reflected changes of amazing thought, shadows of old emotions long submerged. "That's somethin' I never *did* think of. Me marry a woman! . . . No woman would ever have me."

"DISMUKES, you're not so old. And you'll be rich. When you wear off the desert roughness you can find a wife. The world is full of good women who need husbands."

"Wansfell, you ain't serious?" queried Dismukes, puzzled and stirred. He ran a great broad hand through his shock of grizzled hair. His eyes were beautiful then. "I never had wife or sweetheart . . . No girl ever looked at me — when I was a boy. An' these years on the desert, women have been scarce, an' not one was ever anythin' to me."

"Well, when you get among a lot of pretty girls, just squeeze one for me," said Adam, with a smile that was sad.

A golden flare brightened over the Panamint Range, silhouetting the long tapering lines of the peaks. Far to the west, when the sun had set, floated gray and silver-edged clouds, and under them a whorl of rosy, dusky, ruddy haze.

"Wansfell," spoke up Dismukes, "you need your hair cut."

"Maybe. But I'm glad it was long to-day when I got hit with the shovel."

"You sure did come near gettin' it cut then," replied Dismukes, with a hard laugh. "I'll tell you what your long hair reminds me of. Years ago I met a big fellow on the desert. Six feet three he was an' most as big as you. An' a darn good pard on the trail. Well,' he wore his hair very long. It hid his ears. An' in the hottest weather he never let me cut it. Well, the funny part all came out one day. Not so funny for him, to think of it! . . . We met men on the trail. They shot him an' were nigh on to doin' for me. . . . My big pardner was a horse-thief. He'd had his ears cut off for stealin' horses. An' so he wore his hair long like yours to hide the fact he had no ears."

"Friend Dismukes, *I* have ears, if my long hair is worrying you," replied Adam. "And if I had not had mighty keen ears you'd still be grinding gold for your claim-jumpers."

Then Dismukes burst out into another flood of talk. He told how the robber-band had surprised him at work, captured him at the point of a gun. They drove one of his burros to death. Then one of them evolved the idea of making a mule out of Dismukes. This idea was hailed as brilliant. Dismukes ground ore, and after three days he was wearing out, when Adam arrived.

"The leader of that gang was Black," said Dismukes. "He had been a road agent. I was on a stage he held up once, ten years an' more ago. But it got too hot for him an' he took to the hills. He'd been jumpin' claims an' killin' lone prospectors all over the Panamints."

"Black? I've heard of him. Which one was he?"

"The hollow-cheeked fellow with the deep eyes. The one that yelled so awful when he went under the rocks of the *arrastra*. . . . You needn't look sick, pard Wansfell. That robber got his just deserts."

Adam tried to steer Dismukes on another track. But this wanderer of the lonely wastelands, who had acquired the desert habit of silence, now about to return to civilization, seemed incited to loquacious raillery, to eloquent persuasion, to strange reminiscence, and to Homeric invention. Always he returned to the subject of gold and of his future.

"PARD, I wish you were goin' with me," he said, and the slow sweeping gesture of the great horny hand had something of sublimity. He waved it away toward the east, and it signified the far places across the desert. "I'm rich. The years of lonely hell an' never-endin' toil are over. No more sour dough! No more thirst an' heat an' dust! No more hoardin' of gold! The time has come for me to spend. I'll bank my gold an' draw my checks. At 'Frisco I'll boil the alkali out of my carcass. An' shaved an' clipped an' dressed I'll take again the name of my youth an' fare forth for adventure. I'll pay for the years of hard grub. I'll eat the best an' drink wine — wine — the sweetest an' oldest of wine! Wine in thin glasses . . . I'll wear silk next my skin an' sleep on feathers. I'll travel like a prince. I'll go to my old home. Some of my people will be livin'. An' when they see me they'll see their ship come in. They'll be rich. I'll not forget the friends of my youth. That little village will have a church or a park as my gift. I'll travel. I'll see the sights an' the cities. New York! Ha, if I like that place, I'll buy it! I'll be merry, I'll be joyful. I'll live, I'll make up for all the lost years. But I'll never forget the poor an' the miserable. I'll cross the ocean. I've met Englishmen in the southwest. Queer, cold sort of men! I'll see how they live. I'll go all over England. Then Paris! Never was I drunk, but I'll get drunk in Paris. I want to see the wonderful hotels an' shops an' theatres. I'll look at the beautiful French actresses. An' I'll take a fly at Monte Carlo. An' travel on an' on. To Rome, that great city where the thrones of the emperors still stand. I'll go spend a long hour high up in the ruins of the Colosseum. An' dreamin' of the days of the Cæsars — seein' the gladiators in the arena — I'll think of you, Wansfell. For there never lived on the old earth a greater fighter than you! . . . Egypt, the land of sun an' sand! I'll see the grand Sahara. An' I'll travel on an' on, all over the world. When I've seen it, I'll come back to my native land. An' then, that green farm, with wooded hills an' runnin' streams! It must be near a city. Horses I'll have an' a man to drive, an' a house of comfort. . . . Mebbe there'll come a woman into my life. Mebbe children! The thought you planted in me, pard, somehow makes me yearn. After all, every man should have a son. I see that now. What blunders we make! A roof over my head! An' a bed as soft as downy feathers! . . . Mebbe, O, my pard, mebbe the sweet smile of a woman — the touch of a lovin' hand — the good-night kiss of a child! . . ."

Next morning as Adam and Dismukes were leisurely packing their effects, a lone prospector with one burro hove into sight. And when he reached the camp he halted to chat.

Adam let Dismukes do the talking, yet he felt interest in the prospector, and gave him studied glances. He was a medium-sized man, rather muscular, with a broad face, swarthy and wrinkled. His narrowed dim eyes were blue, and gazed out frankly, and with good humor. He told Dismukes he was going down into Death Valley and he asked no questions. He was not young and his outfit was meagre. Another lonely wanderer of the wastelands, dreaming his dreams! He talked of "float", which was surface gold, and of high-grade ores, gold, silver, copper, lead, manganese. He said some day a railroad would come into that country and make men rich. He spoke of borax as dirt. "I wouldn't stick a pick in thet," he said disdainfully.

Then he bade them good-bye and good luck and went his way, down toward the sombre valley that lay hidden under the red ranges. Adam felt a queer stinging sensation. He pitied and envied that poor prospector, passing down to the place where so many like him had found, not gold, but eternal peace. What strange long gaze Dismukes bent upon the receding figure!

Soon Adam and Dismukes faced the day's travel with the gait of men who had far to go and who knew how to make that distance. Adam's intention was to travel with his comrade out of the northern desert country. That meant many slow days. Dismukes was going out of the desert, "inside" he called it, in the vernacular of old prospectors. Somewhere on the trail southward Adam would say farewell to his friend, and indeed expected it to be a long farewell.

"We'll have hell with this outfit of burros," declared Dismukes.

There were eight burros in the pack train, two belonging to Adam, the same number to Dismukes, and four strange burros that had belonged to the claim-jumpers. Two of these last were unburdened, and although they had been turned free, and even driven off, they wanted to and meant to go with the others. And one of them, a big black burro called Jack, was a mean customer. Now that he had been set free, he determined to remain free, yet at the same time try to disrupt the serene progress of the pack-train. Stones had no terrors for him.

On an extended march like this one, the most important and ever present duty and consideration and worry pertained to the burros. They had to be driven, they had to be kept together. Thus the hours of travel were concerned mostly with these perverse, yet faithful, and indispensable little beasts of burden.

Twenty miles a day, resting several hours through the fierce noon heat, the travelers made down across the Mojave Desert. To them, who had conquered the terrible element and desolation of Death Valley, this waste of the Mojave presented comparatively little to contend with. Still, hardened and daring as they were, they did not incur unnecessary risks.

The time was September, at the end of a fierce dry summer. Cloudless sky, fervid and quivering air, burning downward rays of sun and rising veils of reflected heat from sand and rock — these were not to be trifled with. Dismukes' little thermometer registered 130° in the shade; that is, whenever there was any shade to rest in. They did not burden themselves with the worry of knowing the degrees of heat while they were on the march.

Water-holes well known to Dismukes, though out of the beaten track, were found to be dry, and so the travelers had to go out of a direct line to replenish their supply. Under that burning sun even Dismukes and Adam suffered terribly after several hours without water. A very fine penetrating alkali dust irritated throat and nostrils, and augmented the pain of thirst. Once they went a whole day without water, and at sundown reached a well kept by a man who made a living by selling water to prospectors, and freighters, and drivers of borax-wagons. His prices were exorbitant. On this occasion, surlily surveying the parched travelers and the thirsty burros, he said his well was almost dry and he would not sell any water. Dismukes had told Adam that the well-owner bore him a grudge. They expostulated and pleaded with him to no avail. Adam went to the well, and lifting a trap-door he peered down, to see quite a goodly supply of water. Then he returned to the little shack where the bushy-whiskered hoarder of precious water sat on a box with a rifle across his knees. Adam always appeared mild and serene, except when he was angry, at which time a man would have had to be blind not to see his mood. The well owner probably expected Adam to plead again. But he reckoned falsely. Adam jerked the rifle from him and with a single movement of his hands he broke off the stock. Then he laid those big hard hands on the man, who seemed to shrink under them.

"Friend, you've plenty of water. It's a live well. You can spare enough to save us. We'll double your pay. Come."

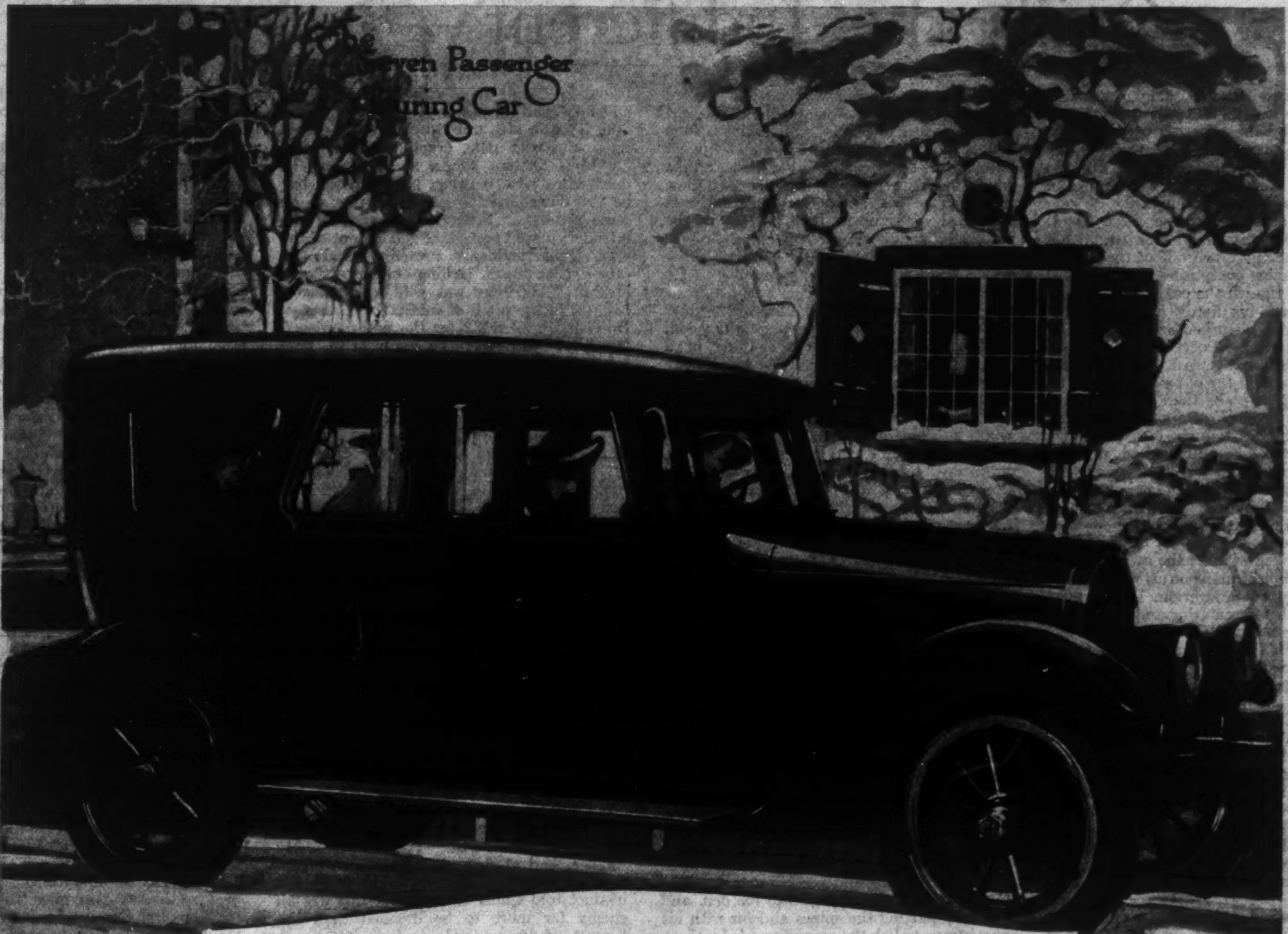
ADAM loosened his right hand and doubled up the enormous mallet-like fist and swung it back. The well-owner suddenly changed his front. And the travelers got all the water they needed.

This country, criss-crossed by trails, and arid desert though it was, every few miles showed an abandoned mine, or a prospector working a claim, or a shack containing a desert dweller. Adam and Dismukes were approaching the highway that bisected the Mojave Desert. It grew to be more of a sandy country, where water is always scarce. Another of Dismukes' water-holes was dry. It had not been visited for months. The one wanderer who had stopped there, lay half-buried in the sand, a shrunken mummy of a man, with a dark and horrible mockery in the eyeless sockets of his skull. His skin was drawn like light brown parchment over his face. Adam looked, and then again, and gave a sudden start. He turned the sun-dried visage more to the light. He recognized that face, set in its iron mask of death, with its grin that would grin forever until the brown skull went to dust.

"Regan!" he exclaimed. "Poor Regan! He was the man who named me Wansfell. Why he called me that I never knew — never will know."

Deep in the sand they buried the remains of Regan and erected a rude cross to mark his lonely grave.

The travelers plodded on their [*Continued on page 56*]



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is offered on all Holmes Series 4 cars. This is the first real guaranty on performance ever offered on an automobile. It is made possible by the Holmes AERODUCT, "The greatest engineering development in motor car construction in ten years."

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Denver to Pike's Peak—115 miles on low gear.

North Adams, Mass., to Boston—141.4 miles on low gear, towing 3550 pounds of dead weight.

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Denver to Gunnison, Colo.—293 miles, average speed 31.15 miles per hour. Climbing the Continental Divide at 11,400 feet.

Chicago to Cincinnati—average speed 39.4 miles per hour.

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These records were all made in standard stock touring cars.

A Word About Price **Even with the present marked reductions** in price, the average increase over 1917 prices among the seventeen leading cars stands at present at 67%. Holmes prices today are only 31% over 1917 prices. The next lowest increase is 33%, and some cars still show as high as 114% increase. The Holmes offers not only distinctive service values not found in other cars, but in price it offers an exceptional money value.

126-inch wheelbase.
18-20 miles to the gallon of gasoline.
Better than 10,000 miles to the set of tires.

Holmes Automobile Company, Canton, Ohio

HOLMES

Improved
Air Cooled

Quills the Indifferent

—— *Continued from page 20*

veiled itself in a tender, opaline haze; the wilderness seemed to fall asleep, its silence broken only by the whispers of the falling leaves — and, once in a while, the startling *chirr-rr-rr* of a red squirrel. Life, for the moment, had taken on the tissue of a dream. It was the magic Indian Summer.

It passed, as it had come, in a night. Day broke steel-gray and menacing, with a bitter wind cutting down out of the North; and in a few hours everything was rigid with frost. Quills, though the cold in reality had small terror for his hardy and warm-clad frame, had been disturbed and annoyed by the sudden change. It occurred to him that a warm and sheltered retreat, like his dimly-remembered nest in the old maple, would be a better sleeping-place than the draughty branches of a hemlock or a spruce. In this frame of mind he thought of a tempting-looking hole which he had noticed, under a big boulder some fifty yards or so up the backwater. He knew that the hole belonged to an old dog-fox, but the fact did not trouble him. His brain had only room for one idea at a time. He set out straight for that hole.

He had no idea whether the owner was at home or not, but he made no attempt to find out. By way of precaution, however, he turned round before entering and backed in, slashing vigorously with his spiked tail as he did so. The fox was not at home. Quills found the retreat dry and warm. So, having well breakfasted before leaving his tree, he settled down with his hindquarters to the entrance, and unconcernedly went to sleep.

Presently the fox came trotting home, intent on getting out of the wind and having a nap in his snug den. But just before the threshold he stopped short, the fur on his neck stood up, and his eyes went green. He had scented the trail of Quills — and it led straight into his lair. Stealthily he tiptoed forward, peered in — and saw confronting him that spiny tail and rump.

HIS blood boiled at the intruder's insolence. But he was a wise old beast; and in his rash youth he had once been lame for a month, through having tried to interfere with a most insignificant-looking porcupine. Curbing his righteous wrath — as there was nothing else to do — he turned about and with his scratching hind paws insultingly sent a shower of earth in upon the slumbering Quills. Then he trotted off. Quills, thus rudely awakened, crawled forth, chattering indignantly, and shook out the defilement from his long coat. But as the fox was nowhere in sight he promptly forgot his wrath, and turned into the den again to resume his nap.

Gradually, but inexorably, winter now closed down upon the valley of the Tobique. And it was a hard winter — for all the hunting beasts and birds, a desperate winter. The rabbits, that autumn, had been smitten with one of their periodical epidemics, and died off like flies. This did not trouble Quills directly — a strict vegetarian, he was assured of plenty so long as the forest stood. But indirectly it made a vital difference to him. All the prowling and pouncing kindred — the great horned owls and the eagles, the lynxes, foxes, martens and minks soon found themselves goaded by such a hunger as might at any moment drive them to take unwonted risks. Quills little guessed how often, as he was gnawing complacently at his meal of hemlock bark, he would be watched longingly by savage and hungry eyes. But had he guessed it his indifference would have remained quite unruffled. He had all he could eat, and a warm hole to sleep in; and why should he borrow trouble?

But one biting December afternoon, Quills's complacency got something of a shock. Just as he was crawling luxuriously into his den, one of those great horned owls which are the feathered Apaches of the wilderness came winnowing low overhead on wings as silent as sleep. His round staring eyes caught sight of Quills's hindquarters, just vanishing into the hole. There was no time to note exactly what it was, and hunger had made the great bird rash even beyond his wont. He swooped instantly, and struck his terrible talons into the tail and haunch.

With a loud hiss, like that of an angry cat, he let go precipitately, and fairly bounced up into the air again, both murderous talons struck deep with spines which seemed to burn into his sinews. He flew in haste to the nearest branch, and set himself to the painful task of plucking out the torments with his beak, holding up first one claw and then the other. With some of the spines he was successful, but others he merely managed to nip off close to the skin. For several weeks he could do no hunting for the fiery anguish in them, but could only sit moping in his hollow tree, where he would soon have starved but for the food brought to him by his faithful mate.

As for Quills, this was his first experience of physical pain. And it was his first taste of fear. Whining and squealing and grunting all at once, he shrank into his den, and carefully parting the spines and fur with his nose strove to lick the wounds made by those steel-sharp talons. For a day or two he had no appetite, and stayed sulking in the den. But the healthy flesh, being unpoisoned, soon healed, and Quills was himself again, except for a certain unaccustomed watchfulness. Even a malevolent — but to him harmless — little weasel, or a scouting mink, he would honor with his suspicions; and one day when a gigantic bull moose came and stood beneath the tree in which he was feeding, he arrayed all his defenses as if expecting immediate attack. But the huge black beast did not even trouble to look at him, so his fears were soon allayed.

A porcupine's memory, however, seems to be extraordinarily short; and Quills's was no exception to the rule. When his wounds no longer pricked him to remembrance, he forgot all about the affair and recovered his old indifference. One day when he was returning to his den for a doze — right into his pathway, with a noiseless pounce, dropped a great, gray, furry beast, with tufted ears, and long, white snarling teeth, and huge pads of paws. It crouched before him, its stub of a tail twitching, and glared upon him with pale, cruel, moonlike eyes. Up went Quills's spines at once, and he ducked his nose between his forepaws, but he was determined to get to his den, so he came right on. Seeing, however, that the intruder showed no sign of getting out of the way, Quills suddenly turned around and came on backward, lashing out fiercely with his tail. The lynx was wild with hunger, but not to the pitch of suicidal recklessness. He ached intolerably for the well-nourished flesh that he knew lay hidden beneath those bristling spines; but he knew the price that he would have to pay for it. With a screech of disappointed rage he slipped from the path, and Quills disappeared into his hole.

AS the long and bitter winter drew on, Quills had many more or less similar encounters with the lynxes, and two with a surly old black bear. Paradoxical as the statement may appear, he usually faced the enemy with his tail. And the result was always the same. No prowler was prepared to pay the price which Quills would have exacted for his carcass. But along in March, when the snow had begun to settle heavily under a week of thaw, Quills was confronted by a new enemy before whom his indifference melted more swiftly than the snow.

Very early one morning, when the first ghost-gray light of dawn was beginning to glimmer through the windless forest, Quills had just come down out of an old hemlock when he caught sight of a strange beast gliding over the snow. The stranger, dark brown in color, with a bushy tail, long and low-set body, weasel-shaped head, and grizzly-gray face with black snout, was somewhat under three feet in length. It was distinctly smaller, and at first glance less dangerous-looking, than a lynx. But some inherited instinct told Quills at once that this was an enemy far more to be dreaded than the fiercest of lynxes. He had never seen a fisher before. Fortunately for the porcupine tribe, fishers were very scarce in the Valley of the Tobique. But a chill of ancestral fear struck to Quills's heart.

The fisher, catching sight of him, whirled in his tracks, and darted at him with a deadly intensity of purpose very different from the hesitating attitude of Quills's other foes. And Quills's tactics were now different. Jutting from the snow was a heavy windfall, its top supported in the lower branches of a neighboring beech tree. Under this protection Quills thrust his nose and head, clear to the shoulders, leaving only his armed back and fiercely slashing tail exposed to the assault. He was no more in this position ere the enemy was upon him.

Now in nine cases out of ten — perhaps even in ninety-nine out of a hundred — the fight between a porcupine and a fisher has but one result. The fisher eats the porcupine. He is incomparably the stronger. He is, taking it all in all, the most savage, swift and crafty of all the marauders of the wilderness. And above all else, the porcupine's quills, so deadly to others, have for him comparatively few terrors. They do not poison or inflame his flesh, which seems to possess the faculty of soon casting them forth again through the skin. All he has to do is to flip the victim over on its back — annexing as few spines as possible in the act — and he has the unprotected throat and belly at the mercy of his fangs.

In the present case, however, the too-confident fisher had an exceptional porcupine to deal with. Quills was not only unusually large and vigorous, but, for a porcupine, sagacious. He had settled himself down solidly into the snow; and when the fisher, dodging a blow of his tail, and accepting a sharp dose of spines in the shoulder, tried to turn him over with a twist of the paw, Quills resisted successfully, and with a timely swing of his haunches stabbed his assailant's whole flank full of spines.

The fisher had expected some resistance, some more or less futile defense, but this was attack. Always short in temper, he flew into a blind rage at the pain and the surprise of it. He stood back a few inches to gain impetus for the next effort, and this was his mistake — this, and underrating his opponent. At that very instant he got a full, flailing stroke across his face from Quills's tail. It filled his nose and mouth with spines — that was to be expected. But — for the blow had surely been guided by the patron spirit of all the porcupines — it also filled both his eyes.

With a screech of anguish he flung himself full on Quills's back and strove to bite down through the armor of the spines. But he was now totally blind. And his jaws were stuck so full of spines as to be practically powerless. Meanwhile his mad struggles were simply driving deeper and deeper into all his tender under parts those terrible four-inch spikes. All at once the agony grew too appalling for even his indomitable spirit. He lurched off, and dragged himself away, stumbling and staggering, till he reached a thicket which he felt to be dense enough to hide his defeat. And here death came to him, not too soon.

For some minutes after his defeated foe had gone, Quills remained with his head thrust under the branch, chattering fierce defiance and lashing wildly with his tail. Then, very cautiously, he backed off and looked about him. His spines and fur were disheveled, and he was bleeding from some deep scratches where his assailant's claws had gone home. But he was not seriously the worse for his encounter — and he had beaten, overwhelmingly, the terrible killer of Porcupines! His sombre and solitary spirit glowed with triumph. Rather hurriedly he crawled on to his lair, and there set himself to a much-needed toilet. And outside his retreat the first long, level rays of the sunrise crept across the snow, touching the trunks of the birches and the poplars to a mystical rose-pink and saffron.

One or Two Women

—— *Continued from page 32*

She knew, when he took that tone with her, she had tapped a certain vein of cruelty in him . . . and she said no more about it. They had been married — as he told Rosita — some nine or ten years, in which time a trifle of wisdom may accumulate.

Katharine's protest was equally futile.

"You know, Rosita — much as I like the Seviers, one can't help knowing,— he'll expect us to take that picture when it's done. . . ."

"That isn't in the least what he expects, nor why he's doing it," said Rosita calmly.

"And his prices are frightful — some one told me the other night he got a thousand for a mere sketch, in oils. . . ."

Rosita thrilled to her naughty fingertips. This was not only adult appreciation flung down before her,— commercially speaking it appeared that the artist's time was golden. . . .

"What fun!" she said calmly.

"I simply will not hear of your spending that much. . . ."

"If you aren't careful, you simply will not hear anything at all about it — and you know how you'd hate that, Kath'rine."

"In addition to which," Katharine went on despairingly, "I'm not at all certain that people won't talk about your going there every day to pose for him . . . he has a reputation. . . ."

"You mean he hasn't a reputation — don't you, old dear?" inquired Rosita sweetly. "And, of course, people will talk — the people he hasn't asked to sit to him!"

"You are impossible!" said Katharine . . . but that was an observation which she had made so many times before, regarding Rosita, that it had somewhat lost its force.

"I know I am," said Rosita, stroking her charming eyebrows with the tip of a forefinger first thoughtfully moistened by her little pink tongue. "And if you set Dana on me, you'll be sorry — There's nothing I won't do — to live my own life, absolutely nothing . . . you'll remember that, won't you, Kath'rine?"

People did talk, of course — people always do talk, in Honolulu, as in other places. Sevier, himself, warned Rosita, in the nicest way imaginable, one day while she was resting, between poses.

"The tabbies," he said, "are after us — did you know it?"

"What a thrill!" said Rosita, nibbling salted almonds, which he always kept on the tea-table just for her.

"Do you know what they're saying?"

"That I've been vamping you?"

"Darling Child!" said Sevier and chuckled amusedly —"the shoe is on the other foot. They're going to have me arrested for cradle-robbing. . . ."

"Hah!" said Rosita scornfully.

"They don't know we're the same age, to a day — do they?" He came and stood at her shoulder, selected an almond and flipped it through the window.

Rosita sighed. "I am old — for my age — I know it."

"And I'm young for mine —" said Sevier. He took her hand and kissed the cool pink palm of it. "Listen to me, Miss Sphinx — I'm going to be at the Norton's dance, tonight ——"

"So am I," said Rosita. . . . "I do love your fox-trot, Vincent. . . ."

"That isn't all I love about you," said Sevier reproachfully — "however — what do you say to this . . . suppose I leave my car where I can get it out without disturbing the entire neighborhood — and suppose midway of the party I come to you and say — 'Miss Desmond, I believe this is my dance —' and suppose we two slip away and go for a bit of a ride — up to the Pali — or round Diamond Head. . . ."

"And you hold my hand in the moonlight — and somebody passes and sees us —" Rosita grinned unexpectedly . . . "fine business!" she concluded.

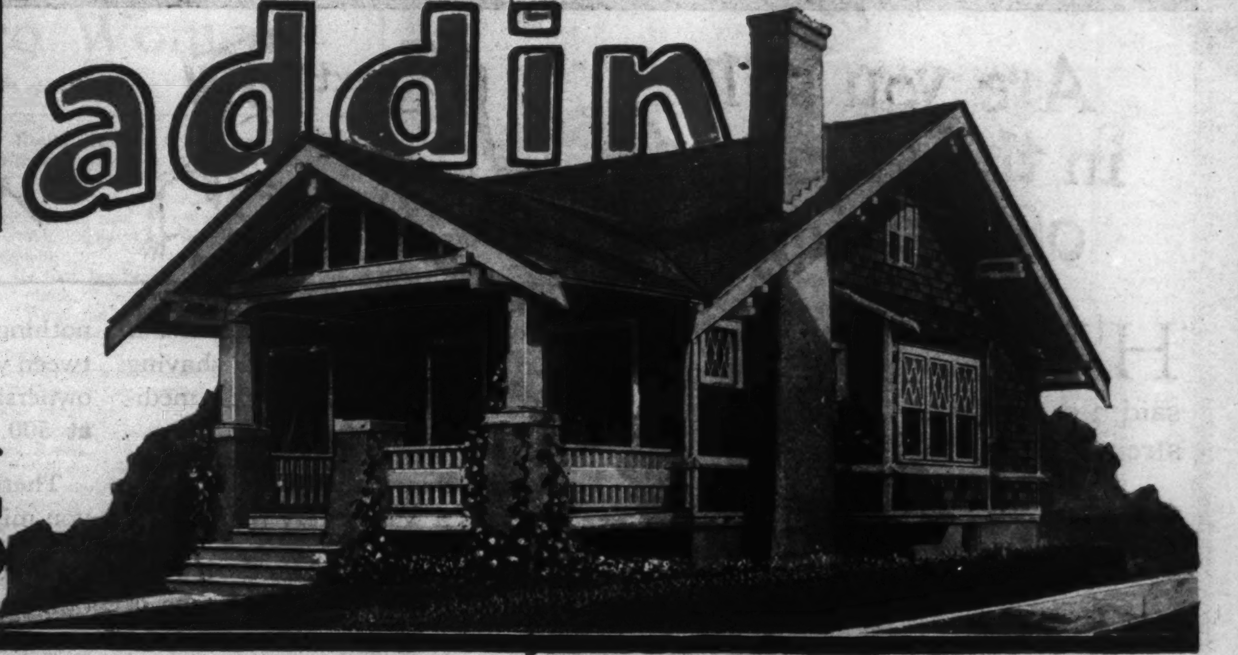
"I assure you," said Sevier cheerfully, "I'm a better hand at it than that."

"I wouldn't doubt it," said Rosita.

[*Continued on page 39*]

Aladdin

Readi-Cut HOMES



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This is the pleasant and satisfying experience of Mr. C. M. Hissong, of La Grange, Indiana, who recently wrote as follows: "I am the owner of an Aladdin Readi-cut house, the Plaza, and I am certainly more than satisfied. The carpenters in this place—those who did not help me as well as those who did—said they never saw better material. I have worked a great deal at carpentering myself and I know I never before worked such fine material—not a crooked or twisted piece in the lot. Everything was cut-to-fit and went together without a hitch, and this saving in time was a big item. Two others and myself put up the frames, sheathed the entire building and put on the shingles in 14 days. I know I saved over $1000 by buying an Aladdin Readi-cut house instead of buying at home. If I were to build either one or a hundred houses they would all be Readi-cut and bought of the Aladdin Company."

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The Aladdin Book of Homes has a message for you. Amongst its pages are shown, profusely illustrated in colors, many leading home designs. Aladdin Homes are cut-to-fit, as follows: Lumber, mill-work, floors, outside and inside finish, doors, windows, shingles, lath, and plaster, hardware, locks, nails, paints, and varnishes. This material is all shipped to you in a sealed box car, complete, ready to erect. Safe arrival of the complete material in perfect condition is guaranteed. Send today for a copy of the book "Aladdin Homes" No. 425.

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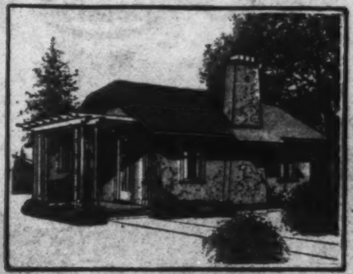

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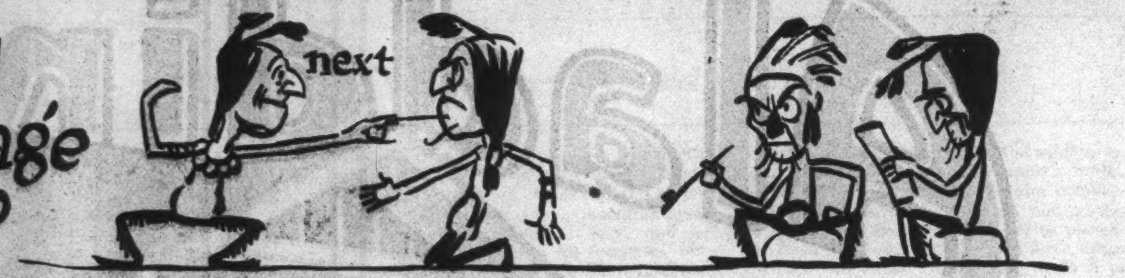
Are you still in the stone age of shaving?



"HURT? Of course my shaves hurt! I expect 'em to hurt" said a man on the back end of a street car the other morning.

He's not alone. There are millions of men who wince under wicked shaving tools every morning and think it is medicine they have to take.

They don't shave; they simply annoy their whiskers a while every morning.

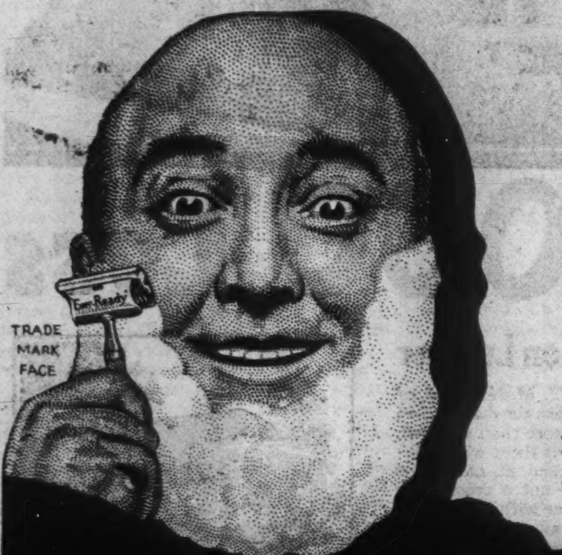
Shaving came into its own during the war. The war is responsible for one of the greatest comfort increasing discoveries of all time: The Ever-Ready Radio Blade, a safety razor blade that is as far ahead of old-time safety razor blades as **they** were ahead of the Indian system of shaving (pulling 'em out).

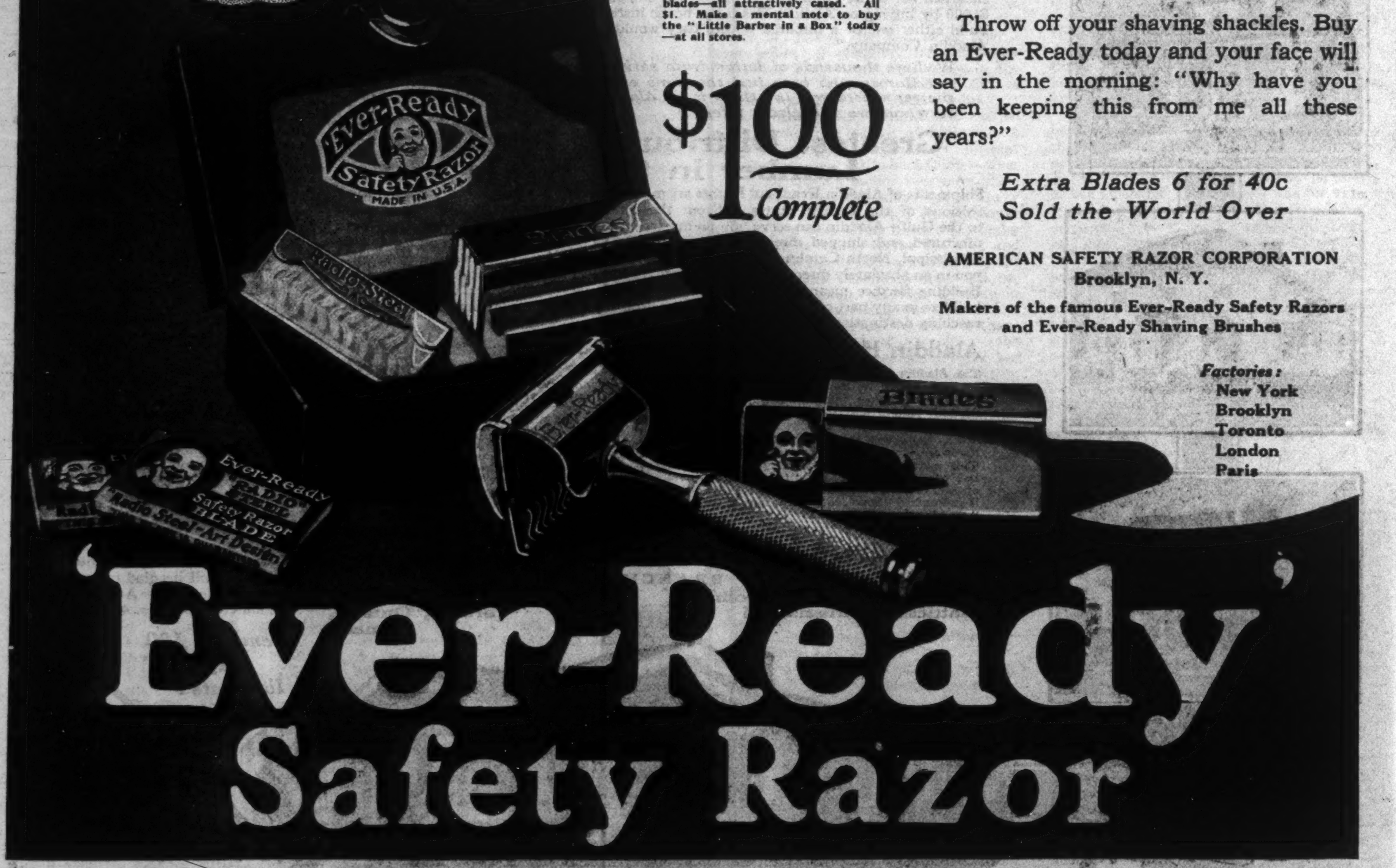
ISN'T IT POSSIBLE that you are going through life without knowing how pleasant a shave can really be? And nothing but a dollar bill standing between you and the luxury of Ever-Ready ownership! It would be worth the bet at 500.

There's no use **enduring** shaves when you might as well be **enjoying** them.

If you don't know Ever-Ready you don't know what science has done for shaving during the past few years. And if a man deserves anything he deserves the best shaves in the world, considering he saves himself at least $50 a year by shaving himself. A "fairly good" shave is like a fairly good egg.

Throw off your shaving shackles. Buy an Ever-Ready today and your face will say in the morning: "Why have you been keeping this from me all these years?"





Yes, still $1. A sturdy frame guaranteed for a lifetime, six Radio blades—all attractively cased. All $1. Make a mental note to buy the "Little Barber in a Box" today—at all stores.

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Makers of the famous Ever-Ready Safety Razors and Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Factories:
New York
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'Ever-Ready'
Safety Razor

One or Two Women

[*Continued from page 36*]

"Will you go, then?"

"H'm, I'll think it over."

"Rosita — you're a cold little devil."

Rosita suppressed a pride that almost choked her.

"I wonder —" said Sevier slowly — "if you're making a fool of me ——"

(More and more wonderful! That, Rosita remembered ecstatically, was what men always said to 'em in books . . . to the beautiful women who wrecked homes and never knew a qualm . . . she thought of Mrs. Sevier's poised indifference and experienced only a kind of lofty regret that what must be must be.)

"This thing's damned good — d'y know it?" said Sevier suddenly, going back to stand before the portrait.

Rosita would have preferred a little more conversation on the subject of her own arctic irresistibility, but she admitted reluctantly that the picture did her justice.

"Nice color — ver-ree nice color, indeed —" continued Sevier, squinting at the canvas through half-closed eyes — "and I've almost got you, by gad! The old, old thing that's only half-asleep under your pink-and-white flesh and the funny dusty gold of your hair . . . know what I mean? No — course you don't. How should you? Fifty years from now, though, when your pulse has slowed up a bit — and you're wearing, double lenses over those invitational eyes, you'll totter over to the wall—and you'll look at this and you'll say to yourself — 'Vincent knew!— Oh, Lord—what wouldn't I give — to be back in that room by the blue sea — with Vincent catching my soul on the tips of his brushes!'"

"Don't! — You make me shiver!" said Rosita — "I sha'n't ever wear glasses — nor totter ——"

Sevier quoted with an odd half-smile — "'This is the end of every man's desire!'" Then he put a finger under Rosita's chin and tipped up her face to the light. . . . "Your skin is like satin," he mused — "and your eyes are as green as a cat's . . . is it your eyes or your mouth that tells on you? Hanged if I know! You've got it though — if I'm any judge of women. . . ."

"Got what?" demanded Rosita.

"The ability to start things," Sevier told her mockingly.

That night they slipped away from the dance and went for a ride in Sevier's roadster, while Beatrice Sevier was playing bridge in the Norton's library, and while Teddy, like a lost soul, wandered in and out amongst the dancers, looking for Rosita.

The ride in itself was not of the keenest significance. One did that sort of thing, not infrequently, at dances — if one could get away with it. But to Rosita it was a milestone. She had never been riding, alone, with a married man before. It made her feel fearfully old and sophisticated and rather wicked . . . distinctly wicked.

There was no moon. Rosita found that somehow fitting for such dark delightful enterprise, but Sevier complained: "There's something missing — moonlight, of course . . . there's always a moon when a fellow's twenty."

"If you were twenty — I shouldn't be here," said Rosita languidly.

Sevier insisted stubbornly . . . "I'm twenty, to-night. . . ."

"Well — I'm thirty!" said Rosita. "So that's that."

He stopped the car, when they had gone a little farther, well off the road in a curve of the cliff, and they sat there looking down at the lights of Kohala which glimmered sweetly along the beach. The night was very dark, almost starless, cool, with a hint of coming rain — and out in the farther blackness the hoarse rumble of the surf upon the reef went on forever and forever. . . .

"'The woman of thirty' — you don't read Balzac, by any chance — do you, Rosita?" asked Sevier respectfully — "Is that where you got the idea?"

"I don't read much of anybody," said Rosita coldly. "I like to do my own thinking — not pick it up second-hand from other people. . . ."

"I admire you immensely for it," he assured her. "However — why waste time on Shakespeare and the musical glasses on such a night as this? . . . even if you are thirty — to my twenty — that's the usual thing — quite! . . ."

Rosita reflected fleetingly that romance with a married man involved a vast amount of talk about nothing.

"First woman I ever loved was my sister's governess," said Sevier, after a pause.

"Who was the last?" asked Rosita impishly.

He took her hand, at that, and held it to his cheek.

"Want me to tell you — frankly?"

"I'd rather know how many came in between."

Sevier quoted pleasantly:

"'One or two women, God bless them, have loved me!'"

"I wouldn't be your wife for a million," said Rosita.

"Nobody asked you," he assured her. "And I wouldn't be your husband — when he arrives! Nevertheless — need that stand in the way of a purple patch or so, just now? You intrigue me, Rosita — I told you so that first night if you remember. I realize that I am not doing the manly thing — as Jurgen would have put it — in coming between you and that nice-looking youngster — but you renew my youth — I can't resist you! Besides, look what we've done, between us — the portrait! Best thing I've turned out in a year, I got up in the night to look at it. . . ."

"When?"

"Last night! — I did — it's damned good! I'm going to take it back to New York with me. . . ."

"Indian giver!" cried Rosita, startled — "I thought you were going to give it to me!"

"Did you? — well, perhaps I shall — if you're good," he put an arm about her suddenly, stooped his cheek to her smooth, soft hair. . . .

ROSITA sat very still, unprotesting but also unencouraging. She might almost have been said to be watchfully waiting. Her heart annoyed her by beginning a muffled alarm, but she ignored it as a woman of the world naturally would. This was the life, she said to herself. Was one to squeal and run at the first approach of the real thing? She steeled herself to meet Sevier's obviously increasing ardor, very much as in her younger days she had steeled herself to taste an olive — other people made a great to-do over it, she would know why. Even supposing he kissed her . . . well! . . . Teddy was forever trying to kiss her . . . What was a kiss after all? She had momentary vision of Mrs. Sevier's cool, critical smile and dismissed it ruthlessly. A real psychologist of the emotions, Rosita. How was one ever to know, if one was too much afraid. Sevier did kiss her, of course — stifling various misgivings of his own — he, too, thought of his wife, as he had thought of her before, in similar circumstances, without being either helped or hindered by the thought . . . a merely perfunctory concession to the conjugal right . . . chiefly, he thought of Rosita . . . and that it was, after all, a rotten shame for him to brush the bloom off . . . in the end, he rather lost his head and kissed her twice.

At which Rosita rather lost hers — and slapped him.

She was dreadfully ashamed of such unsophisticated behavior almost at once, and apologized delightfully.

"Oh — I'm sorry — Honestly — I didn't mean to — but I do hate to be pawed ——"

"My mistake, obviously," he admitted, nursing a smarting ear. "Do you mind telling me — what was it you disliked? Kissing in general — or my method in particular?"

They both broke into laughter — bloodkin after all!

"Well, you didn't do it any too darned well," said Rosita. She achieved a drawl, creditably bored. She would not for virginal worlds have had him know how her heart was racing.

"I didn't — eh?" said Sevier. He started his engine, turned the car toward home. There was tumult of a sort in his own veins. Exquisite, irresponsible tumult — a throw-back to the twenty he had been playing at. He masked it with a brief laugh:

"'Art is long' — you know the rest of it . . . I may do better next time. . . ."

"Whenever that is!" returned Rosita disdainfully.

They passed, in their progress around

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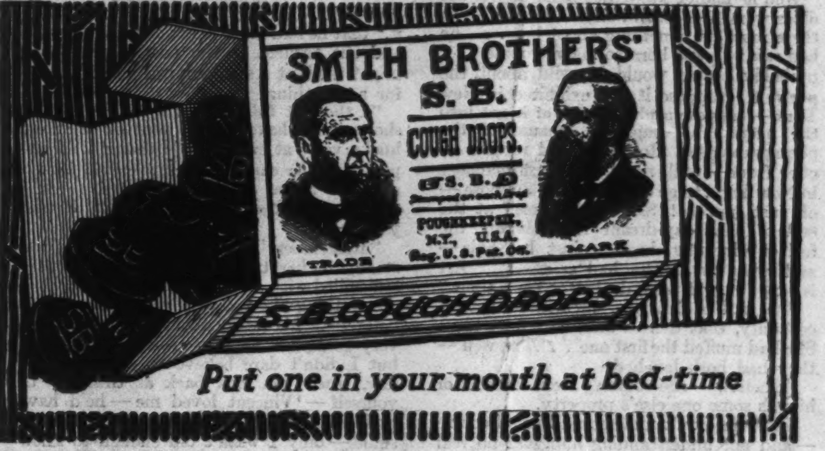

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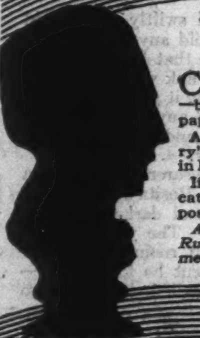

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Diamond Head and back to the Norton's party, various other cars drawn up to take the air, the dark precluding a view. "This place is getting to be a bally Lover's Lane," observed Sevier amusedly. "Not a bad idea — love's young dream, holding forth on the side of a dead volcano . . . there's a sense of humor, somewhere in the universe, Rosita."

Nevertheless, and in the face of that sense of humor, from that dim half-hour on the edge of the cliff, the affair of Rosita and Sevier marched rather more swiftly. She slept badly, that night; so to his own half-cynical amazement did he. He called her on the telephone at ten in the morning:

"ROSITA — this is Vincent — did I get you out of bed?"

"Been up for hours — had a swim in the pool at seven."

"Great to be young — isn't it! Rosita —"

"All right — I'm listening. . . ."

"I think I can finish the picture with one more sitting — let's get it done, so we can give a party and have everybody in to see it — can you come down to the studio this afternoon?"

"I was going to the beach, with Teddy. . . ."

"Oh — I see — well, don't let me interfere." (— on a jealous note, unmistakably.)

"Don't be a crab! Of course, I'm crazy to have the picture finished."

"You'll come, then, Rosita?"

"What time?"

"About two."

"Too early — make it three."

"Three, then — not any later!"

"Righto! Be sure and have tea for me. . . ."

She thought he said he'd have the stars upon a string for her, but in a fit of inexplicable brusquerie which was really more than half shyness — Rosita, shy! — she jerked up the receiver and so couldn't be sure. Somehow, over night, this lovely wicked rosy game of being in love with a married man had gotten a little out of hand. She kept remembering his voice — the way he had of lingering over her name — the half-quizzical, half-ardent look in his dark eyes — his splendid head — his strong, nervous brown hands . . . he made Teddy and the other boys one played about with seem fearfully tame . . . no doubt about that!

And he hadn't wanted to paint any of the older women — he had singled her out — so there must be something about her . . . he had said she was born to make trouble . . . probably people would be wild about the portrait. Suppose it was exhibited in New York — suppose a photograph of it got into the magazines — suppose, because of the photograph, she, Rosita, should receive an offer from — well, say the biggest manager in New York, to go on the stage! Suppose — oh, just suppose! She found herself at the end of that day-dream remembering the feel of Vincent's cheek against her hair — and what was it he had said — ? "'Art is long' . . . I may do better next time."

She had a delicious, breathless, defiant certainty, that there would be a next time. She had muffed the first one . . . oh, well — they had both laughed!

Somehow — she couldn't seem to think of him as some one else's property.

His wife didn't understand him, of course — and not understanding him, had no real right to him. Rosita felt interestingly modern — almost Bolshevik — when she thought of Vincent's wife.

It was three, to a dot, when she walked across the studio *lanai* and looked in at the door. She wore a dark blue satin gown, the most sophisticated thing she owned, and a hat which belonged to Katharine, but had assuredly never, upon Katharine's head, created just that effect of experienced charm.

Sevier was standing before the easel, one hand in his pocket, one hand on the back of his smooth dark head . . . he turned at the sound of Rosita's footsteps and his face lit up amazingly . . . his eyes absolutely shone . . . however, he only said:

"Good — I'm glad you've come — I'm aching to wind this up!"

"Me, too!" said Rosita.

"Only the face now — sha'n't need the frock," he told her. So Rosita went over without a word and sat down in the high-backed Jacobean chair which was obviously awaiting her. The afternoon light fell softly upon her head — she had put her hat down on the table — and upon her uplifted face; her mouth tipped up, ever so little, at the adorable corners of it, as if she were presently going to laugh . . . the shadow of her lashes darkened her pussy-cat eyes . . . her hands, cupped in her lap, lay very still.

"And I learned about women from her!" said Sevier softly. He looked at Rosita for a long time, until she flushed beneath his eyes, and drew a quick little breath that was almost a sigh. Then he turned back to the portrait and tinkered with that for almost as long without once looking round.

Ultimately, he said over his shoulder:

"You change so — it's the very devil! There's something new, to-day . . . a kind of softness . . . what did you dream last night?"

"I didn't dream — I had a rotten night," said Rosita.

He swung about and faced her eagerly:

"Did you? — honestly, Rosita? You funny cold little thing! I thought ——"

"Go on! — paint!" said Rosita, defensively. The pulse in her throat was behaving queerly. She felt a wild impulse to cut and run.

Sevier obeyed her, after one hesitant look. He seemed presently to forget that he was not alone and worked away in a sort of nervous absorption, whistling softly to himself.

It was getting on to five and the light was thinning out to a wash of pale warm gold when he threw down his brushes and walked over to the chair in which Rosita sat.

"It's jolly well finished," he said — "for all of *me!* Come over and have a look!"

When they stood before the portrait, side by side, he slipped his arm about Rosita's shoulders . . . a mad little dream whirled in Rosita's brain and she stood quite still. Great lovers, remember, are those who can never marry! Also there have been Super-Women, not to be hindered by doddering convention. Rosita knew them from the little books, bound in soft, cozy leather, with a slim ribbon marker between the pages.

So she said:

"I think it's wonderful!"

And as a matter of fact it was, for Sevier had caught the Sphinx looking out of Rosita's childishly clear eyes, and the effect was subtly arresting.

He told her, with a curious exultant unsteadiness in his voice: "Take a good look at it, Infanta — it's going to mean something to a lot of people — or I'm a conceited fool. It's the sort of thing a man doesn't put over more than once or twice in a lifetime — an interesting thing, damned interestingly done! — if you see what I mean."

ROSITA didn't in the least. She saw only that he had made her uncommonly lovely and she thrilled to the knowledge as one might thrill at a star dropped into one's lap for a plaything.

"I thought I'd got into a rut — and this shows me I haven't —" went on the low, husky voice at her ear. "I thought I'd got past the fine careless rapture — life looked as even as a dinner-table, Rosita — and about as dull — till that night I met *you* ——"

"Remember?" murmured Rosita, not too steady in her turn. The studio was very still, filled with a limpid golden air.

"Nothing like you ever came into my life before—" his arm about her tightened very gently —"I'd always hoped for you — but I didn't dare believe in you — Some day, when you look back at this, say to yourself — 'Vincent loved me — he'd have pulled the world to pieces just to see me smile — only I wasn't old enough to know it. . . .'"

Which was rather more than Rosita could bear.

"I am —" she cried swiftly —"*I'm* old enough — I'm not a child any longer ——"

One remembers, also, that Vincent Sevier was, by now, a little drunk with looking on his own work and finding it good. Explanation, if not excuse. In any case — he was always fire — as to him and, later, to others, Rosita was usually tow.

His arm drew her nearer. As the sea gives back the moon, Rosita's long, gray-green eyes, widening and darkening, gave back his shining look. The youth of the world flamed up in that room for one moment. In which moment he kissed her — and her hands half-repelled, half-clung to him. . . .

In which moment — also — there was a step on the *lanai*, and Rosita wrenched herself free — he stood away from her — awkwardly enough. Strange how the flame sank and smothered under a gray ash of fear — a not nice fear — a fear shot through and through with speechless dread —— !

Mrs. Sevier, it appeared, however, had seen nothing.

She came into the room with her slow, graceful step, nodding at her husband, smiling to Rosita.

"Well —?" she said pleasantly. "Is it done? I've been downtown and I'm frightfully tired. Let's have tea — shall we? And talk the portrait over . . . you look a bit warm, Rosita. Come sit by the window . . . Vincent, will you call Matsu . . .?"

They had tea. A reassuringly ordinary performance. Rosita's bread-and-butter choked her, very nearly, in the house of her enemy, but she swallowed a bit and disposed of the rest in crumbs. Vincent drank two cups and said very little about anything. His eyes when he looked at Rosita, once, held a sombre question. Only Mrs. Sevier seemed thoroughly to enjoy the little feast. She made casual conversation concerning a number of things and insisted upon refilling Rosita's cup when Rosita had just doggedly succeeded in emptying it.

Eventually she left the tea-table, walked across to the easel and regarded the portrait with a coolly critical gaze.

"It's the best thing you've done in some time, Vincent, my dear," she said.

"I think myself it's good," said Vincent. He showed a momentary gleam.

"Quite in your earlier manner — isn't it?" suggested his wife.

Sevier flashed her a glance like the edge of a blade which Rosita, seeing, wondered at.

"Really, Vincent — it somehow recaptures the first fine, careless rapture — and all that sort of thing. . . ."

Rosita recognized the phrase with a feeling of uneasiness, as if she stood in the presence of two who spoke a language she could not follow.

"Wonderful flesh-tones," murmured Mrs. Sevier — "and the light on the hair — you've never done anything more charming. When are you going to have it photographed?"

"Day or so, probably," said Sevier.

"Oh, you must! — at once!" insisted his wife. She crossed to a table on the far side of the room; came back with a large, grey-covered book in her arms.

"I'm going to show Rosita your scrap-book — sit over here, dear, by me!" She put out a hand to Rosita.

"What the deuce do you want to do that for?" Sevier protested almost sullenly.

"Don't be so modest," said his wife, sweetly. "I know she'll like to see it."

She opened the book at the first page. It bore the photograph of a painting, a large painting, obviously, of a girl in a low-cut gown with a rose in her hair.

"Sort of old-fashioned, isn't it?" observed Rosita warily.

"Oh, my dear!" cried Mrs. Sevier — "Don't say that! You'll break Vincent's heart. That was his first big commission. She was a girl in Philadelphia . . . very old family and all that . . . Vincent was mad about her. Of course it *was* painted a good bit ago . . . the year we were married, wasn't it, Vincent? I remember I was frightfully jealous — at first — she was such a pretty thing. But the portrait really made him — she sent all her friends to him to be painted . . . and she had some rather interesting friends . . . remember the little Austrian countess, Vincent?" She turned the page with a deft hand — "Here she is! In the big hat — a little wretch, Rosita — if ever there was one. Vincent used to keep her especial brand of cigarettes on the tea-table in the studio. . . ."

"Frightfully old-fashioned hat!" interpolated Rosita coldly.

"Naturally — let me see —" Mrs. Sevier looked off across the room with a meditative smile — "that was very nearly ten years ago. How old are you, Rosita? Almost eighteen? Well, my child — at the time that Vincent painted the Countess Barudi — you were seven. Just starting off to school, probably — doesn't it make you feel aged, Vincent, dear?"

"Not in the least," said Sevier hardily. He felt of his tie and settled it with meticulous attention to detail.

MRS. SEVIER turned another page. Her manner was charmingly casual, impersonal almost, yet careless of confidence. "And this was Laura Gage — beautiful, wasn't she? Vincent painted her in New York. A very temperamental person. She adored gardenias and other rather smelly flowers, so the studio was full of them for weeks. He and she sat about in an atmosphere of absolutely foggy sweetness and recited verse together — I used to spend hours opening windows and trying to air the place after she had gone. But I think he got something of her intense nature in the portrait, don't you? He was fearfully keen about her — weren't you, Vincent?"

"She looks like an actress," said Rosita with an inflection that any stage in the world might well have resented.

"How clever of you!" said Mrs. Sevier. "That's just what she was. An English chorus girl to begin with. No particular breeding but a great deal of soul. Now, there was Mrs. Sturtevant — that was in New York, too. She was really finished, to her finger-tips — where *is* that picture of Mrs. Sturtevant, Vincent? And do you remember how infatuated you were? — He couldn't eat nor sleep, Rosita, while he was working on that portrait . . . I was honestly worried about him. Of course, an artist has to be interested in his subject to a certain extent — as a mere matter of inspiration — but really, Mrs. Sturtevant had a most disturbing effect on him."

"You've painted a lot of people, haven't you?" said Rosita to Sevier. She looked at him straight for the first time since the opening of the scrap-book.

"'One or two women, God bless them . . .'" murmured Mrs. Sevier with a ripple of amusement. There was something oddly unpleasant to Rosita's ear in the unconscious repetition of Sevier's phrases . . . a suggestion of oneness between the man and the woman — even though that oneness tore at itself. . . .

"NOW THESE," offered Mrs. Sevier, still turning pages, "are rather more modern, the hats won't offend you in these, Rosita! One comes straight down to the present day. This, even —" she stopped and stared reflectively at the picture of a slim, dark girl in a straight, dark smock, with bobbed hair and smouldering, hungry eyes — "this, even, might stand for to-morrow. That's Diane Lafaye, the pianist. Oh dear, oh dear! What I suffered, while Vincent was painting her! Only last winter, that was — She used to play to him for hours. They were utterly mad about each other. He used to call her Beautiful — which she wasn't — strictly speaking. She gave him a gold cigarette-case, with an inscription so tender that he could never use it in public. Amusing, isn't it? Oh, there isn't one of these photographs, but has a lovely story attached! Really, Vincent — some day you must write your memoirs — Portrait of the Artist, by Himself — or has some one written that already?"

"Unfortunately, some one has," said Sevier. He threw his cigarette away.

"Then, you might call it 'Bluebeard'," said Rosita.

She got up and walked across to the table where her hat lay; crammed it down over her thick, soft hair and deliberately powdered her nose with the aid of Katharine's favorite bag which she had pre-empted for the afternoon.

"So you see," said Mrs. Sevier, smiling delightfully, "we really must have your portrait photographed at once, Rosita, to add to Vincent's collection. He's given it to you, hasn't he? How nice!"

"Absolutely not!" returned Rosita. "I couldn't think of accepting such a valuable present. I only posed because it amused me. I'll do anything once."

There was something rather gallant in the way she said good-bye to her hostess, chin in the air, long eyes narrowed.

"So glad to have seen the scrap-book," said Rosita — "had a delightful afternoon! Delightful, knowing you and Mr. Sevier — first artist I've ever seen in captivity . . ."

When she gave her hand to Sevier he looked deep into her eyes and she looked back, unflinching . . . his were half-imploring, but hers were dark with a young and unsparing scorn. Rosita, hurt, was apt to be Rosita, unforgiving.

"Sorry I've got to run along," said Rosita — "Teddy'll be waiting for me."

Rainbows faded on the air between them, which was harder, really, on Sevier than Rosita, for he was already on his way out of the region of rainbows, while she was only just entering it.

"Teddy? — ah, yes — of course!" he said grimly.

When Rosita had gone across the *lanai* and across the shadow-haunted lawn to the street, Sevier lit another cigarette and spoke to his wife through the smoke.

"You're a dashed clever woman, aren't you, Bee?" he observed, in sardonic concession.

Beatrice Sevier returned his look a moment in silence. Suddenly and pitifully her eyes filled with tears.

She said very simply: "I wasn't — ten years ago."

Enlarged from negative made with a No. 2A Brownie fitted with a seventy-five cent Kodak Portrait Attachment.

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After all home pictures mean the most. Pictures of travel, of the week-end motor trip and of our sports—all these add to the fascination of the picture album. But the home pictures—for the most part pictures of the children, just every day pictures—these are the ones that never lose their appeal, that grow more and more in value as the children out-grow childhood.

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The Tolerant Tax Payer

[*Continued from page 29*]

But now the time has come when the government must perforce stop printing the money with which we pay high prices and high taxes, and unless at the same time the government's money-spending habits are drastically changed there will be very serious trouble.

Into the magic money bowl at Washington the perfect taxpayer, assisted by the Liberty Bond buyers, who will be paid off by themselves again as taxpayers, — into the magic bowl he has poured annually the following sums:

In 1914......	$ 983,812,592
In 1915........	1,018,647,924
In 1916........	1,030,721,451
In 1917........	2,386,669,210
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In 1919........	19,302,379,680
*In 1920........	6,500,000,000

*1920 partly estimated.

Into the magic money bowl each American household now puts $300 annually.

How does the government spend this money? That is our present inquiry — *how?* Let us look at the system working.

Behold first the celebrated Book of Estimates. It weighs about seven pounds, costs $35 per copy and contains 1,000 pages of fine print. It has an index of more than 3,000 subjects. It is the most colossal guessing book prepared by man, and he prepares it in this manner:

On, or before, the fifteenth of October every chief of bureau must submit to the head of his department an estimate of the money he will require to carry on his work during the twelve months beginning July 1st of the next year. Note this. Not later than October 15, 1920, he must say how much money he will need for the fiscal year *beginning* eight and a half months later, that is, on July 1st, 1921.

Suppose we be specific. We take the Department of Agriculture.

At the top of the Department of Agriculture is the Office of the Secretary of Agriculture, who is a member of the President's Cabinet. He is the responsible head of all that department.

Below the Office of the Secretary are the following bureaus:

1. Bureau of Farm Management and Farm Economics.
2. Weather Bureau.
3. Bureau of Animal Industry.
4. Bureau of Meat Inspection.
5. Bureau of Plant Industry.
6. Bureau of Forest Service.
7. Bureau of Chemistry.
8. Bureau of Soils.
9. Bureau of Entomology.
10. Bureau of Biological Survey.
11. Bureau of Publications.
12. Bureau of Crop Estimates.
13. Bureau of States Relations.
14. Bureau of Public Roads.
15. Bureau of Markets.
16. Bureau for the Enforcement of U. S. Grain Standards.
17. Bureau for the Administration of the U. S. Warehouse Act.
18. Bureau for the Enforcement of the Insecticide Act.
19. Federal Horticultural Board.
20. Bureau of Demonstrations on Reclamation Projects.
21. Bureau for Experiments and Demonstrations in Live Stock Production in the Sugar and Cotton Districts of the U. S.
22. Bureau for Co-operative Fire Protection of Forested Watersheds of Navigable Streams.
23. Bureau for Conducting Experiments in Dairying and Live Stock Production in Semi-arid and Irrigated Districts of the Western U. S.
24. Bureau for the Eradication of Pink Bollworm.
25. Bureau for the Investigation and Prevention of Plant-dust Explosions and Fires.

At the top of each of these twenty-five bureaus is a chief, with assistants, personnel and general expenses.

Within each bureau are separately organized divisions of work, and each division has its head, or man in charge, with assistants, personnel and general expenses, including expenses for "stationery, travel, equipment and material, and miscellaneous." In the Bureau of Plant Industry alone there are *forty* such divisions of work, each separately organized, each having a man in charge, with assistants, personnel and general expenses.

Now see what happens.

On, or before, October the fifteenth each man in charge of a division of work estimates the amount of money he will require for salaries, stationery, equipment, material, travel, general expenses and miscellaneous — for the fiscal year beginning eight and one-half months hence. How will he do it? How would any of us do it under the circumstances given?

First, he makes his estimate generous because he is an optimist about his job and wishes it to grow. Then he adds something for luck, something for contingencies and something for fear Congress will be in a stingy mood when it reaches the estimates of the Department of Agriculture and scale them all down a little on the suspicion that they were inflated with precisely that possibility in mind.

Thirty or forty guesses prepared in this manner by the men in charge of the separate divisions of work within one bureau are transmitted to the chief of that bureau. He approves them, since he, too, is an optimist and wishes to make the most of his job. The more money they can get out of Congress the better. To the aggregate guesses of all his subordinates the chief of bureau adds his own guess of what *he* will require for salaries, general expenses, etc., and the total result is that bureau's estimate of its needs for the fiscal year beginning eight and one-half months hence. This, the bureau's estimate, is then sent up to the Office of the Secretary.

Having received in this way the estimates from all of his twenty-five bureaus the Secretary of Agriculture adds thereto his own estimate of what *he* will require for salaries, general expenses, etc., and this high, grand gross result is then transmitted to the Secretary of the Treasury, on, or before, the fifteenth of October, as the Estimated Expenditures of the Department of Agriculture for the fiscal year beginning the next July.

Exactly the same procedure is followed in each of the great departments of the government, namely, the War Department, the Navy Department, the State Department, the Department of Justice, the Department of Commerce, the Department of Labor, the Department of the Interior, the Treasury Department, and the Post Office Department.

And when all the guesses are in the Secretary of the Treasury writes a letter to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, saying:

"Sir: In conformity with the requirements of sections 3669 and 3670 of the Revised Statutes I have the honor to transmit for the information of Congress the Estimates of Appropriations required for the service of the fiscal year, as furnished by the several executive departments."

This letter is laid on top, and the mass is sent off to the Public Printer. Result: The Book of Estimates.

It represents the aggregate demands proposed to be made upon the magic bowl. These demands, be it noted, are prepared by men in charge of thousands of petty divisions of work, by hundreds of bureau chiefs and by the heads of departments, without any reference whatever to the state of the government's resources.

Now we follow the Book of Estimates.

On the first Monday of December two august events take place. Congress convenes and the Book of Estimates arrives on Capitol Hill. Immediately the run on the money bowl begins.

Formerly the House Appropriations Committee was the sole and jealous guardian of the money bowl. It handed out all the funds. No other committee could bring an appropriation bill before the House, and as the Constitution provides that money bills shall originate in the House the power of the House Appropriations Committee was absolute. That was the trouble. The power to control appropriations is, in fact, the power of veto over legislation. You may pass a bill unanimously to recast the scheme of human affairs on a magnificent scale, but if you cannot get the money afterward, nothing will eventuate.

Gradually, under great political pressure, the right to bring appropriation bills before the House came to be distributed among various committees; gradually also the Senate gained the right to alter as it liked any or all of the appropriation bills received from the House, so that it could, without direct responsibility, rewrite them, increase or decrease items therein, and add new ones. It came to be at length that nine separate committees in the House and nine in the Senate had access to the money bowl, independently of the Appropriations Committee of the House, which had been the original custodian. Naturally, each of these other committees, being none of them responsible for raising the money, or for the level of funds in the bowl, is intent upon having the utmost amount for the work in which it happens to be particularly interested, — the Committee on Military Affairs for the army, the Committee on Naval Affairs for the navy, the Committee on Agriculture for agriculture, and so on.

Each committee takes up that part of the Book of Estimates with which it is sympathetically concerned and invites the department heads and bureau chiefs who have prepared the estimates to come and defend them in public hearings.

Now observe, first, that the estimates are defended by those who made them; secondly, that they are defended before a committee attached to the work for which the money is wanted, and, thirdly, that all of these committees are working independently of each other and arrive at their conclusions on the merits of the subjects under discussion, without any reference to the resources of the government.

For example:

The Committee on Agriculture summons the Chief of the Bureau of Entomology of the Department of Agriculture for a hearing on his estimates. They come to the camphor thrips — $5,000 for investigating the nature and habits of the pest known as the camphor thrips. The chief of the bureau defends that item spiritedly; or, he calls the man who is in charge of that division of work, the official camphor thrips destroyer, and he comes and thrills the committee by reciting the depredations of his monster. The item stands.

Next they come to a much larger item — "for investigating, identifying and classifying miscellaneous insects affecting the health of man." Laudable investigation! Who will begrudge the cost of —

Three entomologists,
Six entomological assistants,
Four entomological assistants' assistants,
Four specialists,
Five scientific assistants,
One expert,
One mycoentomologist,
Three field agents,
Traveling expenses, etc.,

for an investigation of miscellaneous insects affecting the health of man? Not the Committee on Agriculture. The Bureau Chief crosses his heart and says it cannot be done for less than $62,300. It isn't much. It is nothing to quarrel about really. But it seems a little odd — wouldn't you think it odd? — to find a few pages farther on that another division of work in the same Bureau of Entomology is spending $100,000 a year "for the promotion of economic entomology; for investigating the history and habits of insects injurious and beneficial to agriculture . . . and *the study of insects affecting the health of man.*"

Duplication of work in government service requires to be neither asserted nor proved. It is admitted. The evil is inherent in the method — in the *How* we are discussing, and, as nobody is responsible, there is no one to deny the fact.

From many committees having right of access to the money bowl, each one preoccupied with its own job, there evolved a state of confusion which cannot be simply described. At the last session of Congress the House Appropriations Committee tried to make a picture of it. The result is not reproduced. Reduced to one-tenth its original size it would fill one whole page, and you would not be able to understand it without a text-book.

It resembles a cubist drawing of a gooseberry bush. At the top is the House Appropriations Committee with nominal custody of the money bowl. Falling away from it is a mass of lines meaning to show how other committees reached the bowl on their own initiative. The picture shows not only that various committees had been appropriating great sums independently of each other and independently also of the Appropriations Committee, but that one department of the government might receive appropriations simultaneously from several committees.

Thus, three committees of the House of Representatives are shown to have been appropriating money for the War Department — the Committee on Military Affairs delivering money to it through the Army Bill and the Military Academy Bill; the Committee on Rivers and Harbors delivering money to it through what is best known as the Pork Bill, and the Committee on Appropriations delivering money to it through the Fortifications Bill, the Sundry Civil Bill, the Legislative Executive and Judicial Bill and the Deficiencies Bill.

Three separate committees appropriating money for the War Department in seven different bills! And this was a detail of the picture.

Confusion is the air and the Book of Estimates the soil in which the great appropriation bills germinate and mature. Have you ever read an appropriation bill? Let us take one at random. It is the Deficiencies Bill, passed at the last session. On page 75 we read, item:

"For Indian School, Chilocco, Okla., repairs and improvements, 39 cents."

A careful sum — 39 cents for repairing and improving a schoolhouse! Does Congress scrutinize expenditures in that microscopic manner? On page 68 we read, item:

"For promoting commerce, South and Central America, 25 cents."

This is no flinging of money around. Is Congress so meticulous? We wonder what it costs to put a quarter of a dollar through the vast government machine and read on. On page 29 we see, item:

"BUREAU OF WAR RISK INSURANCE.—The sum of $350,000 of the appropriation for stationery and minor office supplies, contained in the First Deficiencies Appropriations Act, fiscal year 1920, is made available for the payment of salaries."

What does that mean? We read it again. "The sum of $350,000 *of* the appropriation for stationery and minor office supplies, etc. — " By all there is in grammar it means that the original appropriation for stationery and minor office supplies in one bureau of the government was more than a third of a million larger than was necessary. Therefore, $350,000 is reappropriated for salaries.

It does sometimes happen that the bureau or commission for which money has been appropriated cannot use all of it decently, and afterward returns the surplus. The Federal Trade Commission wanted an extraordinary appropriation of half a million dollars to fight the high cost of living. The House Appropriations Committee screwed it down to $150,000 and gave it that sum. Five months later the chairman of the Federal Trade Commission reported to the Appropriations Committee that not a cent of the money had been used, because, as he said, "we did what work we could do beneficially on the high cost of living within our regular appropriation."

There is no issue of integrity. It only shows how easy it is to get money out of the bowl.

Taking instances as they come, there is fuel oil: The Navy Department tells the Committee on Naval Affairs that the subject of fuel oil is vital to our national preservation and must be investigated. Therefore, we read in the Naval Appropriations Bill, item:

"For an investigation of fuel oil, gasoline and other fuel adapted to naval requirements, $500,000."

Then the Bureau of Mines of the Department of the Interior tells the Appropriations Committee that the subject of fuel oil is vital

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The use of our machines reduces costs and increases profits.

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International Heavy Duty Scales automatically indicate correct weight, saving time and error in shipping rooms or any place where large weights are handled.

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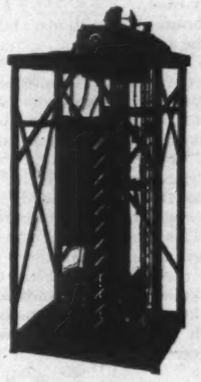
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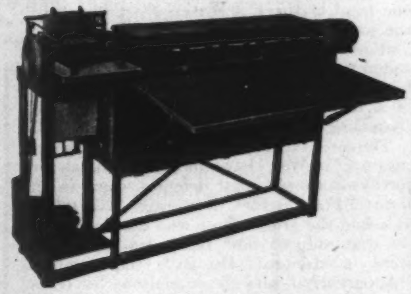
ELECTRICAL TABULATOR

to our nationhood and must be investigated. In the Sundry Civil Bill we read, item:

"For the investigation of mineral fuels, etc., and recommending to various departments of the government changes in selection and use of fuel oil, $142,510."

Or there is aviation: It is scattered all through the Book of Estimates; consequently, it appears variously in the appropriation bills. The Committee on Naval Affairs naturally agrees with the Navy Department that it should develop its own all-around aviation arm, hence it writes down in the Naval Appropriations Bill, "for aviation, all purposes, including experimental work, $25,000,000." The Committee on Military Affairs naturally agrees with the War Department that *it* should develop aviation in the paramount manner; hence it writes down in the Army Appropriations Bill, "for aviation, all purposes, including experimental work, $40,000,000." It appears again in the Fortifications Appropriations Bill, which is in the hands of the House Appropriations Committee. This committee listens sympathetically to General Mitchell when he says he would abolish all naval aviation stations, allow the navy only fleet airplane bases, and make it "concentrate its work with the fleet and not spread over the land with an expensive duplicate system." Nevertheless, things are as they are, and the arm of seacoast defense, for which General Mitchell is speaking, must have money to develop aviation stations. It appears again in the Sundry Civil Bill, as, item: "National Advisory Commission for Aëronautics — For scientific research in the field of aëronautics, etc., $200,000." It appears yet again. The Bureau of Standards of the Department of the Interior must have $25,000 "for the investigation and standardization of aëronautic instruments."

OR TAKE surveys: Approximately $3,000,000 a year is spent for surveys. The money is appropriated in four or five different bills, drawn by separate committees, and is distributed among the various departments and bureaus as follows: To the War Department, for the survey of northern and northwestern lakes; to the Coast and Geodetic Survey in the Department of the Interior, for surveying the coasts and the topographical features of harbors, etc.; to the Hydrographic Office of the Navy Department, for ocean and lake surveys; to the U. S. Geological Survey, of the Department of the Interior, for topographical surveys, etc.; to the Public Lands Service of the Department of the Interior, for the survey of public lands; to the Department of Agriculture, for the survey of public lands in the national forests; to the War Department, for topographical and other surveys, and to the State Department, for surveying the land and water boundaries between the United States and Canada.

A separate organization in practically every case.

Thousands millions, billions — they are all the same.

In the last session of Congress the House Appropriations Committee struggled for weeks with the problems of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, trying to decide whether to give it a quarter of a billion more out of the bowl or make it live on its assets, and the Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, Mr. Good, announcing its decision on the floor of the House, said:

"This enterprise, involving a property valued at more than three billions of dollars . . . the Emergency Fleet Corporation, does not know where it stands financially; it does not know how much money it has; how much it owes; and does not seem to have a decent set of books. It is a national disgrace."

A three billion dollar enterprise, financed out of the magic bowl, that does not know how much money it has, how much it owes or where it stands, but asking for a quarter of a billion more! Still it is nobody's fault. The trouble was, as Mr. Good said, that no one head of the Emergency Fleet had held the job long enough to get his chair warm, find out what was going on, or evolve a sound working policy. Therefore, there had been no consistent policy in the management of a taxpayers' enterprise involving more than three billions of dollars.

The same committee, in the course of hearings on the War Department's estimates for fortifications and coast defenses, came to an item: "For tractors in storage, $327,000." It asked the army officer who was testifying on that subject how many tractors there were in storage. He gave the number. "Apparently," said the committee, "it costs as much to keep a tractor in storage as to keep it running all the time." Said the army officer: "Yes, that is pretty nearly the fact." Said the committee: "That would not be, of course," and passed on to the next item.

What is the committee to do? It cannot go out and discover for itself what it costs to store a tractor. If it began to do that sort of thing it would have no time for anything else. The easiest way in a case where the estimate, which was a guess in the first place, seems absurd on its face, is to correct it with another guess and arrive at a compromise figure.

The point here is not what it should cost to store an army tractor, nor whether the army's guess was preposterous, but that nobody knew for sure, and yet money had to be appropriated for the specific purpose of storing tractors.

The Representatives and Senators who vote the appropriations on the estimates, are continually complaining of their bewilderment.

Several weeks after the passage of the Army Appropriations Bill in the last session of Congress a member of the House indignantly arose with a clipping in his hand. Did his colleagues remember that their investigation of the War Department's expenditures had disclosed gross purchases by the army of 395,000 horses and mules and 2,551,087 sets of harness? Yes; they all remembered this. Did his colleagues remember particularly that the testimony had disclosed the purchase of 945,000 saddles for 106,000 cavalry horses, or more than seven saddles for each riding horse in the whole army? Yes; they all remembered this also. Well, then, would some one be good enough to tell him why the army was now advertising for more saddles? Nobody could be so good. Thereupon the indignant member, according to the Record, proceeded:

Mr. Reavis. — Let me call attention to the character of the equipment they are seeking to purchase. In this proposal I am reading the description of the saddle, notwithstanding they have 945,000 on hand:

> Saddles, 4-inch coupe, 1⅞-inch solid nickel English wire terret pedestal hook, with 1⅛-inch running bearer; ⅛-inch single strap billets, patent leather skirts and jockey enamel leather bottom, patent leather facing, full pad, hand-lace saddle, jockey blocked up —

Now, that sounds like some saddle. . . . I can picture in my mind a spirited and proud-stepping steed with one of these patent leather, jockey enamel leather saddles strapped upon him, that saddle occupied by the robust form of some army officer, cantering along the shady lanes of the bridle paths in the parks of Washington, and it will be a delectable sight for the poor devil sitting on the bench wearing his old clothes for economy. [Laughter.]

For twenty minutes the House debates this matter, helplessly. Nobody knows what it means. But, alas! it is too late to bother about it seriously except as campaign material. The Army Appropriations Bill has already passed.

However, all things have their content of humor, if you think to look for it. After indefinite millions have been guessed out of the magic bowl the government's gardener comes with his hand out — and he is lucky to escape with his official life. This is really. Mr. Hess, Superintendent of the Botanic Gardens, appears before the House Appropriations Committee with a request for money to tide him over until July 1, when his regular allowance will be available, and the following colloquy occurs:

The Chairman: (Very short) You are asking $350 for fuel?

Mr. Hess: Yes, sir.

The Chairman: (Suspicious) Is that for coal?

Mr. Hess: Yes, sir.

The Chairman: Are you out of coal?

Mr. Hess: I ordered coal the other day, but have not the money to pay for it.

The Chairman: (In rising voice) And you ask $50 for forage.

Mr. Hess: Yes, sir.

The Chairman: How many horses have you?

Mr. Hess: Two horses. We use them for plowing and hauling.

The Chairman: (Incredulous) Then, you want $100 for flower pots.

Mr. Hess: Yes, sir. We are potting plants now.

The Chairman: (Coming to the climax) And you ask $125 for repairs to auto and accessories?

Mr. Hess: In case a tire should be needed, or an inner tube, or any repairs, we would have to wait until July to get it.

Out with the gardener! He is guessing in calamity. A puncture before July is not inevitable. Besides, the Superintendent of the Botanic Gardens is not a bureau. He has no political background. Nor can he make the kind of row the Public Printer made. There is a contumacious person. When he says he is out of money he means it. Last Spring the appropriation for printing the daily Treasury statement was exhausted and the Public Printer, deaf to all entreaties, stopped printing it. Then was presented the ludicrous spectacle of a government, spending nearly seven billions in the year, without funds to print a daily statement of its receipts and disbursements. This situation lasted until the Public Printer got his money.

Little and big, big and little — one is like the other. The Appropriations Committee turns from flower pots to the next subject, which is $450,000,000 to be handed out to wind up Federal control of the railroads.

All of this has been taking place on the House side of the Capitol, that is, in the House of Representatives and among its committees. There is then the Senate. When the House has passed an appropriation bill it goes over to the Senate. And the Senate has a duplicate set of committees, acting in all respects as the House committees act.

The Senate committees hold hearings on the estimates, interrogate the heads of departments and the chiefs of bureaus, and then in their wisdom increase or decrease the appropriations or add new items. The Senate usually prefers to increase appropriations. It has a reputation for generosity, and, besides, under the Constitution, responsibility for the money bowl lies with the House, at the other end of the Capitol.

The House may concur or non-concur in the Senate's action. If it disagrees, then a joint committee of House and Senate is appointed to find a compromise. When the differences are reconciled the appropriation bill passes and the money begins to be spent.

What is perhaps the supreme absurdity of all remains to be observed. Responsibility for depleting the money bowl is divided between the House and the Senate and scattered among various committees, but, of course, it would never do to scatter the responsibility for keeping it full. That responsibility is centered in the Ways and Means Committee of the House. It is the business of this committee to originate the revenue bills, that is, the tax laws under which the perfect taxpayer pays. Wouldn't you think the Ways and Means Committee would have to know what the spending committees were doing? Wouldn't you think the spending committees would have to consult with the Ways and Means Committee? Well, the fact is that the Ways and Means Committee which taxes the taxpayer has no relation whatever with the committees that spend the taxpayer's money. It doesn't even know what they are doing, except by hearsay. The explanation is, of course, that everybody knows the Ways and Means Committee has only to push the button of the unfailing paying device—the perfect taxpayer.

TO PRESENT an adequate view of all this grotesquely wasteful system — a view in form and perspective — would require a book. Here are glimpses only. They will enable you dimly to imagine what happened when, in the war, the government's expenditures leaped from less than a billion annually to nearly twenty billions in one year. Twenty billions were raised and spent as one was before the war. And five or six billions a year now continue to be raised and spent as one billion was before we knew what it was to be taxed.

"Nobody is responsible," says the perfect taxpayer's catechism.

This is subtly true. The system is political and politicians run it — but where will you find *a politician?* He is as non-existent as the *average man* of statistics. Nobody is a politician, therefore nobody is responsible, and the best-known political pastime is that of denouncing the system and *its* wasteful expenditure of public money. The President denounces it. The Secretary of the Treasury denounces it. The heads of the Senate and House appropriations committees, Senators and Representatives individually — they all denounce it. Nobody may defend it without confessing himself a politician.

This constant denunciation of both the method and fact serves a very important purpose. It lubricates the mechanism of the perfect taxpayer and keeps his mind true to the catechism. He has never yet shown even the slightest symptoms of waking up in his mind. Nevertheless, there is a recurring nightmare among the politicians. Just suppose he should wake up! What would happen to government?

Moved by this terrible thought they go beyond simple denunciation of the system and demand its reform. From whom they demand it is never made clear. They clamor for it. They go through the motions of bringing it to pass with heroic difficulty. This often happens on the eve of a Presidential election. It happened in the last session of Congress. Two gestures in reform were widely advertised, both parties participating. The gestures were these:

(a) The House of Representatives changed its rules, so that hereafter all appropriations shall be reported by one committee, namely, the Appropriations Committee, and

(b) Congress passed a bill creating a Budget Bureau. The President vetoed it for a technical defect, which was cured, but not in time, and the old Congress adjourned, *sine die*, saying that the new Congress would pass the amended bill as soon as it convened in December.

Result: the subject of taxation was largely eliminated from the campaign. Neither party wished to raise that subject in earnest. Why? Because parties are political, and no politician really believes in economical government. From his point of view economical government means less government. He couldn't believe in it, you see. Government is the raw material of his trade. The more of it the better.

Still, what of the gestures? Were they quite empty?

The new House rules ostensibly restore to the Appropriations Committee its old power over the money bowl. Absolutely, they do not accomplish this, for whereas originally the Appropriations Committee was an independent power unto itself, now all those other committees which have been appropriating money out of the bowl are to be directly represented on the Appropriations Committee. The reformed rules will entail some changes of technique, but such medicine is for the symptoms, not the disease. In any case, the Senate is not bound by House rules, and the Senate duplicates all the committee practises which have prevailed in the House. Moreover, the Ways and Means Committee, which manipulates the paying device, namely, the perfect taxpayer, continues to have no contact with the work of the Appropriations Committee which hands out the money.

As for the Budget Bill, the most that can be said for it is that the object is laudable.

Three simple things are involved in the idea of an effective national budget system, to wit:

First, to centralize responsibility for estimating the needs of the government.

Second, that some one body or officer shall have unlimited authority to revise the estimates and relate them in a definite manner to the government's revenues.

Third, a limitation upon the power of Congress to destroy the budget by appropriating money on impulse, as it likes, leaving it to the Ways and Means Committee, as the taxing power, or to the Secretary of the Treasury, as the government's borrowing agent, to replenish the bowl.

Now, in the Budget Bill the President is made responsible for estimating the government's needs and relating them to its revenues. He shall transmit to Congress annually a *balanced* budget. Obviously, he cannot himself investigate the estimates. He would have time for nothing else. And if he accepts the estimates of the heads of departments the situation is in no wise improved. Therefore, the bill creates a Budget Bureau, which, "as may be directed by the President, shall prepare for him the budget . . . and to that end shall have authority to assemble, corelate, revise, reduce or increase the estimates of the several departments or establishments."

The authority of the Budget Bureau, as you see, is to be exercised only "as may be directed by the President."

The plan would work, *provided* the heads of the several departments, that is, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of Agriculture, etc., were willing and anxious that the methods of their bureaus should be investigated, their estimates overhauled, criticized, and revised, by a Budget Bureau, intent upon efficiency, economical government and business method. If a Budget Bureau functioned in that manner it would be powerful, indeed. It would have the power of veto over many political and sentimental activities, wholly on the ground that they were expensive.

And if you think the Budget Bureau might function by sheer force of its own efficiency, or by merit of its ability to prove that the estimates are extravagantly devised, that the money appropriated thereunder is wastefully spent, and that there is much unnecessary duplication of work, the answer lies in experience. It lies particularly in the experience of the Bureau of Efficiency, now existing, at a cost of $125,000 a year. Its job is to investigate and report upon the wasteful expenditure of public money; yet when it tries to perform this function it is smothered.

In the office of the Quartermaster General of the War Department there is an absurd and very wasteful duplication of work under the two heads of Purchase and Storage. A revolutionary-minded officer who had learned something with the army in France drew up a plan for consolidating the purchase and storage divisions — a plan which not only would improve the service but save some millions a year. The War Department turned it down. He called in the Bureau of Efficiency, which produced a plan substantially like his own. The War Department turned it down. It was referred to the military affairs committees of Congress; they declined to interfere. Then it was laid before the Secretary of War, who, while admitting that it was a good plan, nevertheless vetoed it on the ground that he had to uphold either the Bureau of Efficiency or the General Staff. In that dilemma any Secretary of War would know what to do. So the wasteful system of purchase and storage survives, because — well, apparently because in time of peace there must be something for army officers to do, which as you can see, might become a question of policy.

That is what the Budget Bureau will be up against if it begins to go meddling around.

Finally, the Budget Bill imposes no restraints upon Congress. It may take the budget to pieces; it may increase or decrease the expenditures of any department; it may vote a billion dollars outside of the budget for any purpose it likes. What would you expect? Do you think Congress would pass a bill limiting its own right to spend money?

It thinks it knows the perfect taxpayer.

On the last day of the last session Senator Smoot, trying to force the passage of the amended Budget Bill, said that unless the government's way of spending money were fundamentally changed the people would rise in wrath. He saw the storm gathering. To which Senator Thomas replied:

"The Senator from Utah as well as myself and other members of the Senate during the last seven or eight years have warned this body that the indignant wrath of an outraged people would manifest itself in no uncertain terms against these appropriations. I fail to see any material evidence or any collective movement or expression of that sort, and I am beginning to doubt whether it will materialize. Shortly after I came here, when I objected to one of these appropriations, I was informed by an old and experienced Senator that I was wasting my breath in a useless effort, for the very good reason that the people wanted these moneys expended and became indignant when any attempt was made to impose limitations upon our practise. . . . Possibly we may get under the skin after a while. I hope so. But so far we hear nothing — at least, I have heard nothing except individual protests and screams of pain. There has been no organized effort, no mutual protest, no general form of denunciation or demand for relief. I hope it will come, though."

Down deep in its heart that is what Congress thinks of those who pay for tunes they do not call.

So, there you are, O, Perfect Taxpayer! We tell you a little of *How* your money is spent. We write it at you. Do you care?

If you cared *you* would write. Suppose when you wrote your income tax check and posted it to the nearest Collector of Internal Revenue you forgot your catechism and wrote also to your Representative and your Senator a letter like this:

"Honorable Sir: Government now is costing five or six billions a year. I am the person who pays for government. Six years ago I was paying for one billion dollars' worth of that precious commodity annually. That was government enough then; it is all I want now. Meanwhile there has been a war, which leaves us a debt on which the interest charge is half a billion yearly. This, of course, must be paid. Therefore, I allow one billion dollars a year for government strictly, as before, and half a billion more for the national debt, or one and one-half billions annually. No more. Any additional or extraordinary expenditures shall hereafter be estimated separately and referred to the taxpayer for approval. This may be done by letter direct before the appropriations are voted upon by Congress, or, in cases where the proposed extraordinary expenditures involve questions of public policy, they shall be submitted to popular vote — except, of course, in time of war. This reform must begin immediately."

Nearly three and one-half million people file income tax returns. If three and one-half million letters as above, or two million, or even one million, were to fall suddenly upon Congress there would be a panic among politicians. Their nightmare would have fantastically come true. And the cost of government would be astonishingly deflated.

For it *is* your money, and it *is* your government, and the politician *is* your humble servant, if only you think so.

You alone possess that absolute power of veto which neither the President nor the Congress is willing to exercise.

Do you exercise it? No.

You have the right to say how much government you will have, and where, and what it shall cost.

Do you assert that right? No.

The politician, when he seeks your vote, says you are a sovereign person. Do you believe it? No.

You merely pay. It is easier to pay than to care. The more you pay the more government there is, the more government there is the more you will pay, progressively.

Do you care, O Magical Paying Device?

Not yet.

The Wasted Generation

[*Continued from page 12*]

coming to the point of view that we are all human beings on the same globe, artificially divided by national lines? And if it is abhorrent to you that one nation should murder another with gunpowder, isn't it just as wrong to seek by commercial warfare to impoverish — and reduce an inferior to a state of commercial slavery — a portion of the same human race?"

I sat up, listening with strong attention. Thoughts which had struggled for clarification in my own deliberate mind started up. Once or twice I had come near breaking in with a question, so close to my own problems had the debate come. Here were two men discussing theories that might apply in a thousand years, when the immediate problem was this present thing — what should a nation — my nation — do in this world crisis, for its greater good.

"Well, now, Magnus — there's logic in what you say, and I'm the more ready to admit it in that I haven't the slightest patience with what I used to believe."

"What's changed you?"

"France. Keeping my eyes open, and seeing things as they are in this world, and not as I want them to be. Your internationalism is a political millennium, which will come just about as soon as the other millennium. I used to think that we were all pretty much alike, English, American, German and French. I've found out we're not. We're not pursuing the same ideas. The English world has settled down to an easy-going existence, each man sufficient unto himself, occupied in his own private affairs, getting farther and farther away from his national ideal, looking on government as a convenient policeman, a central telephone, and all that. And then, there's Germany — and the explanation of Germany is national solidarity — every man fitting into the national scheme, and every man working for the national aggrandizement. '*Deutschland über alles!*' We used to laugh at that. I don't. It impresses me, now. And it terrifies me."

"Do you want to live under such a system?"

"I'll come back to that. No, I don't want to be subjected to that. That's why I'm done with pacifism. Because the world's up against not simply German armies, but the German idea. And we may as well admit

In a Week

You will see that it pays

This new method of teeth cleaning shows its benefits quickly. Some results are very rapid. Man, woman or child will in a week see effects delightful and convincing. Millions have already seen them.

Old ways of teeth cleaning leave much of the film. That viscous coat you feel clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. That film dims teeth and causes most tooth troubles. Despite the tooth brush, all those troubles have been constantly increasing. The new way fights that film.

Film—the great enemy

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that it is the German idea that's got to be destroyed or adopted — no two ways."

"What does the man in the fields, or the man in the street, care about all that?" said Magnus, softly.

"If the French peasant and the French workman can understand that, I guess we can," said Brinsmade. "I said France had changed me over to a belief in a strong national feeling. It has. I don't want German militarism — but I want the sort of military education you see in the French army — preparation, with absolute democracy."

"Compulsory service?"

"OF course. And I want it because I want my sons to be educated into democracy, and I know no better way than by sending them out for a year or two to rough it with the fellow who comes up out of the mines and fields, out of the city slums and the wharves. I want them to eat together, tramp together, sleep together, to learn how to talk to each other. I want them to respect a man, wherever found, and I want them to make themselves respected as men. Moreover, I want them to have a vision of what America is and can be. Why? Because the wealth I leave them is going to make them leaders, and instead of artificial leadership I want intelligent leadership."

"You'll never get compulsory training in America," said Magnus, shortly. "That's the one thing I'm not worrying about."

"If we need it for nothing else, we need it to digest our foreign classes," said Brinsmade, warming up, "German, Italian, Russian, Greek, Swede — we need it for self-education, to form our own race — a clear-cut, united American type. But, of course," he said, stopping suddenly, "that doesn't enter into your philosophy."

"No," said Magnus, directly. "To me the greatness of America is that it is not American. It has the whole world in it and, as long as these world elements remain distinctly defined in their inherited traditions, just so long America remains the natural Parliament of Man."

"The little Sassenach," said a voice out of the night. "Damned if I don't hope a submarine gets us."

Brinsmade laughed.

"Thanks, friend," he said. "I feel almost that way, myself."

"Whether you like it or not, it is so today," said Magnus, "and the reason that internationalism will come as an American doctrine is just that. We are international and not in a hundred years can we be anything else. This to you may seem abhorrent but to me it is the greatest destiny that could come to us. You would wipe out their links to other nations. I say, keep them alive — do nothing to extinguish them, and make them great channels of political thought that America may lead the world."

"What gets me — and, by George, it does get me!" Brinsmade blurted out — "is your assumption in speaking for my country. Good heavens — my family fought here in three wars, and you have been here twenty years and tell me what America is, and — damn it, — I believe you do know!"

"Yes, Mr. Brinsmade, I do," said Magnus, quietly. "What do you know of the great East Side of New York — what do you know of how multitudes think and act — the great labor organizations, the I. W. W.? What do you know of what you call the foreign press? Do you know that there are over four hundred newspapers published in a foreign tongue — German, French, Italian, Swedish, Jewish and Hungarian — and that they represent a circulation of millions? The foreign element, that was born abroad, or whose parents were born abroad, represent twenty millions; you represent a dwindling minority. You represent — we are talking frankly — an insular element, and the strange thing is that you still persist in seeing America in that spirit of nationalism which existed in Revolutionary days. America has passed beyond such limitations, and you don't realize it."

"And this from a man who came to my country twenty years ago!"

"But who has, perhaps, a greater vision of your country's mission in world affairs than you have," retorted Magnus.

"You are probably right," said Brinsmade. "You place crudely things that are coming into my mind and the minds of others like me. Probably we are not awake. Have we, the old American strain, lost our inheritance?" He added, as if to himself: "And if so, is it our fault?"

Up the deck a spear of light shot across the night from an open door. A group of young men, emerging from the card-room for a breath of air, came shuffling down the deck, singing as they came:

"I was drunk last night, dear mother;
I was drunk the night before,
And if I live till to-morrow,
I'll be —— "

"Hello there — Littledale!"

I cursed them mentally, and returned an uninviting grunt.

"Hello."

"Counting the submarines?"

Four figures loomed at the foot of my chair.

"Some game's running up there! Four tables. Better take a hand."

Farther up the line of chairs, a child, awakened by their coming, began to cry.

"Not to-night. And say, if you want to make a night of it, you fellows, tramp the upper deck. People want to sleep down here."

"Yes, Captain," said a laughing voice; but another said: "Shut up, Limpy. The women are round here. Come on: clear out."

The sound of their heavy tramp died out in the distance. A woman behind me sat up, rearranged her pillow, and settled back. The child whimpered sleepily and then grew quiet. In the distance some one began to snore. The ship had begun a slight roll, as it fled, ghost-like in a ghostly night — followed by noises of unseen things — the hiss of hidden waves, a sudden leap of spray, the creak of pulleys, a stifled whistle, and the rumble of the invisible force that thrust it forward.

Magnus laughed.

"Your American inheritance — there it is!"

"Damned if I can listen to any more of that!"

I rose abruptly, kicking the rugs from my legs, and went down the deck. I am, I suppose, too young not to resent unwelcome arguments with a hot intolerance. Socialism had meant to me little more than a name, which I rejected on faith as something akin to anarchy. The voice of the immigrant, speaking for my America, roused in me a blind rebellion. The more so that, while he had cut across every traditional instinct, I was at a loss in the poverty of my mental experience to answer the coldly-stated propositions which, despite my will, convinced me, in some measure, of their truth. Yet what had he done but state in his own words thoughts which had been in my own mind — yes, even those opinions which had been surging uppermost — that, in the coming test of a changed democracy, my generation had let slip the leadership that was its by right. I could say this to myself, yet I could not brook it from another. Why? Perhaps Mr. Brinsmade was right and in the conflicts of man to man there is no antagonism so deep-rooted, so unreasoning, so obedient to inherited repulsions, as that antagonism which in the field of ideas has led men to persecute, to torture and to stamp out one another with the fury of unreasoning beasts.

Of this reflection I was not then conscious. I felt only the resentment of the man of action for the man of thought. It was not the ideas, but the ideas in the mouth of Peter Magnus, which aroused my fury. I remember standing a long time forward, sheltering myself behind the bulging canvas which slapped against its chains with windy explosions, trying to shake off my ill-humor, until the cold cut of the spray which hissed over the decks brought back some equanimity.

I WENT inside. The sofas in the ladies' saloon had been turned into beds. Most of the women had already put on their life-preservers and were surrounded by impossible mounds of baggage. An old man was methodically deploying a pack of cards at a table. A woman, with a child sleeping on her shoulder, was staring open-eyed at the ceiling. Outside on the landing two returning sailors and a nurse-maid were whispering with sudden outbursts of mirth — Americans all, Yankee, Westerner, Scandinavian, Latin and Asiatic.

I went up-stairs and into the foul thickness of the smoking-room where the shock of my arrival set the layers of gray fumes to twisting and coiling about the dim lamps. Groups had already formed at the corner tables — Hungerford and the younger men: a solemn audience, about a chess match; another group near me — officers of two torpedoed freighters, were swapping yarns as they played.

"Got ourselves out of Genoa, just after dawn."

"Trouble getting away?"

"Shelled us right up to the last minute."

A little woman, wife of the speaker, broke into a light laugh.

"Kept on shellin', too, when we got the boats clear. Dan, here, says to me: 'Sarah — you stand up and let 'em see there's a woman in the boat.' So I stood up, and crack, they let go with a shot that jumped the bonnet from my head. Polite — aren't they?"

"Don't tell that at home: they'll say you exaggerate," said a large, swarthy man, who was shuffling the cards. "Civilized folks don't do such things; that's what they'll say!"

"Well — Sarah and I ain't got no kick coming," said the skipper, philosophically. "We got away with six trips and landed the last cargo, too. Risky — but big money, and I guess we're on easy street for a while."

"Say — if this war goes on another year, boy, we'll have all the money in the world."

A short, stockily-built young fellow, keen as a vulture, derby pushed back, removed a fat cigar and nodded to his neighbor, a type of world peddler, who was chewing a toothpick in drowsy interest.

"All the money in the world! And after? Say — I've been over cleaning up *some* contracts, believe me; but that's nothin' to what's comin' — nothin'! Say — when this little war is over any fellow who's got somethin' to sell is goin' to cash in so fast a crooked gamblin' wheel won't be in it."

"Oh — got a pretty good line, myself."

"You have, eh? What?"

"Antiques."

"PRETTY soft bargains, eh?"

The Levantine smiled contentedly. And the two, suddenly attracted, moved into a corner, absorbed by their own bright conceptions of the future.

"Hello there, Big Dale. Ship ahoy!"

I sauntered over curiously to where Hungerford was ensconced in the midst of congenial spirits.

"Have a hand?"

"No, thanks."

"Have a drink?"

"Not now."

I had sat through just such all-night sessions in the days when such feats were regarded as title to man's estate, but to-night the mood was foreign to my own.

"Shake hands with my old friend, 'Gyp the Blood,' *alias* Frangipani," said Hungerford, whose good humor was proof against hunger, drowsiness, the cold gray dawn and stale tobacco. "Mr. Frangipani was *not* a professor of English at Columbia."

"How be you, friend? Seen you on the deck," said a stocky, square fellow in ambulance uniform, who gave me a drowsy squint from around a knobby nose and put out a squatty hand which was minus a finger. "Not drinkin'?"

"Thanks, no. The atmosphere is strong enough," I answered, wondering in what strange by-ways of civilization — tramp steamer, traveler of the underworld, or ranger of the Western prairies — the man had gone his careless journey.

"Mr. Tooker of Tookersville, Mississippi, sah. Mr. Tooker is a close student of our great national game."

"Very glad to know, Mr. Littledale," said a brisk little fellow, sober, well-groomed, soft-voiced, alert and smiling. "Heard a good deal about you."

"Mr. Galligan, of Walla Walla. Mr. Galligan is returning from his period of rest at the front to get a little excitement in the Cœur d'Alene district," said Hungerford, who was in good spirits.

A powerful, big-framed youth, with bullet head, blue eyes and thin lips, who had been making desperate attempts at keeping his eyes open, yawned, and said thickly:

"'Scuse me. Had a —— of a night in Bordeaux. Glad to know you."

"And Professor Ralph Waldo William Butler Swinburne Southwick, of Harvard, and Beacon Street, and the American Ambulance."

Southwick, in his precipitation to shake hands, dropped his glasses which slid from his long, delving nose and dangled back and forth on their short string, overturned a pile of chips, and started to take up the discards, under a storm of protests.

"Other members of the original Inter-Allied Poker Club have succumbed to poison gas, auto-intoxication, and the need of a recumbent position," continued Hungerford, with a wave of his hand toward two figures on the couches. They had passed beyond the stage of introductions. He paused and indicated a large, bulbous figure under a sombrero, snoring peacefully in a sitting position at his side. "The late Mr. Honus Scroff, of Tittle Valley, Arizona. Mr. Scroff is especially delighted to meet you," he added, lifting the hat from the red, cropped hair and freckled ears.

"Honus hasn't been to bed since we started down," said Galligan, gathering in the cards.

"Quite right. Mr. Scroff is like an eight-day clock; he only has to sleep every Saturday night from twelve to eight."

"Play ball!" said Frangipani, loudly, throwing an ante.

Scroff woke, blinked, and said, thickly:

"My deal?"

"Not yet, old top."

"All right."

And he went off to sleep again.

"I'm in," said the professor, colloquially. "Shove around the pasteboards."

"She did
And she didn't
She would
And she wouldn't
O-o-o-o-o! BUT —— !"

began Frangipani, in a long, dog-like wail, which drew curses from the four corners of the room. The cards were dealt and the bets began.

I stood watching them quite a while, amused at their patter. They were real, as I had learned to value men in the rough-and-tumble of life. It was Young America relaxing — the need of a young nation to return to its play, to blow off steam after months of driven dynamic energy. Quite barbaric, at bottom, perhaps — but so understandable, to me! I liked the democracy of the group and its unconscious comraderie. Yet, I could not help thinking how unrelated we were to one another — to the present or to the future. And, as I stood there studying them — in my mind the menace that Magnus had voiced, I wondered how long we could stem the moving forces below that had the solidarity and the energy of determined rebels.

To-night, as I recall this first conversation with Magnus, my irritation dies away. I am not sure that what he has stated in his own antagonistic way are not things which have been growing over me.

Democracy was a revolt against the leadership of a class when that leadership had grown weak and was no longer natural and genuine. But, if democracy cannot produce its own real leadership — if it can do no more than set in motion a mob — the leadership of that mob will be the leadership that surges out of the accidents of a stampede.

FOUR bells rang out from the forecastle when I returned to my chair on the lower deck. Brinsmade and Magnus were breathing heavily. I enclosed my legs in the rug — burrowed my nose in my greatcoat, and sought sleep. Disturbed by the bustle of my arrival, the young woman at my side stirred in her sleep and moaned. The dream passed into a nightmare for, struggling suddenly against some grim horror of unreality, she burst into a cry:

"*Ma mère! Ma mère — oh non, pas ça!*"

The scream awoke a score of passengers. Out of the darkness voices cried, excitedly:

"What's happened?"

"Submarine?"

"Oh, my God!"

People began to rise and grope toward the cabins. I heard Brinsmade and Magnus struggling to their feet. Another moment, and a panic would have swept over us. I called out, cheerily:

"Nothing wrong. Somebody's had a bad dream: nothing else!"

Then I leaned over and caught the arm of the dreamer. She groaned, shivered, and sat up.

"A nightmare, Mademoiselle," I said, loud enough to be heard down the deck. "All right now. Nothing wrong."

She was sitting bolt upright, straining against the horror of the passing phantom.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle, for having taken your arm — it seemed best — you were evidently —" I stopped, lamely, a prey to the diffidence I had felt in her presence from the first approach.

She had not moved.

"I hope I did not offend you —— "

"No, no," she said, suddenly. "It was a dream — a terrible dream!"

Her voice was not yet under control. I waited, but having said this, she drew back into her silence. Presently, I heard her settling back into her chair. Quiet had returned to the deck. I sat there, keenly awake. The memory of her cry haunted me and, though the utter blackness prevented my seeing her, I had the feeling that she, too, was tremulously, nervously, awake at my side.

[*The next instalment of "The Wasted Generation" will appear in the March McClure's*]

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Gun Play

[*Continued from page 24*]

acted as props, duly thrust his half-dozen blank cartridges. It would be easy enough, at the last moment, to substitute a ball-cartridge for one of those blanks. And the rest was sufficiently simple, once she was sure of her cartridge being there. For the shot, she remembered, was fired pointblank, with her sneering victim falling close to her feet. The actor who had preceded young Craswell, in fact, had inaugurated the custom of wearing a sheet of asbestos fixed by two safety-pins under his short Mexican jacket edged with its sequins of brass, for once, through holding the pistol too close to his body, she had set fire to his clothing.

It would, of course, be accepted as an accident. But she would have to pave the way for that consummation. And that campaign of preparation began with a less intolerant attitude toward the youth who had so casually pulled down her house of life about her ears. She could even sense his bewilderment at that open softening toward him, but she was too old an actress to fail in sustaining a rôle once assumed. The task with regard to her own daughter was both easier and at the same time more difficult. It was harder to remain undisturbed under the coldly appraising glance of the girl who had grown away from her. But it was not hard to fall forlornly back into a pretense at the more intimate note of their earlier years. For this girl with the barricaded eyes was, after all, her own daughter, flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone. And much as life had robbed her of the equipment to express her love, this self-contained young woman with the timorously audacious will of youth was the only thing she had ever loved.

It was no easy thing to break the habit of silence which had grown up between them. But she could afford to be patient; she was even compelled to be patient. There were days during that quiet courtship for lost confidences, when the older woman would find the younger staring at her with a frown of perplexity on her troubled young face. Once, too, Katherine Kinsella found herself changing color before that cool and level stare of curiosity. The girl, for some reason, made her think of a marble-cold figure of Justice with invisible scales balanced in her hand.

But her greater difficulties were not those of the spirit. There were other and more definite problems to be faced. She felt the need, from the first, of foreshadowing the use of her solid shot. Judgment demanded some reasonable excuse for that mixing up of balls with blanks. For a week she brooded over this problem without arriving at any situation which seemed to carry the stamp of the authentic. But her chance came with sudden unexpectedness when, in making a long jump through a country of rolling plain and jack-pine, they were held up with a hot-box. They emerged from their dusty day-coach, wandered about the rocky slopes, and watched two campers empty brand-new six-shooters at a ginger-ale bottle which had been tied to the branch of a jack-pine. Hunkie Hoppe, having disinterred a couple of his shooting-irons from the company's arsenal-case, bought a box of cartridges from the campers and one by one they joined in the contest and took pot-shots at the bottle. They were still peppering ineffectually at their swaying target when a repeated blast from the engine-whistle warned them that their train was about to move on. So they went scrambling back to the day-coach.

Katherine Kinsella was the last to go. She pretended to be stooping down to tie a shoe-lace. But while in that position she was actually picking up from the ground a precious ball-cartridge which one of the campers had tossed carelessly aside. She pushed it hurriedly down in her shoe, where it bruised her instep as she walked back to the coach-platform from which they were now calling for her to hurry. But she knew that no one had seen that movement and she knew that she had come into possession of the one thing essential to the carrying out of her plan. She was armed to strike now, and the sooner she struck the better. She realized that when they opened at Carbona Junction their first performance would have to be *The Range Wolf*. For destiny had thrust into her hands too precious a chance to be overlooked. . . .

Budanski, with his Coast train limping into Carbona five hours behind schedule, missed his connection for the East and found that it would be midnight before the Transcontinental Express could stop to take him aboard. So he and young Loeser, tired of reading scripts and arguing over the infinitely ramified details of his coming production of *Monte Carlo*, dined moodily at a Chinese restaurant, and listlessly explored the illuminated main street of Carbona Junction.

Budanski stopped before the narrow foyer of the Dibbley Theatre, ran a haggard eye over the frame of faded photographs visualizing the caste for *The Range Wolf*, and promptly succumbed to the one fixed obsession of his life.

His secretary, who also happened to be his son-in-law, apprehended that surrender and tried to forestall it.

“Say, Chief, you're not going to try to sit through two hours of barn-storming like *that?*” he demanded, trying to elbow the great manager back from the steady stream ebbing in through the narrow foyer.

“They're getting the thing over,” announced the older and wiser man, “and it's always worth while seeing how they do their trick. We're here till midnight. And I'm going to see this show.”

“WELL, you'd better get your ear-muffs on!” warned the morose-eyed young man as he followed in through the wicket after the chief who, in some way, seemed able to make everything grist for his mill. “For you'll think you're in a shooting-gallery before they get their first curtain down!”

“My boy, there's lots to learn about gun-play, in this business,” was the other's solemn rejoinder. “And I've got to get fixed about that shooting-scene of ours in *Monte Carlo*.”

“Darn little help you'll get from *this* outfit,” observed young Loeser as the first crash from the three-piece jazz-band sounded from the obsolete old orchestra-pit.

It was Hunkie Hoppe, counting up the house through the curtain peep-hole, who first spotted Budanski. For one incredulous moment he studied the silvery-haired man with the incongruously granitic jaw, made sure it was Budanski, and turned back to electrify his company with the news.

He encountered Anada Kinsella, made up and waiting. She was seated on a rickety flight of property steps, quietly darning a silk stocking.

“Girlie,” cried Hunkie, galvanized into mysterious excitement, “you gotta play up to-night! You gotta send it over strong!”

“Why?” asked the girl, weaving her needle in and out through the mesh of thin silk.

“Because Budanski's out front!”

She looked up at him for an abstracted moment.

“Who's Budanski?” she inquired, turning the stocking on her arm.

Hunkie, who came from the banks of the Hudson, groaned aloud.

“Who's Budanski?, And you advertisin' yourself as an actress! You might as well say who's George Cohan or who's Shakespeare! Who's Budanski? Say, just pipe them words to your mother, girlie, and see if they get to her or not!”

But he found it impossible to infect her with any echo of his own excitement.

“Why should I have to play up because he happens to be out front?” asked the quiet-eyed girl as she folded up her stocking.

“Because Budanski's the biggest producing manager in America,” averred Hunkie, with the emphasis of retarded enunciation.

“That doesn't necessarily interest me in him,” was the other's cool retort.

“Then how about *him* bein' interested in *you?*” demanded the patiently impatient Hunkie. “If he's here to spot new material, it ain't me, and it ain't fat old Hornick over there, and it ain't Goldie, and it ain't the missus. Can't you see it, girl? You're the only comer in this bunch o' has-beens. It's *you* who's goin' to be sized up!”

The girl sat back with a sudden arresting of all movement. Her questioning eyes sought Hunkie's broad face. Then her own face hardened even under her make-up.

“Supposing it's Wallie Craswell?” she said in little more than a whisper.

Hunkie Hoppe's laugh was a raucous one.

“Wallie ain't no actor,” was his prompt declaration. “He's a sheep-herder stalling along on his shape!”

He heard the overture end and veered off to his duties, fortified with the thought of how the older woman would respond to his news. *She* understood. Her response to that knowledge would be as automatic and instinctive as the response of an old fire-horse to the sudden clangor of an alarm-gong.

But when he told her, in the wings, just before she went on for her first-act scene with her daughter, Katherine Kinsella did not seem to hear him. She moved with the abstraction of a sleep-walker, the bloodlessness of her face accentuating the lines of her make-up and imposing on her an exceptional look of age. Even her voice rang back husky and hollow from the open maw of light into which she had stepped, for a great fire had burned that day in her body, and now a great weariness had taken its place. But there was to be no turning back. Whatever it might cost her that night, she was going to save what remained of her house of life.

Budanski, sitting low in his seat with his ruminative eyes half-closed, watched the act end and the curtain come down.

"I remember that old bird," he said as mother and daughter perfunctorily took an entirely perfunctory curtain-call. "Her name's Kinsella, Katherine Kinsella. She cried all over the office furniture to get into my first Salvini cast. That must have been well over fifteen years ago."

Young Loeser verified his chief's spectacular memory for names of the past. Then he looked back at the woman being shut off from his view by the lowering curtain.

"She's got a great face," he ventured.

"Great for what?"

"It strikes me as a pretty good face for that Countess of ours when *Monte Carlo* goes on."

The man beside him moved impatiently.

"I want an actress, not a face," was his sharp retort.

YET DURING the second act he sat with a troubled look on his own face. He was unwilling to withdraw an opinion, once expressed, and averse even to its secret revision. But there was something about the Kinsella woman that disturbed him. He had contempt enough for the base coin in which she was bartering. But that woman, even against his will, was getting under his skin.

Katherine Kinsella was oblivious to this, just as she was oblivious to his presence there. She knew little, indeed, of what was taking place about her. An immense preoccupation possessed her. All consciousness was centered on that darker drama which lay at the core of those dead lines and movements as a red coal lies in its bed of gray ashes. They seemed infinitely trivial, those lines and movements with which she was so familiar. She was able to go through with them automatically, so that her mind was left open to pace its own forlorn corridors of desolation. She worked so quietly that the rest of her company accepted it as fatigue. It was Anada Kinsella alone who was disturbed by the change in her mother. For it was seldom the older woman permitted mood or worry or weariness to show its head between her and her audience.

"What's the matter with mother?" asked the girl in the middle of a high-voltage scene with Wallie. The girl had grown adept at such word juggling between her lines, and this question was put, as she faced up-stage, without one perceptible halt in the rapid-fire movement of the play.

"Why?" asked the young Mexican, when his chance came.

"She frightens me with that look on her face," explained the girl, in a slightly delayed aside.

"She *always* frightens me," was Wallie's final retort. But being less adroit in such things, he suddenly went dry, and had to cross and glower and cross again before his stage-mate remembered to throw him his line and permit the heated scene to gallop on to its end.

But Katherine Kinsella, that night, refused to gallop. She seemed always parrying for time, as though intent on withholding some culmination which she dreaded to face. She seemed afraid to move forward. She was deathly quiet by the time the final act was under way, for she knew the fatal cartridge had been slipped unobserved into the waiting revolver, and she knew the part that cartridge was destined to play. She no longer needed to compel herself to calmness, for by this time the fires of her spirit seemed burned out. It was not alone that she went through her part with an air of pathos and repose that seemed new to her. But life had hammered and shaped and chilled her to a cutting edge, and the knife went deep. Yet she yearned over her daughter with a tenderness which no longer remained in her control, for she could see happiness in the girl's face, and that happiness, she knew, was so soon to end. The girl would not understand the final kindness in all the seeming cruelty. But she would learn in time. It would shock her out of her childish dreams. It would mature her, send her back to her life's work with a riper mind, for it was only those who knew grief who could ever hope to portray it. That was the price they all had to pay. And it was too late now to turn back.

She remembered that as she confronted the young Mexican grandee who was her fictitious enemy of the moment. Yet he was a mere boy, she also remembered as she gestured and cried with the automatism of habit so fixed that her thoughts were left free to range as they would, and her quickened emotions came and went without hindrance. But he had taken out of her life the only thing she had loved. He was leaving her, in his blindness, nothing with which to face the bald and empty future. She had planned and schemed and toiled for that future, and if a price was being demanded to hold it, it was she herself who was paying that price. And she was ready.

Yet as the act went on she had her sickening moments of hesitation. And to fight back that threatening weakness she had to visualize the youth in the tawdry exotic make-up as the impersonation of all evil. She had to force herself to hate him. She was compelled to drug herself with the venom of a tortured and twisted imagination. She had to lash herself into a fury at the thing which it was essential she should abhor. She had to fashion make-believe into the mold of actuality until stage-illusion and life itself merged and blended, until her dizzy brain stood convinced that in saving the mimic daughter of that tawdry melodrama she was saving the breathing and living daughter who could and should not be taken away from her. And in doing this, for the first time in many a year of over-facile ranting, she lost herself in her part.

Budanski, slouching low in his seat, made a movement which the man sitting beside him accepted as one of annoyance. But the younger man, the next moment, realized his mistake. For he could hear Budanski's whisper in the darkness.

"My God," breathed the Napoleon of the stage, "*that woman can act!*"

"She's sure tearing it off," acknowledged young Loeser, with his eyes still on the tragic figure so cunningly concealing the revolver from her intended victim.

"Watch her gun-play," whispered Budanski, leaning forward, by this time, with his hands on his knees.

"D' you notice her knees, Chief?" came from the other, in an answering whisper. "See 'em shake under that skirt!"

"*Watch her gun-play!*" retorted Budanski, intent on the stage.

He did not fully understand what was taking place there. But this did not greatly disturb him. He was less interested, at the moment, in the movements themselves than in the manner in which those movements were carried out. What held him was the precious air of genuineness about it all, the stark convincingness of the world-weary mother so grimly intent on delivering her daughter from evil. He nursed the suspicion that this final flower of stage characterization was lost on the audience about him. That audience asked only for the easier thrill and the more obvious effect. But this overlooked flowering of artistry was the lonely blossom he had once searched the world for, and had but rarely found. He seldom searched for it among what Loeser called the bush-leaguers, for he had long clung to a pet theory that five continuous years in stock or on the road spelled ruin to any player's art. Yet here was a woman who must have spent the best part of her life under the corrupting influences and in the coarsening air of cheap melodrama. Here was a tank-towner stumbling into a bit of work which impressed him as startlingly close to his final word in stagecraft. It was a rôle with rigidly imposed restrictions, just as it was a performance with equally established limitations. But, as far as it went, it was perfect. The woman had lost herself in her part.

"There's greatness in that," he said aloud.

She was getting it over. He could see that by the love which softened her face as she turned to her daughter. And he could see it again in the steel-cold lines of hate which hardened her flaccid mouth as she turned deliberately back to the youth who stood so perilously between that daughter and herself. She was stretching the wire dangerously thin,

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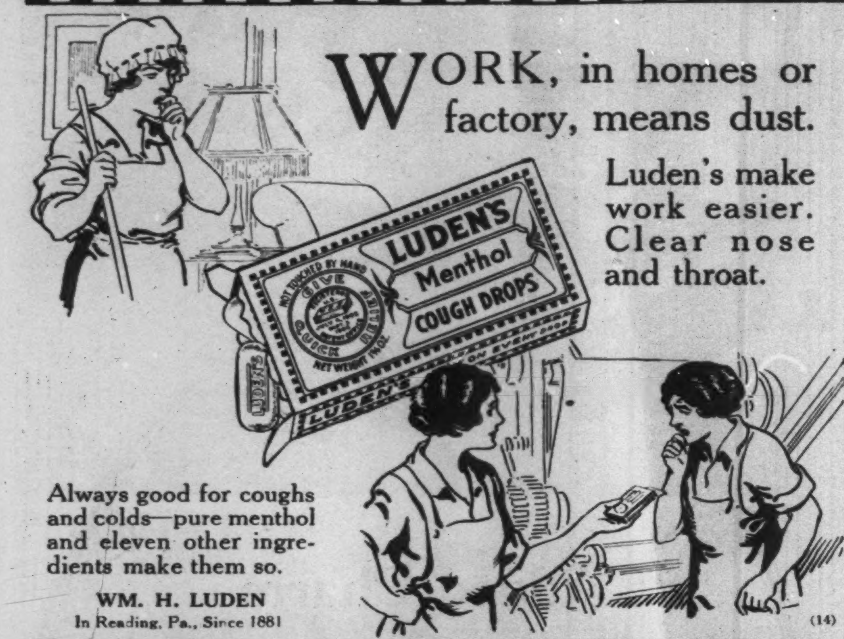

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he felt, yet what he liked most about it was her pretense at hesitation. It impressed him as the deliberateness of the well-trained hand grown sure of its tool, grown contemptuous of its cutting-edge. She was even giving depth to a situation primarily shallow, for what confronted him was no mere demirep sodden with crime, cheaply shooting where shooting was called for, but a woman of emotion darkly stirred, only too tragically aware of what awaited her, yet driven against her will to the final resort of force where force spelled her only avenue of escape from the intolerable.

He could see this even by the way she handled her firearm, by her furtive movements of concealment until the impending last moment. For she gave the impression of being afraid of the weapon, as though intent on concealing it as much from her own eyes as from her victim's. It was the instrument of murder, and murder, after all, was murder. She must have hated the thought of it, behind all her iron will. And that human dread of a dreadful act tended to humanize her to the spectator. Even when the tension was at its highest, for all the retarded tempo of those over-deliberate movements of hers, it seemed like a crowning touch when her face, under its plastering make-up, became cadaverously colorless. It seemed a miracle of will, to the narrowed-eyed Budanski, that her face and lips could go colorless, as the barrel of her weapon was brought slowly about until it was pointed directly at the heart of her victim.

SHE waited, and a breathless house waited with her, as she took one shuddering breath, her finger hesitating on the trigger. Her face, with its horror-widened eyes, was now averted from the debonair youth into whose body her bullet was supposed to crash. That face stared, as bloodless as a skull, toward the audience it did not see, and even Budanski himself felt the scampering mouse-feet of emotional reaction up and down his spine at that sustained moment of suspense held by the sepulchral blank face of the woman so terribly afraid of Death.

"There's greatness in that," whispered the master of stage-craft, for the second time.

Then he leaned forward, with a frown of disappointment on his face, for the thread of the thing seemed to snap. The forward-thrust body of the woman with the revolver suddenly stiffened. She fell back a few steps, with the wading motion of a bather half-immersed in water, flung the revolver away from her, and as she stood facing the audience sobbed out brokenly: *"I can't do it! I can't do it!"*

She raised her hands, as though to cover her face. But before that movement could be completed she went down on the dusty boards of the stage-front. She did not fall, for it was not the faint that most of the audience inferred it to be. It was more a slow crumbling down of the inert body, a subsidence without sound or shock. The only perceptible sound, indeed, in the momentary hush of that motionless and slightly mystified house was the small noise of sobs from the woman lying with her head toward the stage-apron, inhaling floor-dust and clawing foolishly at the board-cracks.

It was the company behind that stage-apron, more than the audience in front of it, which stood startled by this unlooked-for ending to the familiar old story. Wallie Craswell sharply called out to Anada Kinsella, whose muffled scream of "Mother!" was lost in the tumult of a dozen supers, made up as *peons*, crowding noisily out on the stage for the *finale*, as they had been duly schooled to do.

"The old woman's gone blooey!" gasped Hunkie Hoppe, trying to herd them back.

"Get your curtain down!" called Grimshaw, signaling to the one-eyed orchestra-leader to start his recessional music. Half the audience was on its feet by this time, and the strained laughter of a woman in a gallery-seat was sharpening into the uncontrolled screams of hysteria.

"Help me here," Wallie Craswell cried out to Hoppe, as he stooped to lift the passive woman from the floor-boards. "Are you all right?" he gasped as he backed away with his burden. "Look out for your curtain there! This side, Anada, and we'll get her to a dressing-room!"

Hunkie Hoppe, once his curtain was down, gaped after the white-faced woman being supported by the girl and the young man on either side of her.

"And she gummed her best scene—with Budanski out front!" he muttered as he picked up the fallen revolver. Then he turned irritably to the staring supers. "Get off the stage, you muckers! Can't you see this show's over!"

"Mother, are you all right?" the girl was still demanding of the older woman beside her. For that older woman had suddenly stopped and stared at her with the abstraction of a somnambulist. Then she had turned and stared with prolonged absorption into the face of the youth in the ridiculous Mexican jacket braided with brass sequins. Slowly she took the brown-stained hand which had been clasping her arm and lifted it toward the white-powdered hand of the girl on her other side. She thrust the two hands toward each other until they met and clasped. She did so with a solemnity which tended to translate the movement into a rite. She was even able to smile wintrily at those hesitatingly-clasped fingers which tightened at her surrendering nod of approval.

"Yes, I'm all right," she said as she walked unsteadily toward her dressing-room. . . .

Loeser, sitting beside Budanski as the theatre noisily emptied, drew a deep breath.

"I'll be darned if that old she-trouper didn't give me a shiver up the backbone," he said with an achieved air of flippancy.

"She'll give you quite a few before I'm through with her," retorted the older man.

Loeser, who knew his chief, did not let the significance of that declaration escape him.

"But can she do it again?" he asked, with his eyes on the curtain stippled with its competitive trade-announcements.

"She did it once, didn't she?"

"We've just seen it," admitted the younger man.

"Then it's up to me to make her do it again," was Budanski's untroubled retort. . . .

"Mother," called Anada at Katherine Kinsella's door ten minutes later, "there's a Mr. Budanski here to see you."

There was a ponderable lapse of time before any answer came from the woman behind the closed door.

"Will you ask him what for," the muffled voice finally said. But Budanski, at this juncture, pushed the girl aside. There was impatience in his gesture.

"To get you back to Broadway before the end of the month," announced the old manager, swinging back the door. "To sign you up for three years, lady, before I leave this room!"

"Wait—wait till I finish dressing," faltered the lady in question, with one hand on the greasy back of a chair with a broken leg and the other holding a clustered soiled kimono against her shoulders.

"Fiddlesticks," retorted the great man of Broadway, with his Napoleonic prerogatives. "I've only forty minutes to get this business settled. And I've only five weeks to get you back into real stage-work. So let's get down to brass tacks. Does five hundred a week seem a fair figure for the first year?"

Slowly the woman turned over the crumpled kimono and slowly she thrust her arms through the faded voluminous sleeves. All the while her eyes were on Budanski's face. They were opaque and expressionless, but the machinery of thought behind them was racing with its ramifying cogs of conjecture. She knew what it meant, in a way, from the moment she first heard it. But it took time to digest that discovery.

"MY DAUGHTER"—she began, with the look of pathos intensified on her tired face.

"Which is her?" demanded Budanski, misunderstanding the woman's hesitation as he turned in the open door. He suspected the maneuver of seeing a family encumbrance attaching itself to a working necessity.

The woman, with her meditative wide stare still on her face, stepped to the door. Close under the switch-board, in the half-light, she could see a tall youth in a Mexican jacket braided with sequins standing with his arms folded about a slender girl whose head rested on his shoulder. They drew apart, the next moment, and stood speaking in earnest whispers. Then the girl placed a hand on the shoulder of the braided jacket and the youth's arms once more enfolded her.

"That's my daughter," murmured the woman with the abstracted eyes. And Budanski smiled, in spite of himself, in spite of the tragic light of relinquishment in the older woman's eyes.

"You mean she used to be your daughter, don't you?" he curtly inquired.

Instead of answering him in words, she moved her head slowly up and down. She was still repeating that abstracted head-movement of acquiescence when he glanced down at his watch and swung the door shut. "So let's get back to business," he announced as he cleared one end of the littered dressing-table and reached for his fountain-pen.

Time Out for Granberry

[*Continued from page 15*]

hideous time just after I'd made such a fool of myself over Harriet Weston I — I used to slip in town and go to the movies — vaudeville — anything — I was beside myself. And one night I picked up a paper from an empty seat beside me. It was a new sort of thing to me. I don't know as you — well, it was a matrimonial journal."

"A what?"

"Oh, I know how it must seem to you — now — here — but then, just when I was . . ." His voice died out miserably.

"You're not trying to tell me that you ——"

He bowed, with a pathetic effort at dignity. "I wrote the agency. Oh, they seemed a reputable enough concern! Their offices are in a very decent building — I looked them up. I wrote guardedly, of course — explained that I am a quiet, single man, with very little money but with a reasonably promising future, and that unless they knew of a deserving young woman of good appearance and quiet tastes who would be glad to ——"

"JUST A minute! You didn't give your own name and address?"

"Certainly! I could hardly ——"

"You heard from them?"

"The next day. A young woman wrote. It was really a decent enough letter. She sent her photograph."

"But what sort ——"

"Not an unattractive person. Almost too pretty, in fact. You would hardly suppose that they ——"

"And you wrote her?"

"That night."

"But ——"

"For heaven's sake, try to remember that this was all during that dreadful week when ——"

"Go on ——"

"I've tried to make it clear to you that I had simply gone off my head."

"All right! Go on!"

"Well, then, when I came to my senses — realizing how deeply I felt toward Emily — it seemed only courteous to write this Miss Watson and explain ——"

"Then there had been further correspondence with this person from the — the agency?"

"A little."

"Did you consult a lawyer before writing any of these letters?"

"No. She wrote like a sensible woman. But apparently we had come to see our relationship in somewhat different lights. And her later letters have been in a rather different key. The truth is, they got so heated I found it difficult to answer them at all. So I ignored them. It seemed the best way — give her a little time to come to her senses."

"And has she come to her senses?"

"That's the difficulty. She — well, you see — she's here."

"Here? Where?"

"At Mrs. Dreakin's. In the front parlor. She sent up her name, and — well, it rather nonplused me, so I slipped out the side door and hurried over here. I don't quite know what to do. It seems to be a good deal of a fix."

It was I who walked the floor now, while he sat huddled forward in the Morris chair, hands clasped between his knees, and watched me with big scared eyes.

"You see," said he weakly, "if there should be any more unfortunate publicity, I don't know . . . you see, Emily . . ."

"You didn't by any chance keep a copy of that last letter?" I asked.

"No, but it was just a straightforward ——"

"Surely you understand that the law is a web of intricate trickery in the hands of a smart crook."

"Oh, but she couldn't be a crook ——"

"You say she's here!"

"Yes, but ——"

"Wait — listen!" When I am deeply stirred into action, my faculties are likely to move more rapidly than any conscious reasoning power. Certainly, if this poor devil couldn't be rescued promptly from the hands of the blackmailers he would be wrecked for good and all. He mustn't see the woman. Apparently I'd have to do that. His very honesty would work against him. We are not taught, we Americans, that there are moments in life when tactics, however cynically employed, must supersede principle; but there are. . . . I had no plan. I only knew that I was taking hold. . . . I couldn't forget the look of shy happiness in Emily Beane's face that day I saw her waiting for her lover. . . . As for Granpa, he'd be all right, once married and settled in new work. He only wanted organizing.

I looked at my watch. It was four-forty-two.

"You sit right here!" said I, shaking my finger over him, I'm afraid.

"But what are you ——"

"If the telephone rings down-stairs hurry down and answer it yourself. Just one thing — where are this woman's letters to you?"

"In the top drawer of my bureau."

"I — wait, let me think! — I must see them first. No harm in my slipping in Mrs. Dreakin's side door, I imagine."

"No, but ——"

I left him there.

A glance at the letters was enough. They were all I feared. The picture was with them — a mildly pretty, dark young woman with quiet eyes. Altogether a likable face. It was curious.

I went down-stairs wholly without a plan, but all nervously alive.

A man and a woman stood in the bay-window, talking in low tones. I waited quietly in the doorway until they turned.

The woman was slender, dressed surprisingly well though with an odd slight touch of the theatrical in the cut of her smart frock and the slant of her big hat. The hair under the hat was bright yellow. The eyes were big, brown, flashing; you saw those first. She was a vivid creature, almost a sort of beauty; but she had, I saw, as she turned into the light, a harelip.

The man was angular, with a hatchet chin, a somewhat crooked mouth, a husky voice, and a gray, pin-check suit with a waistcoat made of Black Watch plaid and a red necktie. He stepped forward.

"Mr. Ames," he began.

My decision had to be instantaneous. The fact is, since I stood motionless, fate decided for me. For the rest of it, I would let them think and talk as they liked.

". . . Mr. Ames, I am Mr. Grosvenor. This is Miss Watson."

She flashed her eyes at me. "Hard as nails," I concluded.

"YOU WILL understand how deeply she feels this situation, Mr. Ames ——"

"I don't understand why you are here," said I, to the man.

"Oh — well, naturally — as Miss Watson's attorney ——"

"You're a lawyer?"

"I'm here *as* her attorney. After receiving such a letter as your last, you couldn't expect her to come alone."

"Alone or at all." I murmured. They seemed to find this somewhat cryptic, so I added — "I'm afraid I can't give you any time this afternoon."

"But, you see, we've come 'way out here from town ——"

"You should have made an appointment."

The woman started forward; but the man waved her back and remarked, out of the corner of his mouth ——

"You're in no position to act like you're acting, Mr. Ames."

"Am I to understand that as a threat?"

"Well," he explained, in a softer voice. "You see how it is. If Miss Watson was to go before a jury with your letters ——"

"See me to-morrow."

"I'm a business man, Mr. Ames. As a business man yourself ——"

"I'm nothing of the sort!"

"I'm sure you'll see that we can't leave you now until this thing is settled."

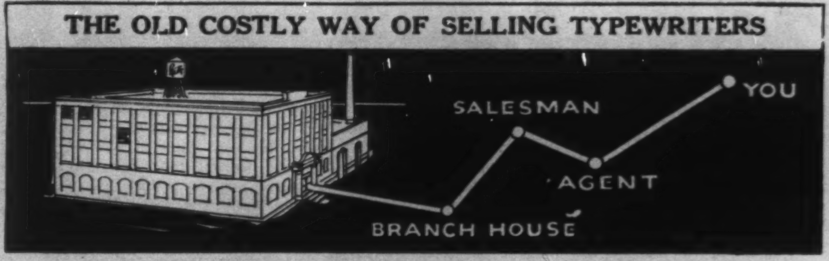
"Settled? What do you mean — money?"

"Well — naturally ——"

"Rot!"

"It would be so much better, of course, to work it out smooth and quiet, without any publicity. Considering how Miss Watson's feelings have been injured, we're inclined to be reasonable. . . ."

I couldn't help glancing out through the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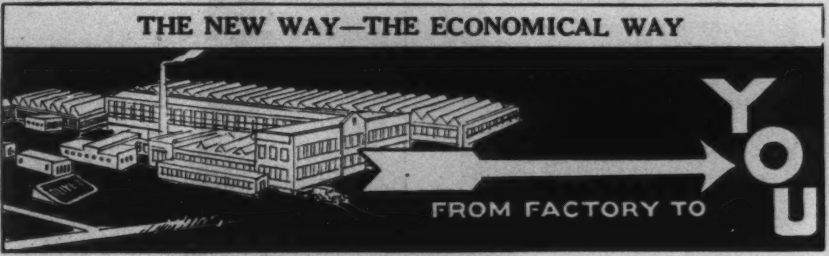
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wine-colored portières into the hall. I had never, myself, lived through such a scene. An eavesdropping maid would have been enough to ruin my reputation along with Granpa's. As to what might take place if the shrewd and diplomatic Mrs. Dreakin should choose that moment to walk into her own parlor, Heaven alone could say. The mere thought that I was already in the position of masquerading under a name not my own was enough to start the sweat on my forehead. But I couldn't back out now. In a way, I didn't wish to. There was an oddly, delightfully wicked thrill in the situation. One thing — time was, as judges say, of the essence.

"What do you call being reasonable?" I asked. They looked at each other. She started to speak; and again he stopped her.

"We want to be fair in every way," he said, with a slight whine in his voice. "We recognize that you're not a millionaire. Say — ten thousand — for these letters, complete," and he produced a thin packet of envelopes, held together by a rubber band.

"You expect that amount, in cash, this afternoon?"

"Why not? In a matter as important as this ——"

"And you're going to stay with me until it's settled, eh?"

"As a business man, Mr. Ames ——"

"Then you'll have to travel about a bit rapidly. It just happens that I have a very busy hour or two before me."

"We sha'n't leave you!" said he, firmly.

"Very well, then!" I replied. "Stick along. I certainly can't give you any time until this business is done."

I stepped into the telephone booth under the stairs with every detail of the plan clear in my brain. Yet when I uttered that last sentence to Mr. Grosvenor, I had known no more than that there was to be a plan. was exciting. Probably, I thought, great business organizers, great soldiers, function in that instant dramatic way.

The pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, Mr. Kempster, was a widower, with no children at home. Better still, he lived in a quiet neighborhood, a block from the church, over on the West Side. I called him, found him in, and arranged to meet him at his home within a few minutes.

Next I called Miss Beane, my mounting sense of guilt now attained its climax as I recalled myself to her.

"Granberry has taken me into his confidence," I said. "An odd situation has come up. When I tell you that it involves an immediate marriage, I'm sure you will understand. Granberry is quite beside himself."

"James isn't ill — " I heard her saying, in a breathless little voice.

"He is perfectly well, but too deeply in love and altogether too excited to be of any practical use. I must ask you, like him, to place yourself in my hands. It comes to you in a rather startling way, but — may I count on you to do exactly as I say?"

"Why — " she gasped — "why — oh, really! — why, yes!"

"Then go at once to Mr. Kempster's house, on Filbert Avenue. It's two minutes to five — you must be there by ten minutes after five. Not a moment later."

"Why — I'm not dressed for ——"

"The more matter of fact the better. Will you do it?"

"Really — why — well, yes!"

"Splendid. I knew we could count on you. Remember, not a moment later than five-ten."

"I'll start now," said she, faintly.

I called poor old Granpa then. From the promptness of his response, I gathered that he was sitting on the stairs.

"Old man," I explained, "you're going to be married — in just fifteen minutes."

"To — to — to whom?" he stammered.

"Everything's going to be all right. Trust me. Have you the ring?"

"Yes — I bought that the day I got the license."

"Be at Mr. Kempster's house at a quarter past — not a minute earlier — not a minute later. Better wait at the drug store at Filbert Avenue and Simpson Street until twelve minutes past — then walk directly to the house."

"But ——"

"Will you leave it to me, or not?"

"Of course, I've drawn you in."

"You have."

"But I must call Emily up."

"She's not at home. Go now to the drug store. Leave there at five-twelve and go straight to Mr. Kempster's."

"Aw — all right!" said he weakly.

I called a taxi; then returned to the parlor.

Mr. Grosvenor smiled.

"Everything going all right?" he asked.

"Everything's going fine," I replied. "It won't take me long to finish up this little matter. After it's over, I'll talk with you."

We sat there in the parlor during five interminable minutes. The silent Miss Watson tapped with nervous fingers on the arms of her rocking-chair. The flashy Mr. Grosvenor walked about, examining the porcelain shepherd and shepherdess and Mrs. Dreakin's collection of polished agates and broken geodes on the what-not.

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"Find these things on the lake shore here?" he asked, brightly.

I said, "No."

At five-seven the taxi came.

"Come along," I said then.

Miss Watson hesitated, glancing doubtfully at Mr. Grosvenor.

"Just — er — where are you taking us?" he asked.

"To a minister's."

They stared at each other.

"I'm to be best man at a wedding — friends of mine," I explained. "Of course — if you'd prefer to wait for me. . . ."

"We'll come," said he.

We reached Mr. Kempster's house at five-fourteen, passing Ames, who was walking very fast. I led them directly into the front parlor. Miss Beane was sitting erect, in the back parlor, a wan little slip of a woman, her hands tightly clasped in her lap. The minister sat across the room, waiting, book in hand.

"Mr. Ames will be here in a moment," I told him in a low voice. And before they could more than murmur a reply, the bell rang.

I LET him in myself, took him firmly by the arm and led him directly through into the back parlor. He was mumbling something breathlessly. I caught the words, "I must see you alone. It's all confused."

By that time I had him in the room, saying cheerfully — "All ready, Mr. Kempster."

Miss Beane fluttered to her feet.

Mr. Kempster rose, asking gravely —— "You have provided witnesses?"

"Right in here!" I motioned my curious couple to step forward.

The minister at once began reading.

Granpa, wholly dazed, reached blindly for Emily Beane's hand and they stood motionless, side by side, oddly like two children. I knew then that I was fond of them both.

And like children they repeated the words after the minister. . . . "I, James, take thee, Emily," and "I, Emily, take thee, James." His "I do" was firm and manly; hers but a whisper.

Mr. Kempster spread the red and gilt certificate on the center table and unscrewed the cap of a fountain pen.

It was time for the witnesses to sign. I beckoned. With distinct awkwardness — for any wedding is solemn, and these two hawks of the city, taken unawares, were brought to confusion — they came forward. The woman took the pen; then hesitated. The man bent excitedly to her ear and whispered. I caught only a little — "It's a legal document, you see." Then she wrote, in a slanting dashing hand, the name — "Adelaide Meisner." And then he wrote — "Sol. C. Beit."

It was perfect. I caught his furtive eye as he lifted his head, and stared him down.

Then I heard Mr. Kempster saying, in his dry, patient voice — "Put her on the sofa. I'll get some water from the kitchen." And I saw that little Mrs. Ames lay gray and limp in the arms of her husband.

I remarked to my choice adventurers, abruptly —— "We'll go now."

I handed them into the taxi, and whispered to the driver — "Railway Station!"

We rode without a word. As we neared the station, Mr. Grosvenor-Beit craned his neck to take in our surroundings, then turned those elusive eyes toward me.

The taxi drew up by the concrete steps.

The woman, I became aware now, was breathing rather hard. The man said with that slight whine — "Really, Mr. Ames —"

"I am not Mr. Ames."

"But — oh, come now! You said ——"

"I said nothing whatever. You have just signed your names — your real names, I trust — as witnesses of Mr. Ames's marriage. In a minute you're going to get out of this taxi and catch the five-forty-six for Chicago, but first ——"

"If you think," began the man.

"Listen!" said I sharply — quite in the vernacular. "There's a policeman up there on the platform. His name is Bill Reilly, and he will certainly believe me over you. I give you your choice — hand me those letters and take the train in peace, or stay right here under arrest."

In some degree I was bluffing. I don't know a thing about that mysterious and expensive box of tricks known as the law. But they were a guilty pair, if a guilty pair ever trod this bewildering, melodramatic earth of ours; and I had them on the run.

The woman was almost puffing now, and her face was red.

I have never heard a fainter note of fluster than was in the man's voice as he asked —— "May I inquire just what offense you're charging us with?"

"Plain old-fashioned blackmail," I replied. "Give me those letters!"

He handed them over.

"Now," I added, "get out!"

Nimbly he stepped down. She followed, crying out, in a roughly nasal voice, in the strange pronunciation of those who are cursed with her physical affliction —— "You big stiff! You spilled the beans!"

He was trying desperately to quiet her as the taxi whirled away.

Ames came up the stairs to my rooms at six-fifteen. His eyes were bright with the divine fire that burns in the hearts of the newly and happily wed.

"She's going to be all right," he cried. "It was such a shock. To me, too. Why, old man, you — we've decided to make it public. Miss Wombast has taken Emily in for a day or so. She's going to give us a reception then. She's wonderful about it. But say, who were those people? The names were queer."

"How many letters of yours did the Watson woman have altogether?"

"Oh, good Lord! I can't — now ——"

"Were there more than four?"

"No — why — no, just four."

"Then you're all right." I tossed him the packet. "You'll never hear from that creature again."

He stood, with pain creeping through the joy on his countenance, slowly turning the packet over and over.

"I don't know how to thank you — things have happened so — of course, I realize there's been something going on — you're a brick — I — God, I can't talk! I can't think!" His voice broke. He dropped into the Morris chair.

I laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Old man," I said, perhaps a thought unsteadily, "you've shaved just short of the meanest sort of disaster. But you're by. A miss is as good as a mile. Now you're married to a good woman who'll go through hell for you if she must. You're going out to a real job in Iowa. You're clean off on a new course. You're going to be another sort of chap now. Life's that way."

And I do think I was right there. Life is that way.

Clyde Fitch's Fat Years

[Continued from page 27]

"They [the sketches] did just what I wanted them to do! Angelica made a hit, and Miss Elliott *jumped* at her hair! I wish you could have been here! . . . *But*, they staid till 4.30 & Goodwin drank enough W & S to put his hand on his heart & say he had from that spot a true and lasting affection for me! & that I was GREAT! It is true that he was nearly as effusive with all of them! ! However, he wasn't tipsy enough to spoil, & it came later, the effervescence of spirits & affection, I mean. Evidently the supper was a great success. They seemed staggered by the rooms & raved breathlessly about them every minute. Miss Elliott was dignified and charming. . . . 'Hale' made a good impression & Goodwin *bought* it. . . . O! They stayed so long! till every candle had burned out in its socket, & the electric light had heard the sun coming & sneaked away!"

BY JANUARY of the new year, 1898, Fitch was busy with the rehearsals of "Nathan Hale" and "The Moth and the Flame", and to show the care with which be approached his casting, I find reference in a letter, dated January 11, to his going to the Sargent School of Dramatic Art "on the lookout for un-idiotic pupils." He began to respond wonderfully to the enthusiasm of his companies, and, on February 20, he details the reception of both pieces — one in Chicago and the other in Philadelphia; he writes:

"Dearest Marguerite:
. . . 'Hale' *was* a very great success, both artistically and financially (our second matinée *broke the record* of Hooley's Theatre). I wish very much you could have been with me! There were 27 calls the first night, and yr pal made a long speech! Miss Elliott, 1st and 2nd, both were very fine and made unusual personal successes. Nat was *splendid* in parts, and showed absolute power to grow into the character. His whole last act was *perfect*, even the first night. It was a lovely production, and I felt repaid. By the way, the several things that X— and Z— objected to were the *especial successes* of the performance. Now, last Monday, the other play certainly did make a great success! Isn't it funny? I suppose, however, after a streak of bad luck it is only fair to have a streak of good. 'The Moth and the Flame' was stunningly received in Philadelphia. Made a positive sensation & the Syndicate grabbed it Tuesday A. M., and booked it splendidly, including an opening Easter Monday at the Lyceum for an indefinite run."

Clyde was as naïve as a boy about these successes, watching the audience for every turn of appreciation. He exclaims, "'Hale' *was* such a success in Boston! Colossal! Even old Clapp said it would 'long linger in his memory.' . . . The people *love* it. First night over *twenty-four curtains*. I stopped counting them. 2nd night (blizzard) *packed* house, 8 curtains after Act III & calls & a speech." This was too much for Charles Frohman who began laying siege to Clyde's time and future output — a characteristic upon which he built a great reputation as a manager. With this sense of business Frohman combined a charm of personality which appealed to the dramatists of two continents, winning for him the continued loyalty of such men as Fitch, Pinero, Jones and Barrie. "I am being pressed almost beyond bearing by Frohman," writes Fitch, "to finish 'Barbara' for Marlowe by the *middle of January*. Since 'Hale's' hit in Boston, he has sent for me & begged me to give him two acts the day after Xmas! ! So I am doing nothing but write (& the Opera, wh gives me ideas)." And again, "C. Frohman has signed with me a contract by wh I give him the next two plays I write, whatever they shall be."

He therefore went abroad the next Spring with a more exultant feeling than he had had in a long while, and with probably more money. In London he attended the theatres assiduously, and sounded his friends as to their sympathy with America in her war with Spain. In Paris, I note, toward the end of May, that he was writing, "I went to see a *very witty* & *very* NAUGHTY play. . . . of wh I can tell you *absolutely* nothing! ! !" and in his usual holiday mood described how he "bought some gloves, as my hands were positively nude, & drove with Charley in the Bois, it being the *fête des Fleurs*." This trip seems to have been very social, and we glimpse his activities, in a letter from Nat Goodwin's English estate, "Jackwood", Shooter's Hill, Kent, where he was on July 26th.

"Dear Mr. Popsy:
If you were here just now I would make you go out on the lawn, play a game of tennis with Nat Goodwin, Charley Frohman & myself! & you & I would beat them out of sight, for they can't play a little bit!

I wish you were here, you would enjoy the place — it is so very beautiful. The flowers are superb, walls 6 or 7 feet high, covered thick with roses. The house is always full of guests of every sort, from a 'bum' actor to a ducal 'scion'! ! Free trade! . . . I've heard in the course of a week's jolly dinners some pretty good stories, but I won't try to write them down, because you won't let me tell you a new story ever!

Tomorrow I go back to town, & after a few days by the sea, I start on a month's trip to the continent. Berlin (my first visit), Vienna, & Venice. In between I am going to visit Count H— in Silesia for a week's *wild boar hunting! ! ! !* How does that strike you? It strikes *me* almost dead! . . . I will be back early this year — to try & find a roof to cover me & my bibelots, for I have given up my rooms in Carnegie."

"Barbara Frietchie" practically wrote itself. There had been many years of preparation leading up to it — in the family tradition which had grown up around the courtship of Mr. and Mrs. Fitch at Hagerstown during the Civil War, and already Clyde had made use of the romance in several college effusions. When Frohman approached him with the suggestion that he write a play for Julia Marlowe, Fitch began thinking over the similarity in looks between Miss Marlowe and a girl daguerreotype he had of Alice Goodwin, and in his mind there began to be associated the actress and the Hagerstown courtship. Being a story laid in a section where Northern and Southern sympathies were about equalized, the task of mixing the two sentiments was imposed on Fitch from the beginning, and it was natural that as the dénouement, he should decide to use the Barbara Frietchie and the Union flag incident. Neither Hagerstown nor Fredericksburg was to love him for what was called "his distortion of history", but he never pretended to be writing an historical tract, — merely a picturesque and dramatic vehicle for a very picturesque actress. And the results were well deserved. Fitch conducted the rebearsals for "Barbara", paying that particular care to the maintenance of Southern atmosphere which he had paid to the lighting effects in "Nathan Hale."

HE WAS very appreciative of the interest taken by his players, and was like a boy if he gained the full values he was seeking. Such an occasion took place one morning, when they had reached the end of the first act. Julia Marlowe (Barbara) and J. H. Gilmour (Capt. Trumbull) had just gone through the scene on the Frietchie stoop, when he asks her to look at a star, but she is not taken in; then he asks her to kiss him, and she says "No!" Then he asks her to marry him, and she smiles and whispers "Yes." Then *she* asks him to "step down — only one step", and to "look at that star!" He does, and she kisses *him*. Miss Marlowe did the scene with delicacy and romantic charm, and she turned to Fitch for criticism. "Fine," he exclaimed, "but — do you see that star?" She looked up, thinking he had some new "business" in mind. "Where?" she asked unsuspectingly, and he kissed her, saying, "*You* have made her *more* than my Barbara!" When the play was eventually published, his dedication to Miss Marlowe paid a further tribute. As a rehearser, no one was more open-minded than Clyde Fitch; what he was after was the proper effect, no matter from what source the suggestion came. In the second act of "Barbara", Clyde at one moment suggested to Miss Marlowe that she come forward as she spoke a certain line, but she explained to him that her instinct was to crouch back, back toward the wall. And

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Advice to Investors Bonds, Stocks and Mortgages

(Reprinted from McClure's Financial Booklet)

BONDS and mortgages as a class are more suited to the needs of the inexperienced investor than stocks. Any one familiar with the financial markets might name offhand well known stocks that are as safe, for all practical purposes, as are three-fourths, or perhaps as high as ninety per cent., of all the bonds in existence. But two points must be noted:

1. In any given concern bonds are safer than stocks. If the thousands of investors who have been without incomes because dividends have been passed on stocks they have purchased had owned bonds of the same companies, they would perhaps not be going without income at the present time.

2. No matter how sound a stock may be, it represents the risk-taking, profit taking part of an enterprise. It is the buffer between the creditor and loss. Interest can not be stopped on bonds (except income bonds, a relatively small class) without making actual trouble for a corporation. But the directors have a perfect right not to pay dividends.

Of course, if no one bought stock—if there were no risk-takers, no speculators—there would be, and could be, no bonds. Everything can not be a prior lien. Bonds are safe only when there is a fairly large stock issue representing actual cash invested either by subscribers or saved from surplus earnings. But the point is that inexperienced investors should leave stocks to persons with more experience, who can afford less certainty of income for a chance of larger income. Buy bonds or mortgages first; then, when you have had an opportunity to study and analyze properties, buy a few sound stocks.

Mortgages are practically the same as bonds, except that they usually represent smaller units of property, are rarely dealt in on any exchange, and generally pay a higher income for the same degree of safety. If you buy a real estate mortgage, or a bond based upon one, there is usually only one person to whom you can resell in case of need, and that is the dealer from whom you bought it. But good mortgages run for practically never more than ten years, and in that period of time you may not have to sell. Moreover, the stronger and more reliable dealers will ordinarily repurchase at a very small discount. You can also buy mortgages for differing maturities, so that one will come due every year, and in that way cash will be coming in as you need it.

The above article is one of a dozen sound and informative articles on investments to be found in the new ninth edition of McClure's Financial Booklet.

THE new, revised ninth edition of McClure's Financial Booklet can be obtained by sending in 25 cents to McClure's Magazine. This edition contains a number of new features on new developments in finance, such as the Federal Reserve System, No Par Value Stock, new features of the Partial Payment Plan, etc. Table of contents:

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even though Clyde thought she might run the risk of getting too far away from her audience, he said, "If that is your *natural feeling — do it!*"

The opening night of "Barbara" in Philadelphia, on October 10, 1899, at the Broad Street Theatre, was a gala occasion. People came early, there was a buzz of excitement and expectation and chatter, and an eye-witness tells me that in conversation there was a renewal of talk about bluecoats and Federals and Confederates, lint and crinoline, and by the time the orchestra played "Dixie", the audience was tuned to the proper emotional excitement. The mother of Owen Wister, the novelist, sat in the Fitch box. On October 10th Clyde wrote to Miss Merington:

"Yr letter came last night. I wish it had been you. It doesn't seem natural (or nice) to be *here*, in Penn's town, producing a play without YOU. If 'Barbara' fails, I shall make yr absence the cause, in my heart. This is the first night, in a few hours, & I begin a letter wh I will finish & send tomorrow. I have been back in America a month nearly, all of wh has been spent in rehearsing Miss Frietchie, & chasing cooks and house-cleaners."

The domestic reference is to the fact that he was now located in a small two-story house on East 38th Street, and was trying to get settled during the strenuous days of rehearsal. The letter to Miss Merington was not finished until the 17th, a week before the New York opening. He continues:

"What a *lovely* first night! ! . . . The audience really loved the play. They called us out at least 20 times! Five at the end, and both Miss Marlowe & I had to make speeches, & even then they wouldn't go home, but started singing 'Dixie', till the lights had to be put out! The papers were nasty, the worst I've had for ever so long, but hopelessly ignorant and futile. *I didn't get one single thing from them!*"

The last sentence was characteristic of Fitch — this desire of his to learn from others things that would improve his work. He could not be shaken by false opinion, nor could he be deceived by inflated enthusiasm. It is told of him that on the opening night of "Glad of It", he was coming out of the theatre with Miss Marbury, with the sound of the deafening applause still in his ears, and the echo of the cries for "author, author" still in his heart. But he knew the weakness of his play, and he turned to Miss Marbury, and said, "Bessie, this play won't run four weeks." And he was right.

For "Barbara", Miss Gerson did the costumes, and, in a London letter, I find Fitch backing her up in her desire to see certain of her suggestions go through unaltered. "I am stopping two days with Percy Anderson," he says, "and I've spent two afternoons with him at the costumers. He makes them alter every tiny thing that isn't exactly like the sketches. You must be just as particular if you *can* be. I will come early if necessary to back you up. Keep yr courage going!" The excitement over the costumes for "Barbara" came to a high point just after the dress rehearsal, when from Philadelphia was sent this hurry call from Clyde:

"Please come tomorrow early enough to see J. M. in the afternoon, some time, & show her about her hair! I've *promised her* you will. I don't know myself just what to do. At the dress rehearsal yesterday she looked lovely (O! that shawl!) but her hair broadened her face at the lower part too much. Also she cannot get a red camellia, but has white ones, which I thought *you* could & would *paint* the right color for her, if you will bring your paints when you show her her hair."

Clyde had little time to enjoy peaceably the success of "Barbara", for he was called on to conduct rehearsals of "The Cowboy and the Lady" and "Sapho." The former play had been tried out in June, of 1899, in London, but the English public would have none of it. Fitch had written:

"The large majority of papers were in our favor, but the most important one, the *Telegraph*, was *dead against us!* & nobody goes to see it. . . . W. S. Gilbert liked it so much he is going a second time. . . They pretend over here they can't understand the language & the *Telegraph* was brutal toward me about the swearing. It's a pity to finish off my fine winter in this way, but it takes everything to make up life, tho' I can't help its spoiling my London this year. . . I have finished the adaptation I had to do for C. F. & am way in Act II of 'Sapho', & getting along finely, I think. I can expect *Olger* to swoop down upon us any moment now. I am being very quiet, working morning & night."

"The Cowboy" opened in New York on Christmas. In the first act there is a scene where, after the cowboys have adopted Midge (Gertrude Elliott), they nail up a box on the front porch, and any one caught saying a swear word has to drop a quarter as a fine into it. Of course the quarters flowed! When Clyde got his mail the morning after the first performance, there was a note from which fell a quarter.

"Dear Clyde Fitch:
That's a *damn fine play!* A. C."

Of course the New York date of a play does not mean that the play has not had a previous trial and success. One of the reasons why "The Cowboy" was tried in London was that it had made such a phenomenal success on the theatrical circuit in the early spring of 1899. In fact, it went to Philadelphia while "Hale" was there, and beat it in box-office receipts, which elicited from Fitch the following naïve comment: "I'm sorry to have it beat 'Hale', but if any play is going to, I'd rather it was one of mine, eh?"

It is interesting, in a discussion of the plays by Clyde Fitch, to note how certain identifying conceptions have stuck to them through the years, until there are even now people who refer to "Sapho" as "that staircase piece", to "The Climbers" as "the drama about a funeral", and "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" as having "something to do with the shipping pier over in Hoboken." While such situations were made the most of by the dramatist, it was furthest from his mind to build his plays entirely on some cleverness of that sort; in fact, had he been seeking to lean heavily on situation, he would have changed the opening funeral set in "The Climbers", for it was this that brought down upon him the opposition of managers and finally the criticism of the press. Had he known what unnecessary legal trouble "Sapho" was going to create, not only for the actress but for everyone concerned, he might have toned down the staircase scene, about which an unpleasant court investigation was started.

Unfair to the playwright are such tricks of memory, for recollections of this kind make subservient the more important aspects of a man's work: for instance, clever though the tail-end of a funeral might be for the beginning of a play, the subtle social psychology was what counted in that play. "Sapho" was a clever task imposed upon him — an adaptation, for American consumption, of Daudet's story — theatrically effective, but, as one critic said, robbed, in the staircase scene, where Jean carries Sapho up-stairs to her room, of some of the original symbol of youth weighed down by a burden he has to bear. After the papers had advertised the scene beyond its meaning, after the courts had acquitted Miss Nethersole, there was a flood of Saphos through the States — beautiful example of the unwise way in which law sometimes determines the scope and intent of our moral vision! In the midst of the furor, Clyde left for Europe on his annual trip, and the papers accused him of showing the white feather over the affair which had been the talk of the town from the night of its opening, February 16, 1900. But there was nothing for him to do; he had accomplished a perfectly legitimate piece of adaptation for the stage, and had showed his accustomed conscientiousness about it, as his correspondence clearly indicates. Writing to an editor about "Sapho" and "The Marriage Game", Fitch said:

"It is only fair to myself and to my work done on the two plays to say that my intention and desire in both instances were to be faithful to the French original, and to have the outcome a resultant moral — to the good. To put it mildly, I do not seem to have created that impression exactly in the minds of the public. From their verdict and yours I have picked myself up, pulled myself together, and realized my failure. I had thought I was taking a building from one country and rebuilding it in another with the same stones, but I discovered I had apparently pulled down one structure and raised no other. . . . I think I have finally learned my lesson."

Which explanation may be taken as an excellent definition of the province of an adapter. But though the papers made scandal of "Sapho", and brought discomfort to Fitch, it gave the irrepressible Weber and Fields an opportunity to have burlesque fun at the expense of the situation. It will be recalled by old-time theatregoers that they had made the most of "Barbara Frietchie" in their "Barbara Fidgitty", but this burlesque was nothing in comparison with "Sapolio", where, in the staircase scene, trying to carry Sapho up the stairs, Jean finds her weight too much and sends her up on the dumb-waiter instead, and, of course, the rope breaks.

Through the generous appreciation given to "The Climbers" by Amelia Bingham, it was brought to popular financial success, after almost every manager had turned it down. Such a negative attitude toward an easily recognizable good play is strange considering that Charles Frohman showed such enthusiasm while it was being written, as is described in the following letter from London. Fitch writes:

"I read Act IV of 'The Climbers' to Charles Frohman (I think it is one of the best things — that act — I've ever written, somewhat *noble*) & I *never* saw C. Frohman so *enthusiastic*, or at all *moved*, before. He was really carried away from himself, shook my hand, & walked up & down a little while, without talking. He then turned, said to me — 'I'll tell you what I'd like to do, Clyde! I will give you $5000 down for the refusal of yr next 3 plays, on the completion of each one. I will give you another $1000 in advance for royalties. If I don't want to do one or all of the plays, they become yr property to dispose of as you like, & you also keep the $8000.'"

Fitch adds the significant question — but it must also be recalled that he had payments on his new house to make which may have urged him to accept — "As Frohman has nearly *all* the theatres, & *nearly* all the actors, why not?"

It was in the summer of 1900 that we find him paying his first visit to Russia, and noting the magnificence of the royal palaces, so different from those in Sweden, where the official palaces were turned into museums. He is also taking pictures of the things he sees, but the camera is an unknown mystery to him — "I fear I do them badly, for I keep a sort of débutante nervousness still about them."

By this time he had acquired his house on 40th Street, and he was traveling with an eye to furnishing it, and the following comment shows he has an eye to the domestic running as well. He says he is returning with a cook. She is "very 1862! She looks like a haircloth rosewood armchair, but a very *plain* one! !"

TO RETURN to "The Climbers." If Frohman was so enthusiastic about the play, why did he not present it? The opening act, it will be remembered, begins with all the tail-end panoply of grief. An Englishman who was asked why the play failed in London when it was given there in 1903, after its American success, said that the English people were shocked by the freshness of the crêpe and bombazine, they shuddered at the butler and footman carrying out the camp stools, picking up the flowers from the floral emblems, and raising the shades. It was undoubtedly this doleful beginning which was the stumbling block in the way of those who used their influence on Frohman to prevent him from risking a sombre enterprise. There were two other interesting reasons for its failure in London — one that J. M. Barrie's "Little Mary" was being played and booked heavily by the libraries, and the other that the King did not come to see it because there was a dark scene in one act, and the King never goes to a play where the lights in the auditorium have to be entirely extinguished.

When Miss Bingham accepted the piece, she was wise in giving Fitch *carte blanche* in the choice of his company, which he always declared was one of the very best he ever had. Clara Bloodgood's name appears for the first time, and her work must have given satisfaction, to judge by a note written by Mrs. Bloodgood in reply to one from him.

"11 West 34th Street,
January 21, 1901.

"DEAR MR. FITCH:

"I did not write you before, for the very prosaic reason that I had no writing paper! I want to tell you how much I appreciate your letter to me. I don't think you can know what a pleasure it is to feel that you are satisfied — nobody knows better than I do what a lot I've got to learn, but I'm willing

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She Gambled with Fate for a Home and Happiness

KALEEMA was her name and she was leading lady in one of those wildly absurd, heroic little theatrical companies which play only small towns and usually only one night before flitting on to the next town by the owl train that makes all stops. The actors play "Camille," "East Lynne," "Oliver Twist," and more like them. And sometimes in the summer they get to New York and sun themselves on the sidewalks just above and below Times Square, though often after a lean winter they play through the hot months in traction parks and other summer resorts. Such is the background of KALEEMA'S love story—KALEEMA, the young star, wild, fine, beautiful and brave. It is full of the gaiety, the pathos, the high tension of lives spent with magnificent gestures.

The author, Marion McClelland, knows the life of the road show intimately and in "KALEEMA" she has reproduced its very feel and color and atmosphere with amazing fidelity. "KALEEMA" has just been published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Ave., New York City, and is sold at all bookstores for $2.00.

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to work to learn it. — You have been so kind & so tactful in all your rehearsals & it has made me feel so anxious to do what you wanted. If you had scolded me I should have been frightened out of whatever good work I was capable of — but you never did that. — Please don't think for a moment that I have any false ideas of *myself*. I've got a splendid part & a big opportunity & I ought to be far better than I am. I've been treated *awfully* well & I mean to deserve it. I'm not very good at saying things, but I never forget. Sincerely yours,

Clara Bloodgood."

Everything is grist that comes to the mill of the dramatist, and one may expect situations to crop up and be made the most of at the opportune time. Once when the Elliotts were playing in "Nathan Hale", after the final curtain Clyde was back stage when Maxine and Nat Goodwin began to do the "cake walk" in a most humorous manner. "I will put that in a play for you," declared the dramatist, and so it appeared in "The Cowboy and the Lady." Those who remember the cartoons by C. D. Gibson for *Life*, when he first made his popular success, will recognize the similarity between one of them and the opening of the second act of "The Climbers", where, at a Christmas eve dinner party, while the coffee and *liqueurs* are being served, the ladies all drop something under the table, and the men disappear after them, coming up with fans, handkerchiefs, gloves, etc. The part of "Johnny Trotter" was especially written for Ferdinand Gottschalk, who came from London to appear in it. Clyde thought it too small a rôle, and studied over it to improve it. One night when the two were in his study together he suddenly exclaimed, "I've got it!" and began laughing. "I'll make your part the most talked of in town," he explained. "I'll give you a catch word which will be on the lips of everyone. How's this — 'I'm no Dodo bird.'" Then he added — and this shows the innate dramatist in him — "If that is used often enough, and what is still more important, — if it is not used too often — it'll be a go."

The year 1901 was a busy and active one: "The Climbers" on January 21st; "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" on February 4th; "Lover's Lane" on February 6th; and then toward the end of the year "The Last of the Dandies", with Beerbohm Tree, in London, and again in New York with "The Way of the World" on November 4th, and "The Girl and the Judge" on December 4th. He was now at the height of his activity, and his friends were beginning to warn him, to beg him to go more slowly. For the next three years, he was to be in a perfect furor of work, and the papers were to cartoon him both in pictures and in verse, an excellent sample of the latter being from the New York *Sun*, called "A Hustling Histrionicus."

"Swat,
And out of the glittering social grot,
Of the very Fitchiest, fetchingest lot,
Stirred in the scorching society pot,
Hot,
He plucks a wild, weird name and plot;
Whiz!
Through all the scenic mysteries,
The gayly appareled fantasies,
Likewise the dramatic unities,
He shoves his pen until he makes it sizz.
Biff!
Act I. — Act II. — Act III., as if
The thing were a cigarette to whiff.
Slambang,
The word goes out to the Broadway gang!
Hooray!
Clyde Fitch has written another play."

Clyde enjoyed such fun at his expense, and he knew that there was a certain amount of truth in what they said about him. But he could no more help it than he could help dramatizing the people he met at a dinner party. It was just his nature to do so, and there was no other explanation.

The next article of this series, "The Life Story of Clyde Fitch", by Montrose J. Moses, will appear in an early issue of McClure's.

The Wanderer of the Wasteland

[*Continued from page 34*]

weary way, following every water clue until they found a place to camp. How dreary and monotonous this region!

Dismukes led Adam off the well-beaten trail one day, up a narrow sandy wash to a closed pocket that smelled old and musty. Here a green spring bubbled from under a bank of sand. Water clear as crystal, slightly green in tinge, sparkled and murmured. A whitish sediment bordered the tiny stream of running water.

"Arsenic!" exclaimed Adam.

"Yes. An' here's where I found a whole caravan of people dead. It was six years ago. Aha! look here!"

Dismukes put the toe of his boot against a round white object protruding from the sand. It was a bleached skull.

"SOME other fellow's drunk to his death since I was here," said Dismukes. "Wansfell, I'm almost out of the desert, an' I'll never come back. I'm goin' to put up a warnin'."

"Men mad with desert thirst never stop to read," replied Adam, sadly.

Adam and Dismukes spent half a day at that arsenic spring, under the burning sun, suffering the thirst they dared not slake there; and they erected a rude cross that would stand for many and many a day. Deep in the cross-piece Adam cut the words: "DEATH ARSENIC SPRING! DON'T DRINK! GOOD WATER FIVE MILES. FOLLOW DRY STREAM BED."

Dismukes appeared to get deep satisfaction and even happiness out of this accomplished task. It was a monument to the end of his desert experience.

Next day the travelers came to a wide, hard-packed road winding in and out between the bare hills. They had reached the road where the long twenty-and-thirty-mule teams hauled the great wagons of borax down to the works at Daggett.

Adam had never been in the borax fields, but he had heard of these mule teams, and of hardship and toil so terrible that most workers died in a few months. These stories had interested Adam. The desert had developed in him defiance of the terrible, the impossible, the unattainable.

Darkness intervened before Adam and Dismukes reached a water-station along the road. They camped near it, and while Dismukes went for water, Adam set about other camp chores.

Then he joined Dismukes who was conversing with the men at the water-station. Excepting one young driver, they were a hard lot.

"Hell," snarled a red cadaverous-faced individual, with a hollow cough, "it ain't possible fer any man to work long in them mines. It'll kill him in a few months. An' as fer drivin' one of them teams of thirty mules — why, only a crazy man er a fool would try it."

The young driver, who sat dejectedly upon a box, bent over and hid his face.

"Reckon you're right," he said.

While he sat there with bowed head, Adam listened and watched; the other men indulged in a harangue on the evils of working for the borax mines. Often the mines had to be closed down because it was impossible to employ men to dig the borax and drive the mules. Few men who worked in the dust-laden holes of blasting heat had been known to stand it any length of time.

"Wal, it's out an' out suicide," declared the cadaverous-faced individual. "I quit. I'd starve to death before I'd go back. . . ."

"Chuck the job, Carricks," said the other man. "Go to huntin' gold."

"But a fellow's got to have money," spoke up the driver, Carricks. "They owe me two months' pay and I'm strapped. If I quit they'll take their time giving me my wages. And I've got a sick wife down at Daggett."

"Hard luck, Carricks," replied one of the men, roughly sympathetic. "It's a hell of a world. You've got to stick to drivin' them mules."

The young man lifted a face in which Adam read some of the torture he had suffered himself. It was an honest face, not yet hardened by desert life, and it was not without plucky spirit.

"Son, come here. Let me talk to you," said Adam, with blunt kindness. And as Carricks complied, Adam drew him out of earshot of the others. Dismukes joined them. "I heard what you said. Now you're in a tough fix. But maybe it's not so bad."

"It couldn't be worse," returned Carricks, rather huskily. "I've lost my nerve. That gray mule kicked me an awful belt. I can just walk. But I can't hitch up the rest of them mules, and I hadn't the guts to tell."

"We'll help you hitch up," said Adam.

"Much obliged. You're kind, stranger. And I wish I could tell you I could drive the devils. But I'm afraid I can't. They've bluffed me. And if I quit my job the boss will hold back my money. . . . And my wife — my baby ——"

Here his husky voice broke and failed.

"I'll drive the mules for you," said Adam.

How the dark shade lighted out of the young man's face! He stammered incoherent words. Dismukes gruffly cut him short.

"Come on over to our camp," he said.

Wonderingly, Carricks walked between the two men, beginning to talk eagerly to one and then the other, changed, radiant, no longer incredulous. When they got to the camp, Dismukes turned to Carricks.

"You're new out here?"

"Yes, I am," replied Carricks.

"Had some hard knocks?"

"I sure had. But I never squealed till now."

"Come west to make a home?" went on Dismukes.

"Yes. My wife's lungs are weak. But I know she'll get well here, if I can only ——"

"Sure, she'll get well," interrupted Dismukes, and then he turned to Adam.

"Wansfell, I reckon you're goin' to drive those ornery mules a while for this lad," he asserted.

"You've read my mind," declared Adam.

"An' we've reached the partin' of the trails. . . . Well, it's as good here as anywhere An' I guess better."

He fumbled in one of his packs, and after a moment, brought forth a small canvas sack, which he handed to the young man.

"Lad, there's a little gold dust for your wife an' baby," he said, with a rich note in his bass voice. "I'm Dismukes, an' my pard here is Wansfell. An' I'm sayin' to you, don't give up because you've got some hard knocks from bad men an' ornery mules. The west is full of both. But there are other kinds of men — such as you'll be some day if you go straight an' fight straight. You've got to fight to be a real man, an' that's the good of life"

An hour later Adam watched Dismukes drive his burros out on the lonely trail. The rolling voice of Dismukes, sonorous and splendid, still rang in Adam's ears: "Pard, we're square! . . . Good-bye!" Adam, deeply agitated, watched Dismukes stride down the barren trail, behind his bobbing burros, watched him stride on into the lonely glaring desert, until he vanished in the gray monotony.

When the following March came, Adam had been a week plodding southward over the yucca plateaus of the Mojave.

The desert had changed its face. The weather was that of an exquisite eastern day in June. Gone like the glaring colors was the heat. It was a joy to tramp along, to feel the warm pleasant sunshine on his back.

TOWARD sunset Adam was down on the trail around the western wall of San Jacinto. Coming toward him were two men and two burros, one of which appeared to have a rider. Presently, they appeared to see Adam, for they halted. When they started on again they sheered a little off a straight following of the trail. Whereupon Adam, too, sheered off a little, so as to pass near them. When they got fairly close he saw two rough looking men, one driving a packed burro, and the other leading a burro upon which was a ragged slip of a girl. When nearly abreast, Adam hailed them.

"Howdy, stranger," they replied, halting. "Come from inside?"

"No. I'm down from the Mojave," replied Adam. "How's the water? Reckon you came by the cottonwoods?"

"Nope. There ain't none there," replied one of the men, shortly. "Plenty an' fine water down the trail."

"Thanks. Where you headed for?"

"Riverside. My gal hyar is sick an' pinin' for home."

Adam had been aware of the rather sharp scrutiny of these travelers, and that they had exchanged whispers. Such procedures were natural on the desert, but in this case they struck Adam as peculiar. Then he shifted his gaze to the girl on the burro. He could not see her face, as it was bowed. Apparently she was weeping. She made a coarse drab little figure. But her hair shone in the light of the setting sun — a rich dark brown with glints of gold.

Adam replied to the curt good-bye of the men, and faced ahead to his own course. Then he heard low sharp words: "*Shet up!*" Wheeling, he was in time to see one of these men roughly shake the girl. Something made Adam hesitate and wonder; and presently as he proceeded on his way, the same subtle something turned him round to watch the receding figures.

"Humph! Somehow I don't like the looks of those fellows," muttered Adam. "They said no water at the cottonwoods. Either they lied or didn't know. For there certainly must be water in a spring the Indians have used for hundreds of years!"

Adam turned again to gaze after the little party. He had nothing tangible upon which to hang suspicions. He was just slowly answering to one of his peculiar feelings.

"I'LL GO back," said Adam. Tying his burros to greasewood bushes near the trail he started to stride back over the ground he had covered. For a while he peered through gathering shadows just able to see the moving darker spots on the gray sand, and then twilight hid them. He kept on. After a while he caught a glimmer of firelight. They had made dry camp hardly five miles beyond the place where Adam had passed them. This seemed an unusual procedure, because better camping sites could have been found all along the mountain wall.

As Adam stalked out of the gloom into the camp he saw both men busy with preparations for the meal. The girl sat in a disconsolate attitude. She espied Adam before either of the men heard him. Adam saw her quiver and start erect. Suddenly one of the men rose with his hand going to his hip.

"Who goes thar?" he demanded.

Adam halted inside the circle of light. "Say, I lost my coat. Must have fallen off my pack. Did you fellows find it?"

"No, we didn't find no coat," replied the man, slowly. He straightened up with his hand dropping to his side. The other fellow was on his knees mixing dough in a pan.

Adam advanced with natural manner, but his eyes took swift stock of that camp.

"Pshaw! I was sure hoping you'd found it," he said, as he reached the fire. "I had a time locating your camp. Funny you'd come way off the trail, down in here."

"Funny or not, stranger, it's our bizness," gruffly replied the man standing.

"Sure," replied Adam, with apparent good nature. He was close to the man now, as close as he ever needed to get to any man who might make a threatening move. And he looked past him at the girl. She had a pale little face, too small for a pair of wonderful dark eyes that seemed full of woe and terror. She held out thin hands to Adam.

"Reckon you'd better go an' hunt fer yer coat," returned the man, significantly.

In one stride Adam loomed over him, his leisurely, casual manner suddenly transformed to an attitude of menace. He stood fully a foot and a half over this stockily-built man, who also suddenly underwent a change. He stiffened. Warily he peered up, just a second behind Adam in decision.

"Say, I'm curious about this girl you've got with you," said Adam, deliberately.

The man gave a start. "Aw, you are, hey?" he rasped out. "Wal, see hyar, stranger, curious fellers sometimes die sudden, with their boots on."

Adam's force gathered for swift action. Keeping a sharp gaze riveted on this man he addressed the girl: "Little girl, what's wrong? Are you——"

"Shet up! If you blab out I'll slit your tongue!" yelled the fellow, whirling fiercely.

"Girl, don't be afraid. Speak!" called Adam, in a voice that rang.

"Oh, save me!" she cried wildly.

Then the man, hissing like a snake, was reaching for his gun when Adam struck him. He fell clear across the fire, and rolling over some packs, lay still. The other one, cursing, started to crawl, to reach with flour-whitened hand for a gun lying in a belt upon the sand. Adam kicked the gun away and pounced upon the man bearing him down, and burrowing his face in the sand. Then placing a ponderous knee on the back of the man's neck he knelt there, holding him down.

"Girl, throw me that piece of rope," said Adam, pointing.

She shakily got up and threw the rope to Adam. In short order, he bound the man's arms behind his back.

"Now, little girl, you can tell me what's wrong," said Adam, rising.

"Oh, they took me away — from mother!" she whispered.

"Your mother? Where?"

"She's at the cottonwoods. We live there."

Adam could not see her plainly. The fire had burned down. He threw on more greasewood and some sage that flared up with sparkling smoke. Then he drew the girl to the light. What a thin arm she had!

"You live there? Then he lied about the water?" asked Adam.

"Oh, yes — he lied."

"Who are these men?"

"I don't know. They camped at the water. I — I was out — gathering firewood. One of them — the one you hit — grabbed me — carried me off. My mother's sick. She didn't know what happened. She'll be terribly frightened. . . . Oh, please take me — home!"

"Indeed I will," replied Adam, heartily. "Come now. Walk right behind me."

Adam led the way out of camp without another glance at the two men, one of whom was groaning. The girl kept close at Adam's heels. Suddenly he remembered that she had no shoes.

"You'll stick your feet full of cactus," he said. "You should have on your shoes."

"I have no shoes," she replied. "But cactus doesn't hurt me — except the cholla. Even the Indians think cholla bad."

"Let me carry you, little girl."

"I can walk."

So they set off on the star-lit trail, and here she walked beside him. He gazed out across the level gray and drab desert. Whatever way he directed his wandering steps over this land of waste, he was always gravitating toward new adventure. For him the lonely reaches and rock-ribbed canyons were sure to harbor some humanity that drew him like a magnet.

All at once a slim rough little hand slipped into his. Instinctively Adam closed his own great hand over it. That touch gave him such a thrill as he had never before felt in his life. It seemed to link his strength and this child's trust.

"It was lucky you happened along," said the girl. "They were bad men. And oh! I was so glad to see them — at first. It's so lonely. No one ever comes except the Indians — and they come to *beg* things to eat — never to *give*. I thought those white men were prospectors and would give me something mother would like. We've had so little to eat."

"That so? Well, I have a full pack," replied Adam. "Plenty of flour, coffee, sugar, bacon, canned milk, dried fruit."

"And you'll give us some?" she asked, eagerly, in a whisper.

"All you need."

"Oh, you're good!" she exclaimed, with a throb of joy. "You see the Indian who packed supplies to us hasn't come for so long. And our food gave out little by little. Mother starved herself for me. She'd say she didn't want what I'd cook. Then I'd have to eat it."

"Isn't your mother able to get about?" asked Adam, peering down at her.

"Oh, no. She's dying of consumption," was the low sad reply.

"And your father?" asked Adam.

"He died two years ago. I guess it's two, for the peak has been white twice."

"Died? — here in the desert?"

"Yes. We buried him by the running water where he loved to sit."

"Tell me — how did your parents and you come to be here?"

"They both had consumption long before I was born," replied the girl. "And they both were going to die. They had tried every way to get well, but the doctors said they couldn't. So they started west in a prairie-schooner. I was born in it, somewhere in Kansas. They tried place after place, trying to find a climate that would cure them. But father never improved till we got to this valley. Here he was getting strong again. Then my uncle came and he found gold over in the mountains. That made father mad to get rich — to have gold for me. He worked too hard — and then he died. Mother has been slowly failing ever since."

"It's a sad story, little girl," replied Adam. "But your uncle — what became of him?"

"He went off prospecting for gold. But he came back several times. And the last was just before father died. Then he said he would come back again for me some day, and take me out of the desert. Mother lives on that hope. But I don't want him to come. All I pray for is that she gets well."

"So you've lived all your life on the desert?"

"Yes. Mother says I never slept under a real roof."

"And how old are you?"

"Nearly fourteen."

"So old as that. Well! I thought you were younger. May I ask how you learned to talk as if you had been to school?"

"My mother was a school-teacher. She taught me."

"What's your name?"

"It's Eugenie Linwood. But I don't like Eu-genie. Father and mother always called me Genie. What's your name, Mister?"

"Mine is Wansfell."

"You're the biggest man I ever saw! I thought the Yuma Indians were giants, but you're bigger."

Presently Adam saw the dark gray forms of his burros along the trail. Jenny appeared to be more contrary than usual, and as Adam drove her ahead with the other burro she often lagged to take a nip at the sage. During the several miles farther down the trail Adam was hard put to it to keep her going steadily. The murmur of flowing water soon reached Adam's ears, and then big cottonwoods loomed up, and beyond them the gleam of starlight on stately palm-trees. Adam, peering through the shadows, distinguished a thatch-roofed hut.

"We'll not tell mother about the men," whispered the girl. "It'll only scare her."

"All right, Genie," said Adam, as she led him to the hut. Dark as pitch it was inside.

"Mother, are you awake?" called Genie.

"Oh, child, where have you been?" rejoined a voice, faint and weak, with a note of relief. "I woke up in the dark. . . . I called. You didn't come."

Then followed a cough that had a shuddering significance for Adam.

"Mother, I'm sorry. I — I met a Mr. Wansfell. And he came with me. He has a new pack of good things to eat. And oh! mother, he's different from those men who were here — he'll help us."

"Madam, I'll be happy to do anything I can for you and your little girl," said Adam.

"Sir, your voice startled me," replied the woman, with a gasp. "But it's a voice I trust. The looks of men in this hard country deceive me sometimes — but never their voices. . . . Sir, if you will help us you will have the gratitude of a dying woman — in torture of dread for her child."

The darkness was intense inside the hut, and Adam could see nothing.

"You can — trust me," he said, presently, very low. "My name is Wansfell. If I may — I'll stay here — serve you — look after your little girl till her uncle comes."

"At last — God has answered my — prayer!" exclaimed the woman, pantingly.

DAYLIGHT showed to Adam the cottonwood oasis as he had it pictured in memory, except for the palm-thatched hut.

He was hard at camp duties when Genie came out. The sun was rising, silver and ruddy and gold, and it shone upon her as she knelt beside the running water. While she bathed there, splashing diamond drops of water in the sunshine, she seemed all brightness and youth. But in the merciless light of day her face was too small, too thin, too pinched to have any comeliness.

"Good morning, Genie," said Adam, cheerily. "Of course you can help me. There's heaps of work. And when you help me with that I'll play with you."

"Play!" she murmured, dreamily. She had never had a playmate.

Thus began the business of the day for Adam. When breakfast was over and done with he set to work to improve that camp and especially with an eye to the comfort of the invalid. He knew the wonderful curative qualities of desert air, if it was wholly trusted and lived in. On the shady side of the hut he erected a wide porch with palm-thatched roof. Mrs. Linwood managed to get out to her new quarters. Her pleasure at the change showed in her wan face. The porch was shady, cool, fragrant. She could look right out upon the clean brown beautiful streams where they met, and at the camp-fire, and at night she could see it blaze and glow, and burn down red.

"Mrs. Linwood, sleeping outdoors is the most wonderful experience," said Adam, earnestly. "You feel the night wind. You look up through the leaves to the dark blue

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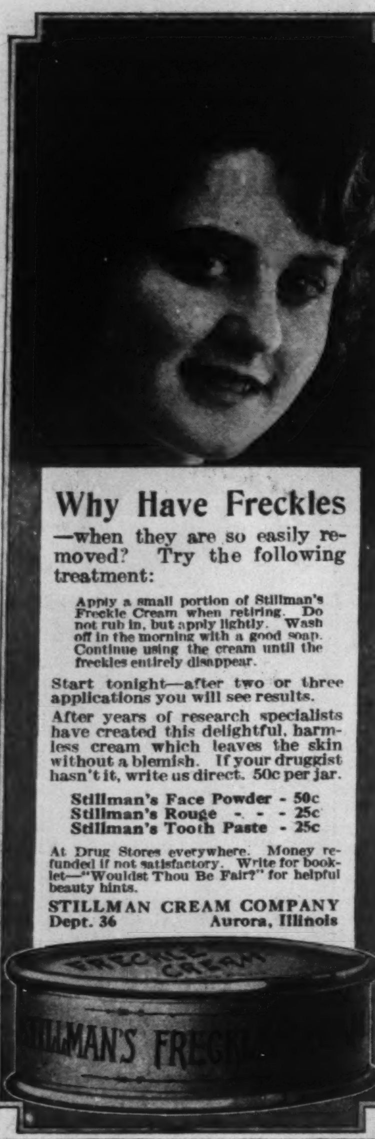

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"Alas! We always feared the chill night air," sighed Mrs. Linwood. "Life teaches so many lessons — too late."

"It is never too late," returned Adam.

He set himself to further tasks, and soon that day was ended. Other days like it passed swiftly, and each one brought more hope of prolonging Mrs. Linwood's life. She improved in some mysterious way that seemed of spirit rather than of flesh. As day after day went by, she manifestly grew stronger. Adam came at length to understand that the improvement was only a result of the inception of faith she had in him.

One day, Mrs. Linwood called Adam to her while Genie was absent.

"Will you stay here — take care of Genie — until her uncle comes back?" she queried.

"I promise you. But I think you should not want me to keep her here too long," replied Adam, earnestly. "She has her life to live. Suppose he does not come back in a year or two? My dear woman, do not fondly imagine men always come back out of the desert."

"Ah! I hadn't thought of that. You are — right. . . . What then — is your idea?"

"Well, I'd wait here a good long time," said Adam, soberly. "Then if Genie's uncle didn't come, I'd find a home for her."

"A home — for Genie! . . . Wansfell, have you considered? — That would take money — to travel — to buy Genie — what she ought to — have."

"That part need not worry you. I have money. I'll look out for Genie. I'll find a home for her and give her a start."

"You'd do — all that?" whispered the woman.

"I promise you. Now, Mrs. Linwood, don't distress yourself. It'll be all right."

"It *is* all right. I'm not — in distress," she replied, with something new in her voice. "Oh, thank God — my faith — never failed!

"Wansfell — listen," she whispered, with more force. "Genie is not poor. No! . . . She's rich! . . . Her father found gold. . . . He slaved at digging. That killed him — but he found gold. It's hidden inside the hut — under the floor — where I used to lie. . . . Bags of gold! — Wansfell, my child will be rich!"

"Well! . . . Oh, but I'm glad!" exclaimed Adam, in amaze.

"Yes. It's wonderful. It sustains me. . . . But I've worried so. . . . My husband expected me — to take Genie out of the desert — to find her a home. Alas! that joy can never be mine! . . . I've worried about that money — Genie's uncle — John Shaver is his name — he's a good man. He loved her. I think — he'll be a father to Genie."

"Does he know about the gold that will be Genie's?" asked Adam quickly.

"No. We never told him. My husband didn't trust John — in money matters. John drove hard bargains. But he was honest. . . . Wansfell, if you'll say you'll go with Genie — when her uncle comes — and invest the money — secure it for her — until she's of age — I will have no other prayer except for her happiness. . . . I will die in peace."

"I promise. I'll do my best," he declared, fervently.

The next time she spoke to him was that evening at dusk.

"Wansfell — you remember — once we talked of God," she said, very low.

"Yes, I remember," replied Adam.

"Are you just where you were — then?"

"About the same, I guess."

"Wansfell, what do you call the thing in you — the will to tarry here? The manhood that I trusted? . . . The forgetfulness of self? . . . What do you call this strength of yours that fulfilled my faith — that enables me to die happy — that will be the salvation of my child?"

"Manhood? — Strength?" echoed Adam in troubled perplexity. "I'm just sorry for you — for the little girl."

"Ah, yes, sorry! Indeed you are. But you don't know yourself. . . . Wansfell, there was a presence beside my bed — just a moment before I called you. Something neither light nor shadow nor substance — something neither life nor death. . . . It is gone now. But when I am dead it will come to you. *I* will come to you — like that. . . . Somewhere out in the solitude and loneliness of your desert — you will face your soul. . . . You'll see the divine in man. . . . You'll realize that the individual dies, but the race lives. . . . That your soul is immortal. . . . That this *Thing* in you is God!"

When the voice ceased — Adam bowed his head, and plodded over the soft sand, out to the open desert where mustering shadows enclosed him — a man bent under the Atlantean doubt and agony and mystery of the world.

The next day Genie's mother died.

Long before sunrise of a later day Adam climbed to the first bulge of the mountain wall. On lofty heights his mind worked more slowly — sometimes not at all.

The sunrise solved Adam's problem. His kindness, his pity, his argument and reason and entreaty had all failed to stir Genie out of her mute misery. Nothing spiritual could save her. But Genie had another mother — nature — to whom Adam meant to appeal as a last hope.

He descended the slope to the oasis. There, near a new-made grave that ran parallel with an old one, mossy and gray, sat Genie, clamped in her wretchedness.

"Genie," he called sharply, intending to startle her. He did startle her. "I'm getting sick. I don't have exercise enough. I must begin to walk again."

"Then go," she replied.

"But I can't leave you alone here," he protested. "Some other bad men might come. I'm sorry. You *must* come with me."

At least she was obedient. Heavily she rose, a thin shadow of a girl, hollow-eyed and wan, failing every hour. Adam offered his hand at the stream to help her across. But for that she would have fallen. She left her hand in his. And they set out upon the strangest walk Adam had ever undertaken. It was not long, and before it ended he had to drag her, and finally carry her.

Next day he took her out again, and thereafter every morning and every afternoon, relentless in his determination, though his cruelty wrung his heart. Gentle and kind as he was, he yet saw that she fell into the stream, that she pricked her bare feet on cactus, that she walked farther and harder every day. Nature was as relentless as Adam. Soon Genie's insensibility to pain and hunger was if it had never been. Thus by action, and the forcing of her senses, which were involuntary, he turned her mind from her black despair. This took days and weeks.

One morning he missed her. Upon searching he found her flat on the grassy bank of the stream, face downward, with her thin brown feet in the air. He wondered what she could be doing; and his heart sank, for she had often said it would be so easy and sweet to lie down and sleep in the water.

"Genie, child, what are you doing?"

"Look! the bees — the honey bees! They're washing themselves in the water. First I thought they were drinking. But no! . . . They're washing. It's so funny."

Genie responded slowly to the Spartan training. She had been frail, at best, and when grief clamped her soul and body she had sunk to the verge. The effort she was driven to, and the exertion needful, wore her down until she appeared merely skin and bones. Then she began to mend. Little by little her appetite improved until at last hunger seized upon her. From that time she grew like a weed.

Adam, giving himself wholly to this task of rehabilitation, added a thoughtful and interesting appeal to her mind. At once he made two discoveries — first, that Genie would give herself absorbingly to any story whatsoever, and secondly, that his mind seemed to be a full treasure-house from which to draw. He who had spoken with so few men and women on the desert now was inspired by a child.

[The next instalment of "The Wanderer of the Wasteland" will appear in McClure's for March]

The Story of a Great Dime Novelist

by Fred C. Kelly

IN a secluded little cabin, in the heart of a Maine forest, dwells a man who would be quickly estimated almost anywhere as probably somebody in particular.

Just a few months short of seventy the man is, but his figure is that of an athlete. Everything about him suggests vigor. No shrunken muscles, flabbiness, no roly-poly tummy in his lap, no double chin, and no bloodhound-like wrinkles in his face.

His hair and mustache and eyebrows are snow-white. The top of his head is as bristly as the back of the average caterpillar. He even has a good thatch of vigorous white hair on his sinewy hands and forearms.

The face is that of a man who not only lives out-doors but greatly enjoys doing so. It is a clean-chiseled, shrewd face, but full of good humor. The eyes twinkle with cordiality. Though nearly seventy, this man can walk farther, swim better, and chop down more trees in an hour than most of us who are still in the thirties.

It is perhaps just as well to admit before proceeding further that this rugged old fellow in the cabin in the Maine woods is John R. Coryell. And John R. Coryell is one of the greatest writers of nickel libraries, dime novels, and other thrillers published in paper binding, that ever lived.

The reason Coryell is such a sound physical specimen to-day is because dime novel writing made serious demands on his physical endurance and he found it necessary years ago to keep in constant training in order to hold his job.

Thousands of youngsters, now grown to manhood, have been spanked for reading the works of Coryell. They were so thrilling that parents forbade them as too likely to keep boys awake nights. The books were moral enough, but exciting.

It was Coryell who invented Nick Carter and wrote the first half-dozen Nick Carter novels.

He was the first man to write romantic novels under the name of Bertha M. Clay!

He was the first author to enter into direct competition with Laura Jean Libbey. His writing name, when he did that, was Julia May Edwards.

Scores upon scores of serials under other brands, each one literally packed with thrills, were turned out by Coryell.

Besides all his activity in the great field of thrilldom proper, he wrote reams of mildly exciting tales for juvenile publications — *Youth's Companion, Harper's Young People, Golden Days, Wide Awake* and others.

Moreover, Coryell was, I believe, the first man to go in for novelizing plays. He wrote the novelization of Denman Thompson's "The Old Homestead"—Neil Burgess's "The County Fair", and other successes of that far off period. Altogether, he has had more than two hundred novels published in book form.

For five years Coryell wrote under contract 100,000 words a month of serials containing nothing but romance and excitement.

As a general thing, he had two or three serials running simultaneously. And there was a period when he kept six of them going at once! In order to do that, he was obliged to write an 8,000—word instalment every day in the week—one day for each serial. Frequently he was forced to finish one story and start on the next one without ever coming up for air.

Though one of the greatest quantity producers of thrills of his time, Coryell himself cares nothing for the kind of adventure and excitement that he has packed into his stories. He gets his own thrills in watching his garden grow, or catching glimpses of the deer, ermine, foxes, and other creatures of the forest.

"My garden," he says, "gives me the same big thrill every spring just as if it was the first garden I ever had. Adventure? Bless your heart, last year my wife and I remained in the cabin all winter. Frequently we had six feet of snow right outside the door, on the level. To get our supplies in the face of such an obstacle of nature was of itself a daily achievement that comprised a delightful adventure."

I asked Coryell what had given him the biggest thrill of his career. Promptly he told me: "I was riding along on a street car one day many years ago and saw a man reading a copy of the *Youth's Companion.* I leaned

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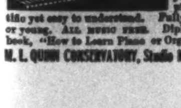

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over to see what he was reading and, lo, it was a story of *mine!* I have never since had a thrill to equal that."

However, Coryell has had a reasonable share of adventures of a different sort. He has been not only all over the United States, but to practically all parts of the world. A native of New York City, he obtained an appointment when barely twenty-one years of age, as United States Consul at Canton, China. Until the Great War gummed things up in Europe, it was his custom to go abroad nearly every year and visit some new section of the old world. Since then he has spent his winters either in New York or in his cabin in the Maine woods. To him, the secluded spot in the forest provides a happier adventure than dwelling in the midst of the myriad human activities of the great city.

How did Coryell get into the writing trade?

"AFTER serving as consul in Canton," he says, "I returned to the United States and one day found myself in San Francisco not only penniless but untrained for any kind of business or any particular occupation. While in that condition I saw an advertisement for an apprentice reporter on one of the San Francisco papers. I got the job and drew a salary of six dollars a week. Later I worked up to fifteen dollars. I went to New York and served as reporter on the *Tribune.* In those days if a man could make eighteen dollars or so, writing on space, he was likely to be placed on a straight salary — usually fifteen dollars a week. So I saw little chance to amass a truly great fortune on that basis, and began to write stories for different juvenile publications. Writing juvenile fiction proved to be much more agreeable work than the ordinary work of a newspaper reporter, and I began to devote my entire time to fiction. But I craved greater rewards. One day I read an instalment of a serial in a dime novel magazine. The following week I read another instalment, and I became convinced that I could write such stories. I went to the publisher and asked him if he wouldn't like to hire me to write some of his serials.

"'Have you ever written one?' he asked. 'Haven't, eh? Well, son, you've got a lot of gall then to think that you *can* write one.'

"Still, I insisted that I could, and he promised that if I would do a 20,000-word serial, he would see that the editor gave it, what is called, I believe, careful consideration. They bought that story and then another one, and after that I never lacked for work. My pay was three cents a word — and my earnings shot up to several hundred dollars a week. I rarely made less than $400 a week and sometimes it was $1,000, or even more. Was it any wonder that a young man who had seldom made more than $50 or $75 a week should stick at such a job and take it seriously?

"The secret of this kind of writing, of course, was to keep something happening all the time, without a single dull moment. This was not so difficult as one might think. For you must remember that I was not hampered by consideration of the ordinary kind of literary criticism that makes the average writer careful of what he says. Neither did I have to give any heed to ordinary rules of plausibility. The kind of audience for which I was writing was tolerant of any reasonable strain on the probabilities so long as there was plenty of action.

"Having traveled a good deal, I could take my characters to different parts of the world and describe places, as well as the process of getting to them, with a fair degree of accuracy. In the long run, a person must know the thing he is describing or else it doesn't sound true even to a reader who knows nothing about it. If I had a character traveling from London to Paris, I had him reach shipboard in just the way a passenger actually would go.

"In order to be free from the ordinary distractions of a city, and also have plenty of exercise and outdoor life, I moved up to a place on the Hudson. I would start out every day and walk about fifteen miles over the mountains where I was unlikely to meet anybody to disturb my thoughts, and while walking I not only planned my story in a general way, but right down to the details. I could shut my eyes and see just how the dialogue would look on the typewritten page. In fact, I even visualized the punctuation. Every comma was provided for in my mind before I sat down to my desk.

"Frequently I packed up and went abroad for a time. All I had to do was to prepare one or two instalments of a serial in advance, write two or three more on shipboard, and then follow my usual routine after reaching the other side. You might think that I would have worked a lot of local color into the tales while traveling in Europe, but I rarely if ever did. In fact, I was more likely to have stories written abroad laid entirely in New York or California. Then after returning to the United States I might send my characters to Europe.

"From the first I did my work on a typewriter, because it was both legible and rapid. Having my story all planned in advance, the process of putting it on paper was almost entirely mechanical, and I could count on a steady rate of production. Ordinarily I could turn out 1500 words an hour. And what few corrections were necessary I made as I went along, so that when a sheet came out of the typewriter, I was all through with it. I felt no pride of authorship and never looked at a story after it had been published.

"Before starting a story, in order to avoid confusion after the plot had thickened up, I wrote down the names I would apply to my various characters, and a few facts about each one, such as color of eyes, whether lame or hook-nosed, or with any other distinguishing mark. I often changed the color of a heroine's eyes when half-way through a story. But it never mattered what color eyes a girl had so long as they were large and soulful.

"Names for characters I jotted down in a note-book as I heard one that sounded good. Then I drew on this nomenclatural store at random. I made no effort to fit a name to any one type of character, or to get fancy names, but rather to use names so commonplace that they sounded plausible.

"I had a world of fun writing the stories. No matter how poor the story is, if you are creating characters they soon become real people to you, and you get interested in what they will do next. I merely got my characters into wild mixups and then let them get themselves out the best way they could. A character will usually behave humanly, because it is the easiest way. Even in a nickel library, there must be a reasonable semblance of plausibility. Too glaring a departure from logic would make any story, no matter how wildly adventurous, a failure.

"My publishers called me in occasionally to help them launch a new series. A rival concern was publishing the Old Sleuth detective stories. I was asked to get up a character whose exploits would outdo Old Sleuth. In an effort to fill this order, I devised Nick Carter. I wrote only about half a dozen of the Nick Carter serials, however, before I was diverted to other tasks, while Nick was carried on to success by a skilled author, Mr. Dey."

MANY years ago there dwelt in England a woman writer named Charlotte M. Braeme. She wrote a great quantity of love stories that were eagerly sought by young girls. The Charlotte M. Braeme stories were reprinted in this country by different publishing houses, and without any profit to her, for at that time there was no international copyright law. But one American publisher arranged with Miss Braeme to send him advance proofs of her stories, so that he could print them here under another name. In this way, he was able to get them on the market in America in advance of other publishers. It was desirable to have a copyrighted name as authoress of these books and the publisher invented the name of Bertha M. Clay — in which the initials are just the reverse of the initials of the actual authoress.

Some time after this arrangement had been in force, and the Bertha M. Clay novels had gained a big following in the United States, Charlotte M. Braeme died. The American publisher desired to have the Bertha M. Clay series continued, and sent for Coryell. Coryell became Bertha M. Clay and began to grind out sentimental romances under that name. After he had written about a score of these, he was called upon to perform another important piece of literary pinch-hitting. Laura Jean Libbey was then having a great vogue, in her way, and one of Coryell's publishers asked him if he couldn't originate a serial that would give readers just as much romance and even more action than they could get from Laura Jean Libbey. So Coryell took still another name for himself, Julia May Edwards. One day each week he was Julia May Edwards and on another day he was Bertha M. Clay. Imagine the sport of being Bertha M. Clay and Nick Carter all at once!

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"We always referred to the readers of our love stories," says Coryell, "as 'factory girls.' The truth is that in recent years I have met many women of gentle birth and luxurious upbringing who confessed to having read some of my stories back in their teens. A tale of a beautiful servant girl dressing up in borrowed finery and going to a ball and dazzling a prince who later marries her will always gain a following among both rich and poor.

"But these stories were mainly intended to appeal to girls whose lives were rather drab and dull and who never got any thrills in the course of their daily routine. Such a girl always has her dreams, and having no ideal love affair of her own she must content herself with reading about the romance in the lives of fictional characters not unlike herself.

"The formula for the kind of love stories I was called upon to write was a very simple one. I must have my heroine involved in a love affair beginning at about the age of sixteen, and she must continue to be in one love affair or another to the end of the final chapter. She must be a poor struggling working girl, but very beautiful, and she must either marry a rich man, or else marry a promising young chap who later on becomes rich. Always there had to be money. The stories had limitless variations, but they always conformed to that recipe.

"The Julia May Edwards serials were designed to meet the demands of those readers who want lots of action in their love stories. They were not as meritorious as the Bertha M. Clay novels, I thought. That is, they contained less logic and plausibility. I had gradually learned what kind of people seemed to be reading the different types of stories and just what they would stand for. The truth is that a writer ordinarily does the best work that he is capable of, considering the *kind* of stories he is writing.

"A man might be able to write better detective stories than sea stories. But when he writes detective stories he will invariably write them just as well as he can. He will not deliberately fall short of his best work. I recall one time asking a publisher for a higher rate, telling him, jokingly, that unless he raised my pay I would have to give him inferior stuff. He just laughed and told me: 'You *couldn't* write inferior stuff. Nobody can write except just one way — the best he knows how.' I'm inclined to think he was right."

To-day Coryell can afford to live where and in what manner he chooses. His object in selecting an isolated little cabin in a Maine forest is that he finds joy in simplicity.

"We used to have a so-called swell house," he told me, "and a lot of servants and horses, but so much grandeur proved too costly. I don't mean costly in money, for that was the least of it. It required too much effort and annoyance to live up to our surroundings and do all the things we were expected to do. I figure that if a plan of life calls for more trouble than it gives pleasure, then one is operating at a loss. Keeping servants, for instance, often means more trouble than gain. I dislike to look back on the days when we were in constant fear and trembling lest our servants should leave. Really there is just as much humiliation in being beholden to servants as to a king. In fact, I rather think I should prefer having to bow down to a king. To-day my wife and I are delightfully free from any servant problem, because we have not the slightest need for a servant."

In short, Coryell craves the simple things of life. He is willing to provide excitement for his readers, but he can do this most readily by avoiding much adventure himself.

The Fog of Orleans

[*Continued from page 18*]

his hand, and covered hers. It wasn't the first nor the hundredth time that a man had held her hand, but it gave her a new and a puzzling sensation. She turned her head to look at him, and as soon as she saw his eyes, she knew exactly what had happened.

When she turned her head, she had been smiling; but on the instant, her smile flickered out. Triumph, hard-won and long-delayed, had finally come to her, but the consciousness of triumph merely touched her in its passing, and passed on. She had known men who passionately volunteered to die for her — and went away with a dinner-call unpaid; she had known older men who, when they thought they loved her, swore vigorously about it, and she had known younger men who wept, and she had known a plenty who were almost too businesslike to be interesting.

BUT here was a man who had first looked through and through her and hadn't the slightest hallucination about her; he was young in years but he was old in experience; when he had walked with her, and golfed with her, and danced with her, he had always given her the same impression — that he was very glad to be a playmate, but that she would waste her time if she expected any other status. Now, in his eyes, she saw what frightened her. Men, including Dicky Carson, had offered her everything but tenderness.

When men had sworn or cried or volunteered to die for her, she had always known how to conduct herself; but when Stuart sat there, looking gravely at her, and touching her hand with such repression, she was suddenly incompetent. The color crept up into her cheeks and stayed there; she was helpless, and at the same time she was exalted, and still frightened. She wished he would speak, and yet she dreaded what he might say; she dreaded that he would spoil the moment. She wanted to avoid his gaze, and yet it held her, as though, if she lost it, she would have lost it forever.

Then, quite without forethought, she disengaged her hand. "You mustn't do that — now," she said, and her voice was low, and a trifle unsteady.

Stuart looked back at the lake. "I wish," he said, subdued, "I wish the train that brought me here had wrecked on the way."

"Don't say that — please!"

He nodded to confirm it. "Do you know what I've done?"

"Yes," she said, softly, "yes, I know."

He tried to laugh it off, but the sound was hollow and unnatural. "The one thing in all the world I *never* thought I'd get mixed up in — the infernal triangle. Well, I can't help it. It's done. I don't know how it happened, but it's done. And what am I going to do about it? I've got to stay in Orleans, and if I'm here I've got to see you, and if I see you I've got to tell you — and that's impossible."

The girl shivered a little. "What makes it impossible, Stuart?"

"Why, because you couldn't let me — any more than you could let me touch you — after you knew. Before that — " He shrugged his shoulders. "It wasn't the same."

Her breath was coming a little faster. "Do you really, honestly, think I've as much conscience as that?"

"Why, I *know* you have." He hadn't yet looked at her again. "I used to think you were just like all the other women, and then after you told me what sort of people you had for friends before you came here, and what sort of home you'd lived in, I knew what Orleans must have done to you. Just what it would do to anybody *half* as sensitive. Made you laugh first, and then irritated, and then hysterical, and then desperate. Why wouldn't it? And so you've been stumbling through the fog, ready to reach out and grab anything that came along. But that isn't *you*. I don't believe there's a soul in Orleans who knows you — except myself." His voice dropped almost out of hearing. "I can't understand it; I can't understand it."

Her glance was both defensive, and appealing. "Stuart, if you were only seventeen or eighteen, and hadn't had much fun, and came up here and saw everybody having so much money and such a jolly time — — "

"Ten years ago it would have dazzled me just as it did you."

The girl bit her lip. "I shouldn't have said that. I shouldn't have said *anything!* Please forget it — *quickly*. Won't you?"

"But you didn't need to say it at all. Don't you suppose I knew that was the only way it *could* happen? And when I see you so unhappy —— "

She caught her breath. "Unhappy? Who says I am?"

"Why, *I* say so. I know it."

"But —— "

"Oh, there's no use in arguing about it. Just because you dash around to parties, and laugh, and dance, and flirt — *that* doesn't prove anything. I've watched you time and again. And I've wished so often — " His voice shook momentarily, and then he controlled it. "I've wished so often that I could do something about it, and instead of that, I've only made it worse."

"You haven't made it worse, Stuart. You've made it better."

"I wish I could think so."

"I'm only sorry — for you."

"Oh, don't mind *me!*" said Stuart, and laughed, wretchedly. "Tell me how I could possibly have made things better for you."

"Just by . . . by understanding."

There was a brief pause, and then he turned his head and saw that she was crying.

"Why, Helen!" he said, thickly. "Helen!"

She had no tears; she was crying in great spasms which racked her whole body; and Stuart, rigid beside her, was nearly mad with distress, but he fought back every impulse of sympathy, save one. Her fingers clutched his own.

At length she was quiet, and another long, perilous silence came between them. Stuart, who had been scowling down at the moss, lifted his head. "If I'd taken you in my arms," he said, half to himself. "If I'd taken you in my arms, the way I wanted to, and kissed you to try to comfort you — you couldn't ever have forgiven me — could you?"

For the sake of his faith in her, she could look straight into his eyes, and tell a deliberate lie. "No, Stuart, I couldn't have — ever."

Stuart got to his feet. "You see, I'll be as good to you as I know how to be."

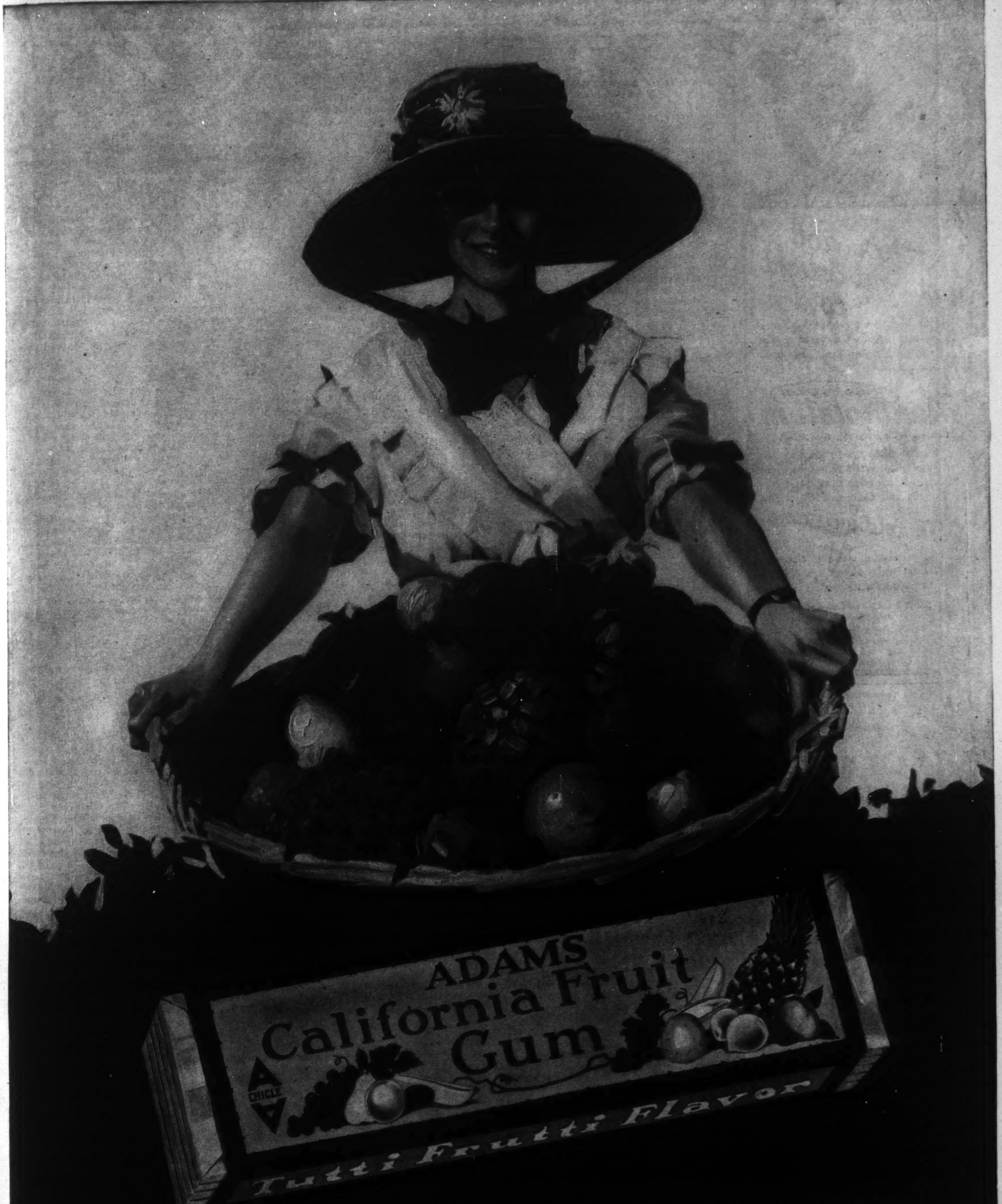
"I know you will, Stuart."

Her smile was a high reward for him. "All right," he said awkwardly. "I guess we understand each other, anyway. Let's go home."

He could easily imagine how the society of Orleans might have attracted and intoxicated a girl who was yet in her teens; indeed, he was frank enough to admit that a few years ago, he himself might have been deceived by all the gilt and glitter. As for Dicky Carson, the man was undeniably handsome, and when he chose, he could probably be engaging, and cut an impressive figure to a débutante. But as Stuart reviewed the basis of life on Maple Avenue, a basis of champagne and idleness, he was drenched with successive waves of contempt; he could praise Maple Avenue for only a single circumstance. The majority of these families had enjoyed their money for three generations; but selfishness and fashion had prevented the arrival of a fourth.

HE had too much courage to shirk meeting Carson, but he was embarrassed, nevertheless. He was embarrassed in spite of his knowledge that Carson, for all his pride of place, was devoted to his wine-cellar, and wasn't above the taking of his other pleasures where he found them. Carson wasn't particularly interested in his wife — this was another principle which had its habitat on Maple Avenue — and he didn't seem to care very much what she did, or when, or where; he was a very poor asset to his country and a worse husband to Helen; but Stuart, who had principles enough to serve them both, was restless in his company, for he allowed himself no alibi, and felt that he had been unfair to Carson.

He also told himself that he had been unfair to Helen; he told himself that he hadn't acted the part of a gentleman. A gentleman, finding himself in love with a married woman, would either conceal his love, or leave the neighborhood.


ADAMS
California Fruit
Gum
CHICLE
Tutti Frutti Flavor

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